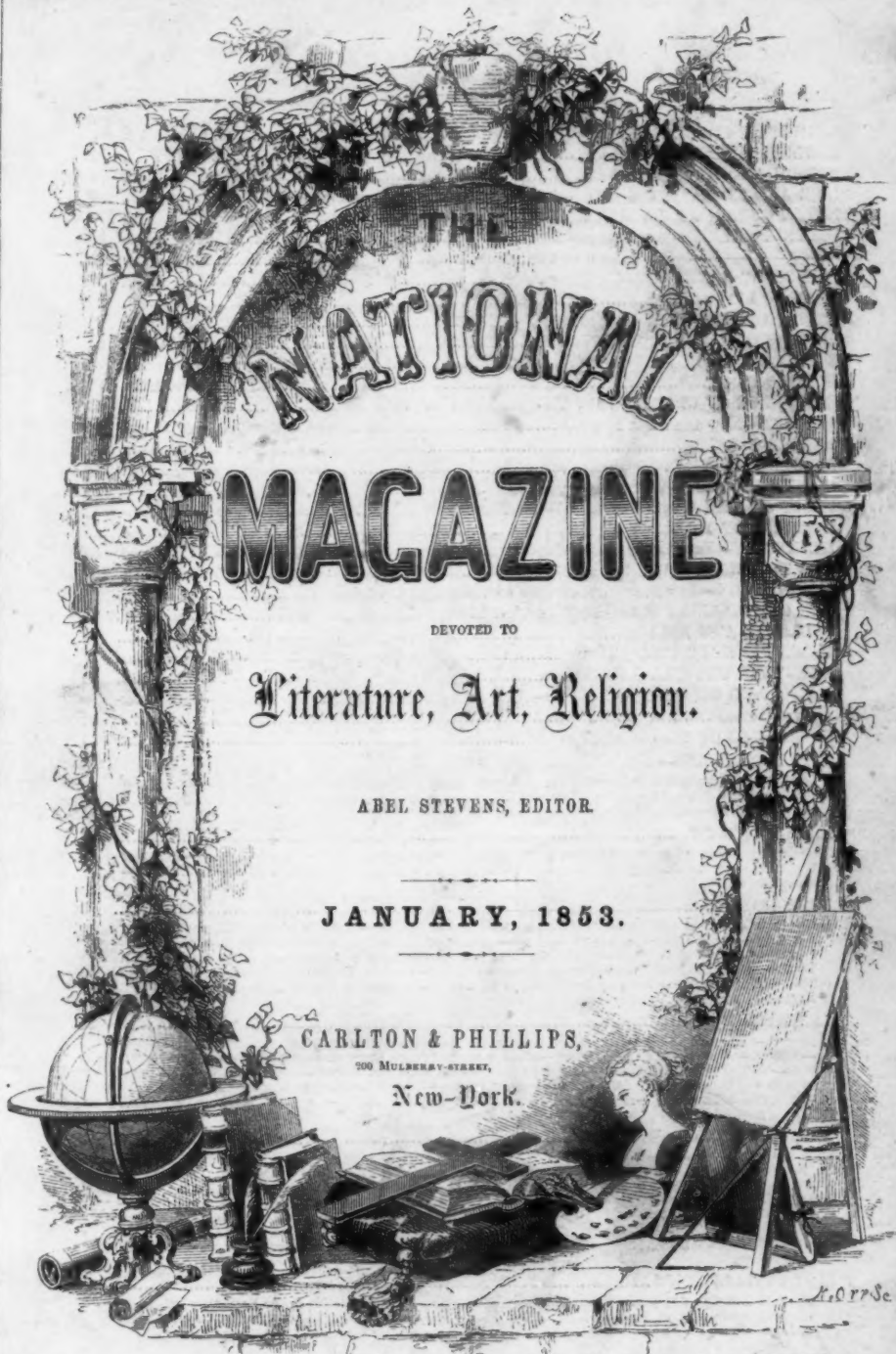


H. H. W. Walstenholm

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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1853.



JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D.

IN presenting in these columns, as we frequently shall, portraits of living and familiar men, it is not our design to accompany them with many biographical details, much less with elaborate estimates of character. This would be a delicate and an invidious task, especially in comparatively youthful cases, where the public career of the subject can, as yet, admit of but a partial judgment. It is our purpose rather to give such characters a sort of visible or personal introduction to our readers, and the letter-press accompaniment of the "likeness," except in very advanced examples, must be barely sufficient for such an introduction.

In introducing Dr. McClintock to the goodly company of our readers, we must
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disclaim any responsibility for his presentation dress. Were it possible, we would whisper in each ear that we do not really like his appearance. The original is a great deal preferable to the similitude. The real doctor presents an aspect of much more physical importance, much better digestion, and much more *bonhomie*, and is altogether a more "likely" man than the engraved doctor. Albeit, our artist is not to blame—he has "followed copy" faithfully. The "copy" was an original daguerreotype, approved by the doctor's most intimate friends; and they must bear the blame, if any is alleged.

Dr. McClintock is a native of Philadelphia, and is, we believe, about thirty-eight years of age. He studied at the Wes-

leyan University under the late President Fisk, but graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city, from which institution he also received the degree of D. D.

On completing his collegiate studies, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the New-Jersey Conference. He had occupied, however, but one or two pastoral "appointments," when he was called to a professorship in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. He was only twenty-three years of age at this time, but his ripe scholarship fully justified his appointment. A writer in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, who seems to be quite familiar with Dr. McClintock's early life, says:—

"On reaching Carlisle, he was sent to the late Rev. Asbury Roszel, then principal of the preparatory department. It was twilight, and Asbury was engaged in fixing his lamps. Hearing a knock, he said, gruffly, 'Come in.' Seeing a slight, youthful figure enter the room: 'Sit down till I am through here,' said he, supposing it was some 'sub' come to enter. When through, he turned and said, abruptly enough, 'Now, sir, what do you want?' You may conceive his astonishment, when he found that this youth, with not much more than a boy's down on his lip, and whom he, doubtless, had expected to have the pleasure of drubbing occasionally, was to rank him by the occupancy of a professor's chair. Those must have been great days at Dickinson, when Durbin, then Emory, Allen, McClintock, Caldwell, Baird, and others, were there together. What changes have taken place in that little circle! Durbin, Missionary Secretary; Allen, President of Girard College; Baird, in the Smithsonian Institute; Emory and Caldwell in the grave; and McClintock filling one of the most responsible and influential posts in the gift of the Church."

While at Carlisle, Dr. McClintock occupied, with marked success, different professional chairs. He formed there also habits of assiduous and systematic literary labor, which have had no slight effect on his subsequent accomplished scholarship. His studies were usually continued till midnight, or later. He has since paid the penalty of such indiscretion in the sufferings of ill health, sufferings which, however, more fortunately

in his case than in many others, came upon him early enough to admit of successful treatment. A voyage to Europe and more self-indulgent habits, have quite renovated his constitution, and still promise him a *physique* of quite aldermanic or episcopal pretensions. He might already take his stand, without much apology, among the "florid friars" of the "good old times."

He mastered the German during his residence at Carlisle, and, jointly with Professor Blumenthal, translated in 1846 and 1847 Neander's Life of Christ. His most important literary works however were, during this period, a series of Greek and Latin text-books, which he commenced in connection with Professor Crooks. Four of them have been published, viz.:—First and Second Books in Latin, and First and Second Books in Greek. We have no hesitancy in pronouncing these volumes the best elementary books in Latin and Greek with which we are acquainted. They are based substantially on the method of Ollendorf, and are prepared with an exactness and discrimination which cannot fail to be prized by the critical teacher.

While engaged in these professional labors, Dr. McClintock was also a frequent contributor to the "Methodist Quarterly Review." His articles were distinguished by their sound sense, good taste, and polished style.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Pittsburgh in 1848, he was elected editor of that publication, and, at the session of 1852, was reelected almost unanimously. The periodical has assumed a commanding rank under his editorial care. It has won for itself high consideration both in this country and in Europe, and good judges hesitate not to pronounce it among the very first Quarterlies of the day.

Thus much of biographic data respecting Dr. McClintock. According to our preliminary remarks we might stop here, and we would do so, were it not that another hand affords us some observations on more delicate points. The writer already quoted from the *Southern Christian Advocate*, gives the following "pen and ink portrait" of the doctor, in regard to which we must resuggest the qualification already given, respecting our engraved portrait. "He is," says this writer,

"below the middle stature, a little stout; with a very youthful, comely face, animated expression, florid complexion, a head of almost enormous size, but not disfiguring, because of its admirably balanced development. He is agile in his movements, and withal graceful, frank, and easy in his manners. In the pulpit he is calm and self-possessed, ready in utterance, and apt in expression. His choice of language is admirable; so that his style is simple, forcible, and chaste—more accurate than you often hear. His elocution is good; articulating distinctly, inasmuch that while his voice is not powerful—although very sweet—he is easily heard. You listen to him with delight, everything is in such perfect keeping. The discourse is thoroughly digested, well-arranged, and harmoniously proportioned; blending lucid exposition, and ample, searching analysis of the subject, with well-put, earnest, practical applications. He never startles, much less overwhelms you. You pay close attention, but never forget yourself, and wonder, on recovery, where you are. He is tranquilly thoughtful; so are you. He is, moreover, devout, and communicates a kindred feeling. He never speculates, and seldom invites you to a comprehensive sweep of thought. But so luminously is the subject put, and so variously and felicitously illustrated, that you possess an abiding reprint of it. His other duties have prevented his preaching as much, and in the way, justice to himself demanded. The Church has lost one of its noblest pulpit men, in a finished professor and accomplished editor. Other professional posts demand time, patience, and toilsome practice for the effective performance of their duties, and the attainment of their richest possible excellence; but none in this respect compare with the pulpit. And, except in peculiar cases, and under rarely occurring circumstances, no man becomes the preacher he ought, save in the pastoral office: so that, with all his capabilities and accomplishments, Dr. M'Clintock does not compare with what he might have been as a minister of the word, had the Church kept him in the pulpit all these years."

We do not indorse this estimate of Dr. M'Clintock as a preacher, having had no adequate opportunity of judging of his pulpit traits. It will be deemed, we think, by those who most frequently hear

him, quite sufficiently fastidious. Another newspaper scribbler, for whose judgment we have reason to entertain less respect, described the doctor in the *Herald and Journal*, during the late Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the following terms of *nonchalance*:—

"He is of Irish descent, and has a decidedly Hibernian look of the better kind—being sanguine almost to repletion; his face is florid and even flushed, and there is an incessant play of sanguine activity and eagerness about his fine rosy features. He is evidently a man of tireless energy, and is fat in spite of his temperament. His motions are quick, and his speech rapid. His head is his capital attraction, figuratively as well as etymologically so. It projects out and rounds off 'prodigiously,' as Dominic Sampson used to say; and is one of the best-balanced crania in the assembly. His stature is small, stout, and apparently strong, and in conjunction with his eager features and prompt "nervous" manners, gives him a peculiar and most significant air of pugnacity. His appearance would incline you to suspect that his Irish blood would rise egregiously at Donnybrook Fair, and his shillalah move right and left; but he is in fact as cool as he is prompt—a scholarly, discriminating critic, never falling into pugilistic attitudes toward the literary wights who come within the purview of his editorial arena, and always dispatching a case of literary butchery with as little bloodshed as may be."

A rough draught this, certainly, but, in connection with our other passages, it must suffice for our present introduction of Dr. M'Clintock.

ALL that has been written in song, or told in story, of love and its effects, falls far short of its reality. Its evils and its blessings, its impotence and its power, will continue the theme of nature and of art, until the great pulse of the universe is stilled. Arising from the depths of misery, descending from heaven the most direct and evident manifestation of a divine and self-sacrificing spirit, it is at once the tyrant and the slave. Happier as the latter than as the former—for the perfection of love is obedience; the power of obeying what we love is, at all events, the perfection of a woman's happiness.



ENGLISH SHRINES—HOUSE OF MARVEL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

BUT a few months ago we had been strolling about Palace-yard, when we instinctively paused at No. 19 York-street, Westminster. It was evening: the lamp-lighters were running from post to post, but we could still see that the house was a plain house to look at, differing little from its associate dwellings—a common house, a house you would pass without a thought, unless the remembrance of thoughts that had been given to you from within the shelter of those plain, ordinary walls, caused you to reflect, aye, and to thank God, who has left with you the memories and sympathies which elevate human nature. Here, while Latin Secretary to the Protector, was JOHN MILTON to be found when “at home;” and in his society, at times, were met all the men who, with their great originator, Cromwell, astonished Europe. Just think of those who entered that portal; think of them all if you can—statesmen and warriors; or, if you are really of a gentle spirit, think of two—but two—either of whom has left enough to engross your thoughts and fill your hearts. Think of JOHN MILTON and ANDREW MARVEL! think of the Protector of England, with two such secretaries!

For a long while we stood on the steps of this building, and at length retraced our steps homeward. Our train of thought, although checked, was not changed, when

seated by a comfortable fire. We took down a volume of Milton; but “Paradise Lost” was too sublime for the mood of the moment, and we “got to thinking” of Andrew Marvel, and displaced a volume of Captain Edward Thompson’s edition of his works; and then it occurred to us to walk to Highgate, and once again enjoy the sight of his quaint old cottage on the side of the hill just facing “Cromwell House,” and next to that which once owned for its master the great Earl of Lauderdale.

We know nothing more invigorating than to breast the breeze up a hill, with a bright clear sky above, and the crisp ground under foot. The wind of March is as pure champagne to a healthy constitution; and let mountain-men laugh as they will at Highgate-hill, it is no ordinary labor to go and look down upon London from its height.

Here then we are, once more, opposite the house where lived the satirist, the poet, the incorruptible patriot.

It is, as you see above, a peculiar-looking dwelling, just such a one as you might well suppose the chosen of Andrew Marvel—exquisitely situated, enjoying abundant natural advantages; and yet altogether devoid of pretension; sufficiently beautiful for a poet, sufficiently humble for a patriot.

It is an unostentatious home, with simple

gables and plain windows, and is but a story high. In front are some old trees, and a convenient porch to the door, in which to sit and look forth upon the road, a few paces in advance of it. The front is of plaster, but the windows are modernized, and there are other alterations which the exigencies of tenancy have made necessary since Marvel's days.

The dwelling was evidently inhabited; the curtains in the deep windows as white as they were when we visited it some years previous to the visit concerning

which we now write; and the garden as neat as when in those days we asked permission to see the house, and were answered by an elderly servant, who took in our message, and an old gentleman came into the hall, invited us in, and presented us to his wife, a lady of more than middle age, and of that species of beauty depending upon expression, which it is not in the power of time to wither, because it is of the spirit rather than the flesh; and we also remembered a green parrot, in a fine cage, that talked a great deal, and was the only thing



MARVEL'S HOUSE—BACK VIEW.

which seemed out of place in the house. We had been treated with much courtesy; and emboldened by the memory of that kindness, we now ascended the stone steps, unlatched the little gate, and knocked.

Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady we had formerly seen; and again she blandly offered to show us the house. We went up a little winding stair, and into several neat, clean bedrooms, where everything was so old-fashioned, that you could fancy Andrew Marvel himself was still its master.

"Look out here," said the old lady; "here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvel's writing closet when he wrote *sense*; but when he wrote *poetry*, he used to sit below in his garden. I have heard there is a private way under the road to Cromwell House, opposite; but surely that could not be necessary. So good a man would not want to work in the dark; for he was a true lover of his country, and a brave man. My husband used

to say, the patriots of those times were not like the patriots now; that then, they acted for their country—now, they talk about it! Alas! the days are passed when you could tell an Englishman from every other man, even by his gait, keeping the middle of the road, and straight on, as one who knew himself, and made others know him. I am sure a party of Round-heads, in their sober coats, high hats, and heavy boots, would have walked up Highgate-hill to visit Master Andrew Marvel with a different air from the young men of our own time—or of their own time, I should say—for *my* time is past, and *yours* is passing."

That was quite true; but there is no reason, we thought, why we should not look cheerfully toward the future, and pray that it may be a bright world for others, if not for ourselves; the greater our enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of our fellow-creatures, the nearer we approach God.

It was too damp for the old lady to venture into the garden; and sweet and gentle as she was, both in mind and manner, we were glad to be alone. How pretty and peaceful the house looks from this spot! The snowdrops were quite up, and the yellow and purple tips of the crocuses bursting through the ground in all directions. This, then, was the garden the poet loved so well, and to which he alludes so charmingly in his poem, where the nymph complains of the death of her fawn:—

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

The garden seems in nothing changed; in fact, the entire appearance of the place is what it was in those glorious days when inhabited by the truest genius and the most unflinching patriot that ever sprang from the sterling stuff that Englishmen were made of in those wonder-working times. The genius of Andrew Marvel was as varied as it was remarkable; not only was he a tender and exquisite poet, but entitled to stand *facile princeps* as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. We have always considered him as the first of the "sprightly runnings" of that brilliant stream of wit, which will carry with it to the latest posterity the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before Marvel's time, to be witty was to be strained, forced, and conceited; from him—whose memory consecrates that cottage—wit came sparkling forth, untouched by baser matter. It was worthy of him—its main feature was an open clearness. Detraction or jealousy cast no stain upon it; he turned aside, in the midst of an exalted panegyric of Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that ever were said of Charles I.

The patriot was a son of Mr. Andrew Marvel, minister and schoolmaster of Kingston-upon-Hull, where he was born in 1620; his father was also the lecturer of Trinity Church in that town, and was celebrated as a learned and pious man. The son's abilities at an early age were remarkable; and his progress so great, that at the age of thirteen he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge; and it is said that the corporation of his natal town furnished him with the means of entering the college and prosecuting his

studies there. His shrewd and inquiring mind attracted the attention of some of the Jesuit emissaries who were at this time lurking about the universities, and sparing no pains to make proselytes. Marvel entered into disputations with them, and ultimately fell so far into their power, that he consented to abandon the university, and follow one of them to London. Like many other clever youths, he was inattentive to the mere drudgery of university attendance, and had been reprimanded in consequence; this, and the news of his escape from college, reached his father's ears at Hull. That good and anxious parent followed him to London, and after a considerable search, at last met with him in a bookseller's shop; he argued with his son as a prudent and sensible man should do, and prevailed on him to retrace his steps and return with him to college, where he applied to his studies with such good-will and continued assiduity, that he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1638. His father lived to see the fruits of his wise advice, but was only spared thus long; for he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber, as he was attending the daughter of an intimate female friend, who, by this event becoming childless, sent for young Marvel, and, by way of making all the return in her power, added considerably to his fortune.

This accession of wealth gave him an opportunity of traveling; and he journeyed through Holland, France, and Italy. While at Rome he wrote the first of those satirical poems which obtained him so much celebrity. It was a satire on an English priest there, a wretched poetaster named Flecknoe. From an early period of life Marvel appears to have despised conceit, or impertinence, and he found another chance to exhibit his powers of satire in the person of an ecclesiastic of Paris, one Joseph de Maniban, an abbot, who pretended to understand the characters of those he had never seen, and to prognosticate their good or bad fortune, from an inspection of their handwriting. Marvel addressed a poem to him, which, if it did not effectually silence his pretensions, at all events exposed them fully to the thinking portions of the community.

Beneath Italian skies his immortal friendship with Milton seems to have commenced; it was of rapid growth, but was firmly established. They were, in many

ways, kindred spirits, and their hopes for the after destinies of England were alike. In 1653 Marvel returned to England, and during the eventful years that followed we can find no record of his strong and earnest thoughts, as they worked upward into the arena of public life. One glorious fact we know, and all who honor virtue must feel its force—that in an age when wealth was never wanting to the unscrupulous, Marvel, a member of the popular and successful party, continued poor. Many of those years he is certain to have passed—

"Under the destiny severe
Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere—"

in the humble capacity of tutor of languages to their daughters. It was most likely during this period that he inhabited the cottage at Highgate, opposite to the house in which lived part of the family of Cromwell, a house upon which we shall remark presently. In 1657 he was introduced by Milton to Bradshaw. The precise words of the introduction ran thus:—"I present to you Mr. Marvel, laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor." His connection with the State took place in 1657, when he became assistant secretary with Milton in the service of the Protector. "I never had," says Marvel, "any, not the remotest relation to public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant, until the year 1657."

After he had been some time fellow-secretary with Milton, even the thick-sighted burgesses of Hull perceived the merits of their townsman, and sent him as their representative into the House of Commons. We can imagine the delight he felt at escaping from the crowded and stormy Commons to breath the invigorating air of his favorite hill; to enjoy the society of his former pupils, now his friends; and to gather, in

"—a garden of his own,"

the flowers that had solaced his leisure hours when he was comparatively unknown. But Cromwell died, Charles returned, and Marvel's energies sprung into arms at acts which, in accordance with his principles, he considered base, and derogatory to his country. His whole efforts were directed to the preservation of civil and religious liberty.

It was but a short time previous to the Restoration that Marvel had been chosen by his native town to sit as its representative in Parliament. The session began at Westminster in April, 1660, and he acquitted himself so honorably, that he was again chosen for the one which began in May, 1661. Whether under Cromwell or Charles, he acted with such thorough honesty of purpose, and gave such satisfaction to his constituents, that they allowed him a handsome pension all the time he continued to represent them, which was to the day of his death. This was probably the last borough in England that paid a representative. He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had much influence with the members of both Houses; the spirited Earl of Devonshire called him friend, and Prince Rupert particularly paid the greatest regard to his counsels; and whenever he voted according to the sentiments of Marvel, which he often did, it used to be said, by the opposite party, that "he had been with his tutor." Such certainly was the intimacy between the Prince and Marvel, that when he was obliged to abscond, to avoid falling a sacrifice to the indignation of those enemies among the governing party whom his satirical pen had irritated, the Prince frequently went to see him, disguised as a private person.

The noted Doctor Samuel Parker published Bishop Bramhall's work, setting forth the rights of kings over the consciences of their subjects; and then came forth Marvel's witty and sarcastic poem, "The Rehearsal Transposed." And yet how brightly did the generosity of his noble nature shine forth at this very time, when he forsook his own wit in that very poem, to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. Fortune seems about this period to have dealt hardly with him. Even while his political satires rang through the very halls of the pampered and impure Charles, when they were roared forth in every tavern, shouted in the public streets, and attracted the most envied attention throughout England, their author was obliged to exchange the free air, apt type of the freedom which he loved, for a lodging in a court off the Strand, where, enduring unutterable temptations, flattered and threatened, he more than realized the stories of Roman virtue.

The poet Mason has made Marvel the hero of his "Ode to Independence," and



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BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

BUT a few months ago we had been strolling about Palace-yard, when we instinctively paused at No. 19 York-street, Westminster. It was evening; the lamp-lighters were running from post to post, but we could still see that the house was a plain house to look at, differing little from its associate dwellings—a common house, a house you would pass without a thought, unless the remembrance of thoughts that had been given to you from within the shelter of those plain, ordinary walls, caused you to reflect, aye, and to thank God, who has left with you the memories and sympathies which elevate human nature. Here, while Latin Secretary to the Protector, was JOHN MILTON to be found when “at home;” and in his society, at times, were met all the men who, with their great originator, Cromwell, astonished Europe. Just think of those who entered that portal; think of them all if you can—statesmen and warriors; or, if you are really of a gentle spirit, think of two—but two—either of whom has left enough to engross your thoughts and fill your hearts. Think of JOHN MILTON and ANDREW MARVEL! think of the Protector of England, with two such secretaries!

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gables and plain windows, and is but a story high. In front are some old trees, and a convenient porch to the door, in which to sit and look forth upon the road, a few paces in advance of it. The front is of plaster, but the windows are modernized, and there are other alterations which the exigencies of tenancy have made necessary since Marvel's days.

The dwelling was evidently inhabited; the curtains in the deep windows as white as they were when we visited it some years previous to the visit concerning

which we now write; and the garden as neat as when in those days we asked permission to see the house, and were answered by an elderly servant, who took in our message, and an old gentleman came into the hall, invited us in, and presented us to his wife, a lady of more than middle age, and of that species of beauty depending upon expression, which it is not in the power of time to wither, because it is of the spirit rather than the flesh; and we also remembered a green parrot, in a fine cage, that talked a great deal, and was the only thing



MARVEL'S HOUSE—BACK VIEW.

which seemed out of place in the house. We had been treated with much courtesy; and emboldened by the memory of that kindness, we now ascended the stone steps, unlatched the little gate, and knocked.

Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady we had formerly seen; and again she blandly offered to show us the house. We went up a little winding stair, and into several neat, clean bedrooms, where everything was so old-fashioned, that you could fancy Andrew Marvel himself was still its master.

"Look out here," said the old lady; "here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvel's writing closet when he wrote *sense*; but when he wrote *poetry*, he used to sit below in his garden. I have heard there is a private way under the road to Cromwell House, opposite; but surely that could not be necessary. So good a man would not want to work in the dark; for he was a true lover of his country, and a brave man. My husband used

to say, the patriots of those times were not like the patriots now; that then, they acted for their country—now, they talk about it! Alas! the days are passed when you could tell an Englishman from every other man, even by his gait, keeping the middle of the road, and straight on, as one who knew himself, and made others know him. I am sure a party of Round-heads, in their sober coats, high hats, and heavy boots, would have walked up Highgate-hill to visit Master Andrew Marvel with a different air from the young men of our own time—or of their own time, I should say—for *my* time is past, and *yours* is passing."

That was quite true; but there is no reason, we thought, why we should not look cheerfully toward the future, and pray that it may be a bright world for others, if not for ourselves; the greater our enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of our fellow-creatures, the nearer we approach God.

It was too damp for the old lady to venture into the garden; and sweet and gentle as she was, both in mind and manner, we were glad to be alone. How pretty and peaceful the house looks from this spot! The snowdrops were quite up, and the yellow and purple tips of the crocuses bursting through the ground in all directions. This, then, was the garden the poet loved so well, and to which he alludes so charmingly in his poem, where the nymph complains of the death of her fawn:—

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

The garden seems in nothing changed; in fact, the entire appearance of the place is what it was in those glorious days when inhabited by the truest genius and the most unflinching patriot that ever sprang from the sterling stuff that Englishmen were made of in those wonder-working times. The genius of Andrew Marvel was as varied as it was remarkable; not only was he a tender and exquisite poet, but entitled to stand *facile princeps* as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. We have always considered him as the first of the "sprightly runnings" of that brilliant stream of wit, which will carry with it to the latest posterity the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before Marvel's time, to be witty was to be strained, forced, and conceited; from him—whose memory consecrates that cottage—wit came sparkling forth, untouched by baser matter. It was worthy of him—its main feature was an open clearness. Detraction or jealousy cast no stain upon it; he turned aside, in the midst of an exalted panegyric of Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that ever were said of Charles I.

The patriot was a son of Mr. Andrew Marvel, minister and schoolmaster of Kingston-upon-Hull, where he was born in 1620; his father was also the lecturer of Trinity Church in that town, and was celebrated as a learned and pious man. The son's abilities at an early age were remarkable; and his progress so great, that at the age of thirteen he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge; and it is said that the corporation of his natal town furnished him with the means of entering the college and prosecuting his

studies there. His shrewd and inquiring mind attracted the attention of some of the Jesuit emissaries who were at this time lurking about the universities, and sparing no pains to make proselytes. Marvel entered into disputations with them, and ultimately fell so far into their power, that he consented to abandon the university, and follow one of them to London. Like many other clever youths, he was inattentive to the mere drudgery of university attendance, and had been reprimanded in consequence; this, and the news of his escape from college, reached his father's ears at Hull. That good and anxious parent followed him to London, and after a considerable search, at last met with him in a bookseller's shop; he argued with his son as a prudent and sensible man should do, and prevailed on him to retrace his steps and return with him to college, where he applied to his studies with such good-will and continued assiduity, that he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1638. His father lived to see the fruits of his wise advice, but was only spared thus long; for he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber, as he was attending the daughter of an intimate female friend, who, by this event becoming childless, sent for young Marvel, and, by way of making all the return in her power, added considerably to his fortune.

This accession of wealth gave him an opportunity of traveling; and he journeyed through Holland, France, and Italy. While at Rome he wrote the first of those satirical poems which obtained him so much celebrity. It was a satire on an English priest there, a wretched poetaster named Flecknoe. From an early period of life Marvel appears to have despised conceit, or impertinence, and he found another chance to exhibit his powers of satire in the person of an ecclesiastic of Paris, one Joseph de Maniban, an abbot, who pretended to understand the characters of those he had never seen, and to prognosticate their good or bad fortune, from an inspection of their handwriting. Marvel addressed a poem to him, which, if it did not effectually silence his pretensions, at all events exposed them fully to the thinking portions of the community.

Beneath Italian skies his immortal friendship with Milton seems to have commenced; it was of rapid growth, but was firmly established. They were, in many

ways, kindred spirits, and their hopes for the after destinies of England were alike. In 1653 Marvel returned to England, and during the eventful years that followed we can find no record of his strong and earnest thoughts, as they worked upward into the arena of public life. One glorious fact we know, and all who honor virtue must feel its force—that in an age when wealth was never wanting to the unscrupulous, Marvel, a member of the popular and successful party, continued poor. Many of those years he is certain to have passed—

"Under the destiny severe
Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere—"

in the humble capacity of tutor of languages to their daughters. It was most likely during this period that he inhabited the cottage at Highgate, opposite to the house in which lived part of the family of Cromwell, a house upon which we shall remark presently. In 1657 he was introduced by Milton to Bradshaw. The precise words of the introduction ran thus:—"I present to you Mr. Marvel, laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor." His connection with the State took place in 1657, when he became assistant secretary with Milton in the service of the Protector. "I never had," says Marvel, "any, not the remotest relation to public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant, until the year 1657."

After he had been some time fellow-secretary with Milton, even the thick-sighted burgesses of Hull perceived the merits of their townsman, and sent him as their representative into the House of Commons. We can imagine the delight he felt at escaping from the crowded and stormy Commons to breathe the invigorating air of his favorite hill; to enjoy the society of his former pupils, now his friends; and to gather, in

"—a garden of his own,"

the flowers that had solaced his leisure hours when he was comparatively unknown. But Cromwell died, Charles returned, and Marvel's energies sprung into arms at acts which, in accordance with his principles, he considered base, and derogatory to his country. His whole efforts were directed to the preservation of civil and religious liberty.

It was but a short time previous to the Restoration that Marvel had been chosen by his native town to sit as its representative in Parliament. The session began at Westminster in April, 1660, and he acquitted himself so honorably, that he was again chosen for the one which began in May, 1661. Whether under Cromwell or Charles, he acted with such thorough honesty of purpose, and gave such satisfaction to his constituents, that they allowed him a handsome pension all the time he continued to represent them, which was to the day of his death. This was probably the last borough in England that paid a representative. He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had much influence with the members of both Houses; the spirited Earl of Devonshire called him friend, and Prince Rupert particularly paid the greatest regard to his counsels; and whenever he voted according to the sentiments of Marvel, which he often did, it used to be said, by the opposite party, that "he had been with his tutor." Such certainly was the intimacy between the Prince and Marvel, that when he was obliged to abscond, to avoid falling a sacrifice to the indignation of those enemies among the governing party whom his satirical pen had irritated, the Prince frequently went to see him, disguised as a private person.

The noted Doctor Samuel Parker published Bishop Bramhall's work, setting forth the rights of kings over the consciences of their subjects; and then came forth Marvel's witty and sarcastic poem, "The Rehearsal Transposed." And yet how brightly did the generosity of his noble nature shine forth at this very time, when he forsook his own wit in that very poem, to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. Fortune seems about this period to have dealt hardly with him. Even while his political satires rang through the very halls of the pampered and impure Charles, when they were roared forth in every tavern, shouted in the public streets, and attracted the most envied attention throughout England, their author was obliged to exchange the free air, apt type of the freedom which he loved, for a lodging in a court off the Strand, where, enduring unutterable temptations, flattered and threatened, he more than realized the stories of Roman virtue.

The poet Mason has made Marvel the hero of his "Ode to Independence," and

thus alludes to his incorruptible integrity:—

"In awful Poverty his honest Muse

Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;
In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews.

In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and arm'd with Truth

alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne."

Marvel, by opposing the ministry and its measures, created himself many enemies, and made himself very obnoxious to the government: yet Charles II. took great delight in his conversation, and tried all means to win him over to his side, but in vain; nothing being ever able to shake his resolution. There were many instances of his firmness in resisting the offers of the court, in which he showed himself proof against all temptations.

We pray God that the sin of Marvel's death did not rest with the great ones of those times; but it was strange and sudden.* He did not leave wherewith to bury the sheath of such a noble spirit: but his constituents furnished forth a decent funeral, and would have erected a monument to his memory in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where he was interred; but the rector, blinded by the dust of royalty to the merits of the man, refused the necessary permission. Marvel's name is remembered, though the rector's has been long forgotten.†

Wood tells us, that Marvel was in his conversation very modest, and of few words; and Cooke, the writer of his life, observes that he was very reserved among those whom he did not know, but a most delightful and improving companion among his friends. John Aubrey, who knew him personally, thus describes him: "He was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish, cherry-checked, hazle-eyed, brown-haired." He was (as Wood also says) in conversation very modest, and of a very few words. He was wont to say that he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he would not trust his life.

* Marvel died in 1678, in his fifty-eighth year, not without the strongest suspicions of having been poisoned; for he was always very temperate, and of a healthful and strong constitution to the last.

† On the death of this rector, however, the monument and inscription was placed on the north wall of the church, near the spot where he is supposed to lie.

PERSON AND HABITS OF CALVIN.

CALVIN was not of large stature; his complexion was pale, and rather brown; even to his last moments his eyes were peculiarly bright, and indicative of his penetrating genius. He knew nothing of luxury in his outward life, but was fond of the greatest neatness, as became his thorough simplicity; his manner of living was so arranged, that he showed himself equally averse to extravagance and parsimony; he took little nourishment, such being the weakness of his stomach that, for many years, he contented himself with one meal a day. Of sleep he had almost none; his memory was incredible; he immediately recognized, after many years, those whom he had once seen; and when he had been interrupted for several hours, in some work about which he was employed, he could immediately resume and continue it, without reading again what he had before written. Of the numerous details connected with the business of his office, he never forgot even the most trifling, and this notwithstanding the incredible multitude of his affairs. His judgment was so acute and correct in regard to the most opposite concerns about which his advice was asked, that he often seemed to possess the gift of looking into the future. I never remember to have heard that any one who followed his counsel went wrong. He despised fine speaking, and was rather abrupt in his language; but he wrote admirably, and no theologian of his time expressed himself so clearly, so impressively and accurately as he, and yet he labored as much as any one of his cotemporaries, or of the fathers. For his fluency he was indebted to the several studies of his youth, and to the natural acuteness of his genius, which had been still further increased by the practice of dictation, so that proper and dignified expressions never failed him, whether he was writing or speaking. He never, in any wise, altered the doctrine which he first adopted, but remained true to the last—a thing which can be said of few theologians of this period.—*Henry's Calvin.*

THERE never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a block-head.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

HIS EARLY CAREER IN LONDON.

IN commercial countries, great cities answer a purpose very similar to that of the heart in the animal system; for, as in this case, in every part there is found a current tending toward the heart, as well as a counter current, by which vitality is diffused over the whole system; so in that, the metropolis levies its contributions on every part, and also imparts its meliorating influence to all. But cities are more especially places of consumption than of production. Thither the productions of the rural regions tend with a steady and deep current, which goes thither not to return again; while the contributions of city to country are much less considerable, whether in bulk or essential value. Even the population of great cities are drawn largely from extramural parts, where the human product, as well as others, seems to flourish more than in the pent-up bounds and vitiated atmosphere of the town. The crude materials of an active and elevated community are evidently produced in the highest perfection in the rustic salubrity and hardy independence of the open country; though, generally, it is in the city that genius is developed as well as expended. Biographical history attests the fact, that a large proportion of those who have become conspicuous in great cities, have passed their early days in the quiet of some country town, or in some rustic dwelling away from the busy haunts of men. Our story leads us to an illustration of this truth.

One day, early in the spring of 1737, the stage-coach from Lichfield brought up to London two young gentlemen who had come thither to try their fortunes in the metropolis. One of them, a youth just verging to manhood, had been sent up by his father, a retired soldier, to complete his academical studies, under the direction of an accomplished instructor, and then to devote himself to the legal profession. The other was more advanced in life, having arrived at mature manhood, and had now come to cast himself into the vortex of the town, and try his fortune as a literary adventurer. These two individuals were DAVID GARRICK and SAMUEL JOHNSON. They came, commended by a letter from the benevolent Mr. Walm-

sley to the Rev. Mr. Colson, an eminent mathematician, and the master of an academy in London, who was afterward Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, with whom Garrick was to pursue his studies. Johnson's situation, as an adventurer in literature, was deli-



DAVID GARRICK.

cately mentioned in the letter of introduction, especially in relation to an original *tragedy* in his possession; and he was emphatically commended as "a very good scholar and poet," and the hope expressed that he would turn out "a very fine tragedy-writer." Whether this letter procured any advantage for Johnson from the person addressed is at best doubtful; nothing further is known of the matter, though some have believed that this Mr. Colson was the *Gelidus* portrayed with so much truthful severity in the twenty-fourth number of the *Rambler*.

Johnson had come to London not merely to try his fortune, but to force it there. He could not afford to fail in this instance, for he had but little to expect anywhere else; and he had now two mouths to fill, to say nothing of a needy step-daughter, and an aged mother, now, by the death of her other son, left with only himself to depend on. Among the qualifications for his new position that he had brought with him, one of the most valuable was the art of living at minimum expenses, which he now reduced to practice. He took lodgings at the house of a

Mr. Norris, in Exeter-street, adjoining Catharine-street, in the Strand. Of his daily expenses he gives the following account: "I dined very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the 'Pine Apple,' in New-street, just by. Several of them had traveled. They expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." While at Birmingham, he had become somewhat acquainted with an Irish painter, whom he described as "a very sensible man, who perfectly understood common affairs; a man of a great deal of knowledge of the world, fresh from life, not strained through books." According to this man's estimate of things, "thirty pounds a-year was enough to enable a man to live there without being contemptible." He allowed ten pounds for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret for eightpence a-week; few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say, 'I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean-shirt days* he went abroad and paid visits." Just how far Johnson practiced upon his friend's system of economy, he had too much sensibility and good taste to state definitely; it is probable that his secret history during this period would not have been less curious and instructive than was that of the Irish artist. But he bore the whole of it with fortitude, and maintained in his deepest depression the spirit of independent manhood.

How he employed himself on his first coming to London is not certainly known. It is related that Mr. Walmley gave him a letter of introduction to Lintot, his bookseller, and that Johnson wrote some for him. He also called on another bookseller, named Wileox, who, when informed of his intention to gain a livelihood by literature, gazed significantly at his giant frame and remarked: "You had better buy a porter's knot." Of this man, however, Johnson declared: "He was one of my

best friends." Nearly four months after his arrival in London, he addressed a note to Cave, proposing to translate from the original Italian Father Sarpi's "History of the Council of Trent," with the notes of Le Courayer, from the French. The account of this business will occur in another place. This notice of it is here introduced to indicate the manner in which he was occupied, and the kind of efforts he put forth to get himself forward in life.

In all this dismal obscurity there was one circumstance that afforded some mitigation of its gloom. He was acquainted with Mr. Henry Hervey, a man of good family and of genteel manners, who had served in the army and been stationed at Lichfield, where Johnson knew him. At the house of this gentleman he was frequently entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting cultivated company. This kindness was highly appreciated by Johnson; so that, while he confessed that his friend was a vicious man, he declared, "if you call a dog Hervey I shall love him."

At this time it seems he had written but three acts of *Irene*; and as he was not otherwise occupied, and also depended on that production for both present relief and future fame, he directed his attention more closely to it. For this purpose he changed his lodgings to Greenwich, and there, in almost absolute solitude, though daily jostled by the unknown multitude, he labored assiduously and in hope upon his favorite theme. He was accustomed to compose while walking in the park, and afterward to reduce to writing what he had thus elaborated.

In the latter part of the summer he returned to Lichfield, where he remained three months; and during this time "*Irene*" was completed. At the end of that period he returned to London, taking Mrs. Johnson with him, but leaving her daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, now a grown-up young woman, with his aged mother at Lichfield. His first lodgings after his return were in Woodstock-street, Hanover-square, and afterward in Castle-street, near Cavendish-square. Of his private life for a long time after his settlement in the metropolis we have but scanty accounts; enough, however, to indicate that he was no stranger to want in its most painful form.

Johnson's correspondence with Cave, the publisher of the "*Gentleman's Maga-*

zine," has already been noticed. We are now to follow him into a closer intimacy with that somewhat remarkable personage. It is probable that from a very early stage of its career, (it was then in its sixth year,) the magazine had found its way to Lichfield, and was there esteemed as highly as in the metropolis itself. It is certain that Johnson had become acquainted with it before he left home, and though it seems to have appeared to him as the focus of literature, yet from the beginning he saw and pointed out its defects, and proposed measures for their removal. Nevertheless, as seen in the distance, there was something of impressive greatness in the idea of the very fountain from which issued the streams that irrigated the whole kingdom. Johnson was now to see the publisher in his office. The magazine was then published at St. John's Gate, one of the last relics of the venerable monastery of the heroic knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which was suppressed in 1540, and, by dilapidations and encroachments, little more than the ancient gateway remained to indicate the former grandeur of the place. Though not of an imaginative temper, and certainly not in a situation to yield himself to a fit of sentimentality, yet he confessed that when he saw that venerable pile of mediæval architecture he "beheld it with reverence."

A favorable impression had been made on the mind of the shrewd publisher as to Johnson's ability to be useful to him, and he evidently desired to secure his services. This good opinion was fully reciprocated; for whatever faults or foibles may be charged to Cave, it is certain that he secured and retained the esteem of Johnson to an eminent degree. This esteem probably was not altogether disinterested; but there can be no doubt that, though not blind, it was sincere. Cave, as the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, had assumed the title of *Sylvanus Urban*, by which name he was commonly known in that relation. Johnson's first contribution (at least of those known to have been his) was a Latin poem addressed to the publisher in his assumed name, congratulating him on his superiority over his competitors, and lauding both him and his work with all the license that is allowed to poets writing in Latin.

It must be acknowledged that this whole

affair was not in Johnson's usual manner, and at the same time the motive to touch softly upon the weak spots in Cave's character, and thus to ingratiate himself with one whose favor could be so valuable might justify the suspicion that Johnson in this case actually stooped to act the part of a flatterer. This suspicion would also be strengthened by considering what was Cave's real character: for though he was industrious and enterprising in business, in literature he was the merest pretender, and in his manners was coarse and uncourtly, not on account of any ill-temper or disregard for others, but for want of discernment, and a due sense of the proprieties of life. It is, however, sufficiently evident that Johnson entertained an honest esteem for his early friend and patron, as is evinced by the biography of Cave, which he prepared for the magazine, when a change of circumstances had taken away every motive to undue panegyrics.

Johnson now became a steady contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine, and also a kind of general editor under the direction of the publisher, who esteemed his own abilities for such a task quite too highly to allow of any superior. It does not appear that Cave set any very high value on Johnson's genius, for he was incapable of appreciating it; he valued him chiefly as a useful person, who could do a great many little things to help in getting up the monthly miscellany. As an evidence of his incompetency to judge of the character of his new coadjutor, it is related that, determined to dazzle him with the splendor of some of his brilliant contributors, he invited Johnson at one time to meet him at a certain coffee-house, where he should be introduced to them. The invitation was accepted, and on calling at the appointed time and place Cave met him, dressed in a loose horseman's coat and a great bushy uncombed wig, and introduced him to Mr. Browne, long known as a constant but feeble correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Johnson was not blind to the offensive traits in Cave's character; but he discovered also some real excellences, and he had the good sense, for the sake of the good, to bear with and overlook the evil. No cringing was required on the

one hand, as it would have been indignantly spurned on the other; but Cave had need of Johnson's service, for which he was ready to make what was deemed a fair compensation, and Johnson wanted employment and means of subsistence, which were here offered him on terms not incompatible with honor and self-respect.



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

An incident connected with this period of Johnson's history may be here related, as a matter of curious interest marking the early steps of the progress of one who soon after dazzled the gay world of the metropolis by the unrivaled power of his imitative genius. Johnson's intimacy at St. John's Gate drew Garriek thither also; and though Cave had no great taste for diversions, yet learning that the young friend of his coadjutor had an inclination to the stage, he expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. A room was accordingly fitted up over the great arch of the gate, where, assisted by a few journeymen printers, the future Roscius of the English stage represented, with all the graces of comic humor, the principal character in Fielding's farce of the Mock Doctor.

We have here to contemplate Samuel Johnson, whose fame has become co-extensive with the literary world, and is destined to last as long as the English language,

at nearly thirty years of age, bound down to a sub-editorship, toiling with unremitting diligence "for gain, not glory." He had improved his condition by his new engagement, and yet even now his situation was tolerable only as an alternative to the state of actual want for which it had been exchanged. That he was far

from being satisfied with what he had attained is evident; he knew he deserved a better fate, and though the future was not prodigal of promises he could not assent to forego the hopes of better days to come.

An occasional indication of what was in him was given in some of his happier or more elaborate productions, though as yet the world had seen but few indications of the transcendent powers that were maturing within him. At length, however, a production of his pen broke upon the world, that gave assurance of the man. In May, 1738, his "LONDON, a Poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal," was published, which at once burst forth like the blaze of a meteor. Neither the theme nor the mode of treatment possessed the advantages of novelty; for "the manners of the town" are the unfailing subject of the strictures of the satirical muse; and this same satire of Juvenal had

been already applied in parody or by imitation, to Paris by Boileau, and to London by Oldham. It was impossible therefore for Johnson in this case to win renown or even to escape contempt, except by excelling his co-imitators, without imitating them. The attempt was a bold one, and may be considered as another evidence that from an early period of his history he was to a good degree confident of his own powers.

Of the history of the production of this poem we have no information except as to its date. The author himself inscribed upon his own corrected copy "written in 1738;" and as it was published in May of that year, and seems, from the correspondence concerning its publication, to have been completed some two months before, the time of its composition is narrowed down to the months of January and February. Nor is it difficult to suppose that with such vigor of mind as Johnson then possessed, he might, in that time,

using only his occasional leisure, throw off, and afterward revise and correct for publication, a piece of some two hundred and fifty lines. When the poem was ready for publication, Johnson sent it to Cave for his inspection, feigning to act for the author—a third person who chose not to be known—and accompanying it by a letter full of complimentary allusions to both the discernment and the liberality of the publisher. He pleaded for a favorable consideration of the article on account of the necessities of the author, “who,” he writes, “lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune.” It is melancholy to contemplate genius united to virtue thus driven by want to make haste to exchange its choicest productions for the means of subsistence; yet such has often been the case, and many of the fairest gems of literature have been the products of minds and hearts oppressed with sorrows and sheer want of the most common necessities. How the poem appeared to Cave is not known. Probably he could not form any intelligent estimate of its character; but if he had but little taste, he was not altogether without generosity; for in Johnson’s next letter there is an acknowledgment of a present for the unknown author, which he promises shall be deducted from the price of the manuscript, should it be printed. Cave, it would seem, suggested that the poem should be shown to Dodsley. Johnson proposed to take the manuscript and read it to him; still insisting that Cave should be the real publisher, for he adds: “I am very sensible, from your generosity on this occasion, of your regard to learning, *even in its unhappiest estate*; and cannot but think such a temper deserving of the gratitude of those who suffer so often from a contrary disposition.” But the paper was forwarded directly to Dodsley, and a few days later Johnson called on him. Mr. Robert Dodsley was a very different sort of man from his fellow-publisher, Mr. Cave. He was more than a mere publisher; and, in his aspirations to the title of a man of letters, was not an empty pretender. He was equally distinguished for discernment, frankness, and geniality of spirit, and all these qualities were manifested on this occasion. Soon after this interview, Johnson again wrote to Cave: “I was to-day with Mr. Dodsley, who declares very warmly in favor of



ROBERT DODSLEY.

the paper you sent him, which he desires to have a share in, it being, as he says, a *creditable thing to be concerned in*. I knew not what answer to make till I had consulted you, nor what to demand on the author’s part, but am very willing, if you please, he should have a part in it.” Cave generously consented that any arrangement thought desirable might be made with Dodsley, who thereupon gave Johnson *ten guineas* for the manuscript, a price that the author himself esteemed as liberal.

Considered by itself, and without respect to its circumstances, “London” is a production of very considerable merit. As a poem, it is second to only such pieces as Goldsmith’s “Traveler” and “Deserted Village,” Gray’s “Churchyard Elegy,” Campbell’s “Pleasures of Hope” and “Gertrude,” and a few other pieces of the same class. Its pretensions are necessarily very moderate, as must be the case with a satire on the times. But the thoughts are far from being mere common-places; the style is dignified, yet easy; and the versification, though not faultless, is above mediocrity. According to its professed design, “London” is a satire upon the manners of the times in which it was produced. Following the train of thought given by Juvenal, he makes the retirement of a friend to the quiet of the country the occasion of an invective against the manners of the town. Some brief references are first made to private disorders and individual miseries—to “malice,” “rapine,” and “accident;” to the “rage” of “fires” and “rabblies,” and perils from “fell attorneys;” to dangers from “falling houses;” and the horrors of being talked

to death by some "female atheist." The poet then passes to more general topics, and expends all the force of his invective upon the government, which is satirized much in the usual temper and tone of political maledictions, though with a force and elegance of diction not often found in that kind of writing. It was a time of great political violence that "London" was designed to depict, and the painter was himself a decided partisan. It is a matter of common notoriety that Tories are Whigs when out of office, and Whigs are Tories when in; and so now, since a Whig administration directed the affairs of the kingdom, of course Tory patriotism was awakened to an indignant assertion of "a Briton's rights," and a valorous defense against its own rulers of "the cheated nation." It is remarkable, too, that in his opposition to the liberal administration of Walpole, the youthful champion of Toryism employs, with all the facility of a popular declaimer, the choice terms and expressions of radical liberalism. What warm invectives are here against "tyranny" and "oppression;" what earnest assertions of the rights of "true-born Englishmen;" what sympathy for "rebellious virtue, quite o'erthrown;" and what regard for "the poor," driven out to "pathless wastes or undiscovered shores!" Such language from the pen of a Goldsmith, though equally unjust, is in keeping with his general character; but when Johnson satirizes the court and government because his own party is out of power, one may not only sigh for the violence of partisanship, but also smile at its inconsistencies.

A more interesting feature of this poem is its evident allusions to the circumstances of the writer, which have been shown to have been at that time most painfully "disadvantageous." The aptness with which some of its expressions apply to his case is palpably evident, as in these lines:—

"In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous reels in my veins:
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier
place."

But more especially, in apparently incidental remarks and expressions, do we detect the inward feelings of his distressed

and yet unsubdued spirit. It was rather from his own experience than from the verse of the satirist, that he had been brought to feel that—

"SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESSED!"

a line that was doubly underscored in the original manuscript—and to ask,

"Where can starving merit find a home?"

And in the multitude of venal flatterers to inquire, despondingly,

"Can surly virtue hope to find a friend?"

It is gratifying to perceive, however, that in all this distress and despondency, there is no appearance of a disposition to yield to the pressure of adversity, and cease to assert his sturdy independence and virtue.

The literary history of this poem presents one of those vexed questions that not unfrequently occur in such matters, and which constitute a large share of the curiosities of literature. Several of Johnson's biographers have asserted with the utmost confidence that "London" was composed on the departure of Savage (of whom more hereafter) from the metropolis to his retirement in Wales. The scene of the parting is placed at Greenwich, where Johnson then resided; and several expressions and allusions in the poem are explained by corresponding facts. A very fair case is thus made out by which at once to fix the design of the production, and to interpret its language. But unfortunately the stubborn dates will not bend to this supposition. "London" was written about the beginning of 1738, whereas Savage's departure for Wales did not occur till July, 1739; and, furthermore, the departure of Savage was not by water from Greenwich, but by the Bristol stage. Johnson himself denied any such reference in the poem. It does not appear, indeed, that at the time of writing his satire, he had any acquaintance with Savage, and, of course, all that is said in proof of the identity of Thales and the author of the *Bastard*, is mere fancy. And yet, it must be acknowledged, the hypothesis is commended in no small degree by the suitability of the language of the poem itself to the facts and circumstances in the case of Savage. It is more probable, however, that in the character of Thales the poet designed to represent his own case; for we shall presently see that he was at this

very time meditating such a retirement, on account of the very evils that he assigns for the retreat of his hero.

The reception of "London" by the public was highly flattering to its author. In the learned circles especially, it produced a profound impression, and, as it appeared anonymously, the question was everywhere current: "Who is this unknown poet, who surpasses even Pope?" The first impression was exhausted, and a second ordered in the course of a week. It is said that General Oglethorpe was especially delighted with it, agreeing as it did with his political antipathies and the generous sympathies of his heart, and long afterward Johnson was heard to express his indebtedness to the favor of that truly benevolent gentleman for this, his early production, though at that time he was an entire stranger to the author. Pope, at this period, was the unrivaled leader of the devotees of the muses, and, of course, could not fail to share in the public interest on such an occasion; but to his honor, be it recorded, he manifested a kindly interest to the unknown candidate for poetic fame—perhaps a future rival to himself. Having made diligent inquiry as to who the author was, and being able to learn no more than that he was an obscure scholar by the name of Johnson, he remarked that he would not long be concealed.

Johnson had thus fairly broken his way into the literary arena of London. Here commences that career of success and renown which has rendered him the most familiar, perhaps the most interesting, if not the most gigantic character in our literature; and here we may appropriately take our leave of him for the present.

GIBBON.

THERE is an Hôtel Gibbon here, (Lau-sanne,) partly standing on the site of that garden in which the historian took his evening-walk, after writing the last lines of the work to which many years had been devoted; a walk which alone would have hallowed the spot, if, alas! there had not been those intimations in the work itself of a purpose which, tending to desecrate the world, must deprive all associations attendant on its accomplishment of a claim to be dwelt on as holy. How melancholy is it to feel that intellectual congratulation

which attends the serene triumph of a life of studious toil, chilled by the consciousness that the labor, the research, the Asiatic splendor of illustration, have been devoted, in part at least, to obtain a wicked end—not in the headlong wantonness of youth, or in the wild sportiveness of animal spirits—but urged by the deliberate-hearted purpose of crushing the light of human hope, all that is worth living for, and all that is worth dying for, and substituting for them nothing but a rayless skepticism! That evening-walk is an awful thing to meditate on; the walk of a man of rare capacities, tending to his own physical decline among the serenities of loveliest nature, enjoying the thought, that in the chief work of his life just accomplished, he had embodied a hatred to the doctrines which teach men to love one another, to forgive injuries, and to hope for a diviner life beyond the grave; and exulting in the conviction, that this work would survive to teach its deadly lesson to young ingenuous students when he should be dust. One may derive consolation from reflecting that the style is too meretricious, and the attempt too elaborate and too subtle, to achieve the proposed evil, and in hoping that there were some passages in the secret history of the author's heart which may extenuate melancholy error; but our personal veneration for successful toil is destroyed in the sense of the strange malignity which blended with its impulses, and we feel no desire to linger over the spot where so painful a contradiction is presented as a charm.—*Sergeant Talfourd.*

PLAGUE CUSTOM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Turks have a touching custom when the plague rages very greatly, and a thousand corpses are carried out daily from Stamboul, through the Adrianople gate, to the great groves of cypress which rise over the burial grounds beyond the walls. At times of terror and grief, such as these, the Sheikh Ul Islam (high-priest of the Mohammedans) causes all the little children to be assembled on a beautiful green hill, called the *Oc Maidan*—the Place of Arrows—and there they bow down upon the ground, and raise their innocent voices in supplication to the Father of Mercy, and implore his compassion on their afflicted city.—*Curzon's Levant.*

THE CHAINED BIBLE.



ABOUT the time of the Reformation, when Bibles were scarce, a copy was usually chained to a convenient place in the church, that the people might read it. It was strongly bound, literally in "boards," and was chained to the desk on which it was placed, that it might not be removed. In those days he who could read "occupied the place of the learned" among his neighbors; and to him the task was allotted of reading aloud for the public good. And deeply interesting were the scenes that often presented themselves. On Sabbaths and holidays all the parishioners that could leave their homes would congregate in the "convenient place," where the book of God, the food of their souls, was placed; and would listen earnestly and devoutly to the "words whereby they might be saved."

Our cut illustrates the scene as it probably actually appeared at the time.

Within the old cathedral dim,
A solemn group are met;
And hearts are glowing in their heat,
And cheeks with tears are wet,
The book is chained to the desk,
And from its page the throng
Listen to Him of Nazareth,
Or Zion's holy song.
Ah! well may tyrants fear the truth
That sets the spirit free;
And fain would they have quench'd in blood
Its glorious liberty,
But kindled was a beacon light,
That higher tower'd, and higher;
Ho! people, answer with a shout,
"Is not my word a fire?"
And kindled were a thousand hearts,
And quenchless was the flame;
The spirit it had call'd to life
Nor rack, nor stake could tame,
'Twas folded 'neath the bloody plaid
Of him who grasp'd the sword,
And fought for kirk and covenant
The battles of the Lord.
The chainless truth, our country's boast
Through many a glorious age;
The truth that gilds her high renown,
And lights her letter'd page;

That teaches no commands of men,
But wisdom from above;
And needs no weapons, but its own
Strong faith and holy love.
The chainless truth, we'll speed it forth,
Till, like electric chords,
Shall land to land transmit its glad,
Its everlasting words,
And nations blinded and enslaved
Shall rouse as from a sleep;
And error for her fallen shrines
And broken idols weep.
The chainless truth, we'll speed it forth,
Till all the isles shall sing,
And China's millions peal the strains
Of Israel's shepherd King;
And in our hands, and to our hearts
And at our altars pure,
Our strength, our glory, and our shield,
We'll hold it fast and sure.
O'er all our holiest sympathies,
Its holier light we'll shed;
A blessing on the baby brow,
A hope above the dead,
Its page first taught our childish lips
Themes that are sung on high;
And kindred hands shall find it near
Our pillows when we die.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WE know not how it may be with others, but for our single selves, we have great faith in our being able to discover authors in their books; to discover their peculiarities of mind and person, and oftentimes the circumstances of their lives; building, as it were, complete forms from their fragmentary members scattered in many places. It may not be always intentional—in most cases we fancy it is not—but there is always something of an author in his books, even when he is most false to himself, or disguises himself the most. Any perfect and impenetrable disguise is impossible. For when we no longer see the distinctive impress of his style, his cast and peculiarity of thought, or in fact any of his acknowledged attributes, we are able, if we have ever felt the soul which these embody, to detect it still, and still to trace

"The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark."

Disguise himself as he may, the musician is still revealed by some chord or combination of sound; the painter by some bit of color, some gleam of light or

shade; the sculptor by the turn of a limb, or the fold of a robe; and the poet, or prose-writer, by the cadence of his sentences, or even by some favorite word, which has become a part and parcel of his soul. A tone, an atmosphere, a certain *Je ne sais quoi* lies under, broods over, and is the informing soul of every work of art. We speak now of works of art—of all true works of true artists—he they books, statues, pictures, or linked sounds: with the patch-work imitations of the mere copyist, and the lifeless original of the still more lifeless original, we have nothing to do. There are certain qualities in a true work of art which it is impossible to mistake; certain more or less recondite qualities which relate to, and relate the thoughts and life of its author. Try Virgil and Horace by their works, and then by the accounts of their lives as written in the scholiasts; they are the same. The one is an epic dilettante, a play-at-work farmer; the other, an elegant satirist, a brilliant trifler, whose finest things

"Play round the head, but come not near the heart."

Try Dante and Milton by their works, and then by their lives; they, too, are the same, in all the same; a pair of grand old fellows, inflexible and strong, yet stern and gloomy withal, great thunder-clouds in the heaven of song. Try the moderns, any of them, by the same rule, and it is the same with them; and will be the same with all men evermore. No man is more and otherwise than he has been and is. We write, we paint, we carve, we sing from our own hearts, be they deep or shallow, and from our hearts' experience and wisdom. From nothing else; from no trick, no hearsay, no second-hand report. Wo be to the man who trusts in any of these things! who builds on other than his own foundation; follows other than his own soul's light. He is chasing a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which will mock him, and lead him into all sorts of bogs and marshes; and is building upon unstable sand, which the rains will wash away:

"From his nest every rafter
Will rot, and his eagle home
Leave him naked to laughter,
When leaves fall, and cold winds come."

If what we have advanced be true, and it will be granted, we think, in most cases, it is especially and emphatically true in the case of Nathaniel Hawthorne. If ever author was revealed in his books, Hawthorne is the man.

Let us glance at what little we know of his life, and then at his books.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in or about the year 1807, in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, in a house built by his grandfather, who was a maritime personage. The old household estate was in another part of the town, and had descended in the family ever since the settlement of the country; but this old man of the sea exchanged it for a lot of land situated near the wharves, and convenient to his business, where he built the house, (which is still standing,) and laid out a garden where the future author rolled on a grass-plot under an apple-tree and picked abundant currants. This grandfather (about whom there is a ballad in Griswold's "Curiosities of American Literature") died long before young Hawthorne was born. One peculiarity of Hawthorne's boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favoring him in this natural repugnance) he never did go half as much as other boys, partly ow-

ing to delicate health, (which he made the most of for the purpose,) and partly because much of the time there were no schools within reach.

When he was eight or nine years old, his mother, with her three children, took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here Hawthorne ran quite wild, and would, we doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece, but reading a good deal too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakspeare and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and any poetry or light books within his reach. Delightful days must those have been; for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings, and nine-tenths of it primeval woods. But by-and-by his good mother began to think it was necessary that her boy should do something else; so he was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted him for college. He was educated (as the phrase is) at Bowdoin College, Maine, as were also Professor Longfellow and General Franklin Pierce. What progress he made in his studies we know not; judging from the scholarly air of his books, we should say no mean one. There was some talk, we have heard from his friends, of a good proficiency in languages, especially Latin, and a knack of writing English themes; but he himself, they say, insists upon it that he was an idle student, negligent of college rules and the Procrustean details of academic life, rather choosing to brood over and nurse his own fancies than to dig into Greek roots, and be numbered among learned Thebans. If he did think so, we cannot help thinking he was not far from right. No learned Theban, no Greek roots, could have given him his present pure English style, and his subtle and profound knowledge of the heart.

It was the fortune or misfortune, just as the reader pleases, of Hawthorne to have some slender means of supporting himself; and so, on leaving college, in 1825, instead of immediately studying a profession, he sat himself down to consider what pursuit in life he was best fit for. His mother had now returned, and taken up her abode in her deceased father's house, a tall, ugly, old, grayish building, (it is now the residence of half a dozen

Irish families,) in which Hawthorne had a room; and year after year he kept on considering what he was fit for, and time and his destiny decided that he was to be the writer that he is. He had always a natural tendency (it appears to have been on the paternal side) toward seclusion, and this he now indulged to the utmost; so that, for months together, he scarcely held human intercourse outside of his own family, seldom going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude, which was oftenest the seashore, the rocks and beaches in that vicinity being as fine as any in New-England. Once a year, or thereabouts, he used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which he enjoyed as much of life as other people do in the whole year's round. Having spent so much of his youth and boyhood away from his native place, he had very few acquaintances in Salem, and during the nine or ten years that he spent there, in this solitary way, we doubt whether so much as twenty people in the town were aware of his existence.

Meanwhile, strange as it may seem, he had lived a very tolerable life, always seemed cheerful, (was he indeed so with the weight of all that solitude on his heart?) and enjoyed the very best of bodily health. He had read endlessly, all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and in the dearth of other employment, had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which he burned. Some, however, got into the magazines and annuals; but being anonymous, or under different signatures, they did not soon have the effect of concentrating any attention upon the author. Still they did bring him into contact with certain individuals. Mr. S. G. Goodrich (a gentleman of many excellent qualities, although a publisher!) took a very kindly interest in him, and employed his pen for "The Token," an annual. Old copies of "The Token" may still be found in antique boudoirs, and on the dusty shelves of street book-stalls. It was the first and probably the best—it could not possibly be the worst—annual ever issued in this country, and numbered among its contributors many young writers who have since become famous. N. P. Willis was at one time its editor. It was a sort of hot-house, where native flowers were made to bloom like exotics. Had we, the writer hereof, lived in those days!

From the press of Monroe & Co., Boston, in the year 1837, appeared "The Twice-told Tales," Mr. Hawthorne's first acknowledged volume. "The Twice-told Tales" was a collection of essays, allegories, and stories contributed to various magazines and periodicals. In 1842 was added a second volume.

The success of "The Twice-told Tales" was a disgrace to public taste. The foreign novels of James and Bulwer, the home manufactures of Simms and Ingraham, and hosts of other standard writers created "sensations," and sold by whole editions, while the finest and purest tales ever written in America—the most spiritual creations of a beautiful genius—dropped from the press almost still-born; or, to say the most, attracted a quite limited share of attention. Something similar was the success of Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." And so it frequently happens with anything fine and peculiar. A new author—half the book-makers of all ages are as old as literature—has to force his way before the public, or has to have it forced for him; and then has to create the proper taste in the minds of his reluctant readers. But by-and-by all comes right, as it should, and has with Hawthorne. Within the last year or so, a new edition of the "Twice-told Tales" has been published by Ticknor & Co.; and they are now on the road to general and permanent popularity.

Though not widely successful in their day and generation, the "Twice-told Tales" had the effect of making Hawthorne known in his own immediate vicinity; inasmuch that, however reluctantly, he was compelled to come out of his owl's nest, and lionize in a small way. Thus he was gradually drawn somewhat into the world, and became pretty much like other people. His long seclusion had not made him melancholy or misanthropic, nor wholly unfitted him for the bustle of life; and perhaps it was the kind of discipline which his idiosyncrasy demanded, and chance and his own instincts, operating together, had caused him to do what was fittest.

In 1839, Mr. Bancroft, the historian, without solicitation, gave him a situation in the Boston Custom-house, which proved considerably lucrative, and of which Hawthorne discharged the duties like a man of this world. After two years he resigned and went to the Brook-Farm Community,

at West Roxbury, where he continued one season, not much to his own satisfaction, according to all accounts. Of this period of his life he has written largely, though under the veil of fiction, in "The Blythedale Romance." The next year he was married, and went to live in the "Old Manse," at Concord, Mass. His manner of life here is charmingly described in the introduction to "The Mosses from an old Manse."

The old manse had been from time immemorial the dwelling of the ministers of Concord; and Hawthorne was the first lay occupant who had ever profaned it. When he first saw it, pictures of old priests and divines were on the walls, volumes of black-letter divinity in its book-cases, and bushels of MS. sermons in chests, in the half-finished garret. The last dweller had penned nearly three thousand with his own hand! but when Hawthorne took possession a change came over the old mansion. The walls were made cheerful with a fresh coat of paint; and a little study which Emerson once occupied, and in which he wrote his Essay of "Nature," became Hawthorne's, and was hung with gold-tinted paper, lovingly to behold, while the shadow of a willow, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attempered the cheery, western sunshine. In place of the grim prints, there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como, probably near the site of Claude Melnotte's palace. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one, containing graceful gems. Here, in this little study, Hawthorne wrote the greater part, if not all, of the "Mosses," (which were successively published in the Democratic Review, then edited by his friend O'Sullivan,) and edited "The Journal of an African Cruiser."

This old manse was a famous place, just in sight of the battle-ground, a view of which it commanded; and when the battle was being fought, Hawthorne's immediate predecessor, the deceased minister, watched its progress from his window. In sight of the study-window lay, and still lies—for the old manse is standing yet—Concord River, in those days one of Hawthorne's favorite haunts. Here, and up the lovely Assabeth, which flows into the Concord a little distance from the village,

he used to sail with Ellery Channing. A lovelier stream than the Assabeth can hardly be found. Down to the water's edge grow majestic trees, whose pendant branches dip in the moveless waters, and drip on the white pond-lilies, and on the red cardinal flowers which illuminate the shrubbery at their feet. Grape-vines twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water within reach of the boatman's hand. Here hides the shy king-fisher, and here skims the wild-duck. The pickerel leaps among the lilies, and the turtle suns itself on the rocks and roots of the trees. The Assabeth is as wild to-day as it was three hundred years ago, when the Indian paddled his canoe on its banks.

In the woods, and on the sides of the hill which shelter the Assabeth; in the green fields and meadows, which nowhere in New-England are so beautiful as at Concord; in the orchard behind, and the slip of garden beside the old manse, gathering his fruits, and cultivating his summer and winter squashes; in his little study, poring over rare and pleasant books, communing with Emerson or Margaret Fuller, Longfellow or Lowell; happy in the bosom of his family—such were the scenes and such the life of Hawthorne in the old manse at Concord. In fairy-land there is no measurement of time; what wonder, then, that in so fairy-like a spot, three years hastened away with a noiseless flight? But this cannot last always. The owner of the old manse, seized with a spirit of renovation and improvement, sends down carpenters and masons, and other Goths, to disturb its sanctity, and even talks of a painter with his many colored pots. Hawthorne packs up his movables,

"The world is all before him where to choose,"

and is transferred to Salem again, and into the Custom-house there. By-the-by, is it not somewhat odd that several fine poets have been in the same business? There were Chaucer and Burns and Wordsworth, and we know not how many more, all in the Custom-house, among the most unpoetic wights. One would rather expect to find them among those Custom-house haters, the smugglers.

Again at Salem, his old birthplace, the man can see the grass on which the boy rolled, the old apple-tree under which he lay, and the bushes from which he

picked the abundant currants. Does he dream now as when he sat, year in and year out, in his room up there in the attic? Does he walk the old paths in the woods, and by the solitary sea-shore? Perchance, but hardly; for he is now a man and a father, and, more than all, a surveyor in the Custom-house! Gladly would we copy, had we room, Hawthorne's own account of his life at Salem; for here (see the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter") he is his own biographer, as in "The Old Manse;" not so fully as in that instance, however, for there is but little interest in the life of a Custom-house surveyor, poet or dreamer though he be. Like many other of their benighted countrymen, his fellow-officials knew nothing of Hawthorne's literary fame. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." To his own townsmen he was simply Mr. Hawthorne, or, it may be, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.; but with anything beyond, with the author, they were hardly acquainted. And so it is with the world generally; authors are of no account with them: apart from the world's existence, to the world they are non-existent; they are not known on 'Change; cannot get their notes of hand discounted, (that's no great wonder though, for St. Paul himself could not without a good indorser;) are not talked of in society with the last new opera, or the next new fashion.

"No longer seeking or caring," says Hawthorne, in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," "that my name should be blazoned abroad on title-pages, I smiled to think that it had now another kind of vogue. The Custom-house marker imprinted it with a stencil and black paint, on pepper bags and baskets of annatto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise, in testimony that these commodities had paid the import, and gone regularly through the office. Borne on such queer vehicles of fame, a knowledge of my existence, so far as a name conveys it, was carried where it had never gone before, and, I hope, will never go again."

Punctually and faithfully fulfilling his duties, he remained in this ungenial employment, until he was ejected by the Whigs, on the accession of General Taylor, on whose soul, and on all their souls, be blessings forever! Free again, he immediately set to work on "The Scarlet Letter," the idea of which was already in

his mind; this he finished in Salem, and shortly afterward left the city for Lenox. "The Scarlet Letter" was published in the spring of 1850. The good time had come at last. The author of "The Twice-told Tales" had written a book which was popular. The first edition of twenty-five hundred copies was all ordered before the day of publication, and another edition put immediately to press. Its success was complete. At home and abroad the newspapers and reviews were loud in its praise; and they have not done talking of it yet. Four years had elapsed since the publication of "The Mosses from an old Manse," and in that time, and slowly perhaps, for some years before, Hawthorne's fame had been steadily on the increase. Among his brethren of the quill he was well-known already; among purely literary people he had a fair reputation; but purely literary people never buy editions of books, and put money in each other's pockets. Money comes from the great mass of readers, who knew next to nothing of Hawthorne for so many years. He had no incitement to literary effort, in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit—nothing but the pleasure itself of composition, an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the work in hand, but which in the long run will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart or the numbness out of his fingers.

The success of "The Scarlet Letter" brought out a new edition of "The Twice-told Tales," and "True Stories from History and Biography," (a child's book,) and encouraged the author to write "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Wonder Book," both of which last were written among the mountains of Lenox. Hawthorne, if we may judge of him by his nomadic habits, seems not to be a person who attaches himself very strongly to any one locality; so last autumn he removed from Lenox, and took a house for the winter at West-Newton, where he wrote the "Blythedale Romance," which was published in July of the past year. A few months since, (probably in the hope of inducing himself to take root, by making the soil his own,) he bought a small house and estate at Concord, where he now resides. A pleasanter and more picturesque abode than his present residence, it has seldom been our lot to meet. It stands in a space of level pasturage about twenty

feet from the road, the high road to Boston, along which, in the olden time, marched the British soldiers to Concord bridge. The yard in front of the cottage, once, perhaps, intended for a little garden, is grassy and green, with here and there a tall bush, and a spreading shrub, rose, or lilacs, we have forgotten which, and two or three mulberry-trees, studded with their strawberry-shaped fruit. The sun, if it enters the cottage, must enter through the trees and bushes, whose shadows must quiver on the floor and walls beyond. At the back of the cottage lies a little space of pasturage, then comes the declivity of a hill, upon which grows a young forest, mostly of locust-trees, with now and then a few young elms and oaks, and a few white pines, rooted amid an infinity of yellow needles. Two or three mounded embankments, the foundation of a range of terraces, never, we believe, fully completed, may be seen on the slope of the hill. Higher up, to the left of the cottage, hung like a nest on the hill side, in a picturesque opening of trees, are the remains of a decaying summer-house, made of the unbarked limbs of trees, like those framework chairs and sofas which sometimes ruralize the back piazzas of wealthy city mansions. Beyond rises the still-ascending hill, covered with trees, the whispering of whose leaves, low and indistinct, melts into the air and makes an audible silence around. From the side of the hill, but more especially from its summit, the view of the surrounding country is beautiful. Half hid in trees at its feet stands Mr. Hawthorne's cottage, and a rough black-boarded barn; over the road his garden and wheat field, eight acres of good arable land, with another summer-house thereon; and beyond, a wide extent of fields and plains rolling in grassy waves, over which flit clouds of sunlight and shadow, with here and there a country house,

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees;"

and in the distance, the line of forest which everywhere in the rural parts of America walls in the gazer's view. From the summit of the hill the scene has the appearance of a valley; though we stand on no great elevation, there seems a depth below us, and a breadth in the narrow landscape. We know of no spot in New-England which we would sooner chose for a life abode.

Quiet, unobtrusive, and retired, has been the life of Hawthorne, and such are his books. Had his life been different, his books could not have well been what they are. They mirror the man, and could not have been written by any other man, nor by Hawthorne himself, had he been city born and bred, and had his life been passed in the dust and noise of cities, and in close contact with mankind, instead of communion with his own soul, and the manifold influences of nature. The freshness and stillness of nature breathe through his pages, and mingle like an odor with his there-expressed thoughts and feelings. Those years of seclusion and dreaming are all reproduced in his books, and in their quintessence only; he gives us the quintessence of everything; others give us processes with their results, he the results alone; in this respect he is like Tennyson. And he has another of Tennyson's fine peculiarities—that of seeing nature with the eyes of his mind. If he, or any of his characters passes through a landscape, the landscape is always in keeping with his or her idiosyncrasies, and in keeping with the essay or sketch in which it is introduced. There is an air of reserve about Hawthorne, even when most frank; as if he distrusted the propriety of frankness, or had felt, and was feeling, much which could not and should not be revealed. He reveals, we are apt to think, the characteristics of an ideal man, rather than his own; talks oftentimes of pleasant but irrelevant matters, to lead the mind from himself; shutting himself up the while in his own heart and soul, like a sensitive plant in the depths of a shady wood.

There is a sort of unreality about his delineations of man and the world; or a reality very different from that of everyday life and thought. It is as if he surveyed both from a distance, calmly and coldly; or if warmly, with only a scientific warmth, such as an enthusiastic anatomist might experience in a rare case of dissection. His world is removed

"Beyond the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth;"

compared to which it is a vernal meadow, fresh with dew, or a sunny nook in the recess of an autumn-tinted forest, where the winds moan plaintively, and the leaves fall—a melancholy forest full of moldering

trunks and withering boughs, with here and there clearings of faint sweet verdure steeped in dying sunshine, and knots of delicate wild-flowers drooping on their stems. Hawthorne is a close student of country lore, from the grand phenomena of the seasons and years, down to the veriest details of insignificant rural objects. Nothing escapes his shy, wandering glance. And he has the rare faculty of reproducing his own sensations in the minds of his readers; we feel in reading his books what he must have felt in writing them. The walk of his genius, or that in which it pleases him to make his genius walk, is somewhat narrow, but it is far-reaching, ascending into skyey regions, and descending into chasms of darkness. It is a line—but a line which touches the verge of things. The chief drawback of his genius is its exceeding delicacy. It is too delicate, too shadowy, too spiritual in many of its manifestations, to be at once, or ever very widely recognized. It needs the study of a kindred mind, which the mass of readers have not, and the moods of mind which feed it, which but few have ever felt, or feeling have known how to classify and analyze. Had Hawthorne written worse, he would have written—for the world of readers we mean—better. His excellences have been his worst enemies.

One of the first things that strike us in his writings, is the simplicity, purity, and beauty of his style. He is not only correct—many authors who are nothing else are that—but he makes his correctness charming. There is an indescribable grace about his sentences, and a peculiar rhythm in their construction, which falls upon the ear like the voice of some one who is dear to us. We never forget his prose, because we never find anything like it out of his books. It is better than that of Irving, admirable as that is, because it is more fresh and unstudied, while equally correct; and better than was Addison's, the heretofore model of fine English prose. It is difficult to describe it, save as style; other writers are mannerists—Hawthorne is a stylist. Does he attempt description, the object or objects described stand before us clearly or dimly, as circumstances require, and always in their most obvious relations, which strike us the more from the veil of beauty that half conceals them, and the dramatic grouping in which they

are shown. Does he become reflective, his thoughts are new and striking, often universal in their bearings; never obscure, even while expressing obscurity, but crystal-like in their clearness, and often gorgeous with imagery, threading the intricate labyrinths of fancy and imagination with the certain clew of poetry.* Does he analyze the passions of his characters, his analysis is always sure and profound, bringing many dark things to light, and laying bare the heart of many mysteries. In the region of mystery, the wildernesses and caverns of the mind, he is at home—more at home, it seems to us, than in the upper and outer world. His personages are not so much men and women, as passions, simple or complex in their forms; ideas made palpable and familiar, sentiments clothed in flesh. A single character sometimes embodies the result of many years' thought and observation. Nothing is wanting to make many of his characters perfect, save that spontaneity which is the crown of human nature. They are either too bad or too good.

"For human nature's daily food."

But we always see—not always, however, "with eye serene"—

"The very pulse of the machine."

He aims to impart form, symmetry, harmony and beauty to whatever he touches; unless he does this, he does nothing. He conceives an idea which he wishes to work out in an essay or tale; broods over it, it may be for years, until it takes form; broods over the form until it suits and satisfies his conscience of taste; and then broods over its various parts, carefully adapting each to each, and linking all together with the most subtle threads of fact and feeling. A sentence or a single word sometimes gives one the clew to whole pages. A seemingly random speech or action, admits a flood of light into the chambers of the heart. "Not only"—says Poe, in a critique on Hawthorne—"not only is all done that should be, but (what perhaps is an end with more difficulty attained) there is nothing done which should not be. Every word *tells*, and there is no word which does *not* tell."

The form of Hawthorne's works is gen-

* In his younger days Hawthorne passed for a poet, and, for anything that we know, wrote and destroyed whole reams of poetry.

erally perfect, and many times highly original. Saving certain shadowy resemblances to some of the Germans, his manner of working out a sketch is unlike that of any other author. Often he gives us the sensation—the atmosphere and tone—the dream of his subject, rather than the subject itself. There is something dim and indistinct about his conceptions which affects us powerfully. The scene seems to be laid out of the real world in a kind of fancy realm; or if not out of the real world, away on its dim outer borders, a Shade-land—

“The land which lies, as legend saith,
Between the worlds of life and death—”

where the living and dead meet familiarly and equally. The ancient witch element of his native town pervades all that he has written. He seems to have brooded over it, until it has become a portion of his being. Not that he deals in witches, ghosts, or any of the unearthly agencies of Mrs. Radcliffe, or Monk Lewis; he has too pure and natural a taste, too keen a sense of the ludicrous for that; but rather that he gives us glimpses of existences and worlds, other and darker than our own. The strange moods of mind, the many temptations to sin, the feeling of the Evil One at his elbow, and in his heart, which, in “The Scarlet Letter,” comes over the minister, Arthur Dimmesdale, after parting from Hester Prynne in the forest, will perhaps explain what we mean. In analysis of soul-torture, the struggle between the good and evil principles in man’s nature, Hawthorne is very profound and instructive. Bunyan himself is not more at home in the mystical world of spirit-life and allegory. And Hawthorne has written allegories not unworthy the inspired tinker—not, like many, to show his ingenuity in that difficult field of composition, but to insinuate beautiful morals, and to teach beautiful truth, clothing truth herself

“In the quaint garments of a parable.”

Bunyan, the reader will remember, was one of Hawthorne’s earliest favorites.

The traditions and legends of New-England find in Hawthorne a fitting historian. The spirit of the early settlers glares fiercely in his pages, or glimmers like dull red flame. There is something of the old Puritan about all that he writes; something stern, uncompromising, toned down

and softened by touches of inherent melancholy. Melancholy—a quiet pensiveness, like the faint light of an autumn afternoon—is the atmosphere of Hawthorne’s writings. Without palpably aiming at morality, and lugging it in by the ear, he is a severe moralist, and the tendency of all his books is to make men wiser and better. And herein lies his chiefest merit, without which his many beautiful intellectual qualities were as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. For intellect is often depraved, while extremely beautiful. The beauty of an author’s books does not always suffer from the depravity of his mind; sometimes it seems to increase as he becomes depraved.

Hence the danger to which its worshipers are exposed. “It cannot mislead us,” say they, “because it is beautiful.” It cannot be far wrong,—if we grant it wrong at all,—

“For even the light that leads astray,
Is light from heaven.”

A pernicious doctrine, and one that is utterly false. For no light from heaven ever did, or ever can lead astray; though many lights that may seem akin to it,—wandering Will-o’-the-Wisps, and beacon fires on lofty peaks of mind,—may entice thousands into the broad but downward paths of darkness, over which they shed a flickering, mocking brilliancy. For this reason many beautiful books—many philosophies, poems, and romances—are pernicious. None who have read can deny the brilliancy and beauty of most of the modern French and English novels, though but few are hardy enough to deny their unhealthy and evil tendency.

Of Hawthorne’s works separately we have not left ourselves room to speak. We have confined ourselves to general, rather than to particular criticism, much to our regret and the reader’s loss. Could we have selected some of our favorite extracts, and have allowed Hawthorne to speak for himself, it would have been better perhaps for both of us. But after all, specimen-bricks, the best that can be selected—even the block of granite, the corner-stone of a mansion, is a poor apology for the mansion itself; above all, for the mind-mansion of a man of genius—

“Who ransacks mines and ledges,
And quarries every rock,
And hews the famous adamant
For each eternal block.”

SATANIC LITERATURE.

ONE of our Western exchanges deplores the spread of "Satanic Literature" in the West, and calls upon the press to enlist in a general war against it. The highways of travel—the depôts, cars, steamboats—the hotels, and even the households of the people, it says, are invaded by the evil. Got up in cheap form, rendered attractive by meretricious engravings and exaggerated titles, these pernicious books are thrust into almost every accessible place, and are infecting to the core a large portion of the youth of the country. All the demons could not, in council, devise a more destructive instrumentality against the moral welfare of the young. Bad books are as old as literature itself, but our age is a bibliographical epoch in this respect. It teems with literary miasma, and the desolating plague rages about us, as do sometimes outbreaks of contagion in the physical world. Ejaculatory lamentations enough are uttered over it by individual good men, but something more is requisite to arrest the evil—some moral sanitary project, more comprehensive, more potent, if any indeed is possible. What it can be we attempt not now to say; we but refer to the prevalence of the evil, and submit some general suggestions respecting it.

To men who have not given attention to the subject, a statement of the extent of this enormous mischief, considered merely in its commercial aspect, would be incredible. Not merely the "respectable" bad books—the licensed libertinism of our established literature, (which every literary man knows to be diabolical enough,) the works of Smollett, Fielding, Byron, Moore, &c.—have a constantly renewed currency, but the advertised catalogues of the men engaged in this infernal traffic show that they descend into the sewers of French demoralization, and gather up for American homes the worst literary abominations of the old world. Besides these, there is also in their advertisements a continual announcement of flimsy, trashy abortions from native anonymous scribblers of the lowest rank—intellectual abortions, but moral monstrosities.

The extent of this nefarious literature cannot only be inferred from the great variety of its publications, but it is seen staring us in the face, wherever we travel, through

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the land. Agencies and depôts are organized for it everywhere. It is the most omnipresent product of the press, except the newspaper. Though many otherwise respectable houses are engaged in it, partially at least, it is nevertheless acquiring such importance as to assume a distinct business position. There are firms of no inconsiderable pretensions almost exclusively devoted to it.

In England, the traffic seems hardly less active. The *London Chronicle* refers to it as a national evil. After giving the statistics of some "novelettes or tales" of the "worst description," weekly editions of which, at the rate of six thousand each, are circulated, it says:—"The young people of both sexes, in the families of the mechanic and the shop-keeper, are now habituated to a course of reading, in which felony, murder, forgery, adultery, and all other crimes are treated of as the common occurrences of life. The consequence is that the minds of thousands are depraved by that very exercise which ought to improve them. There is no use in denying that some of these felonious tales are written with ability; but that only aggravates the evil, for it serves as an excuse to the common reader, and has the effect of attracting some readers of a better class. There are four of these weekly *Felonists*, (for that is the nickname they have adopted,) whose combined sale is calculated at three hundred and fifty thousand, and whose readers must, I should say, extend to a million a week. One of these *Felonists*, and the most prosperous, has several gentlemen of ability among its contributors, and will probably be won over to the cause of order and good morals the moment the newspaper press begins to stir upon the subject."

An English novelist himself has uttered an emphatic opinion on the subject. Thackeray declares that English morals have degenerated below those of France, chiefly through this one cause. "We boast," he says, "of our science, and vaunt our superior morality. Does the latter exist? In spite of all the forms which our policy has invented to secure it—in spite of all the preachers, all the meeting-houses, and all the legislative enactments—if any person will take upon himself the painful labor of purchasing and perusing some of the cheap periodical prints which

form the people's library of amusement, and contain what may be presumed to be their standard in matters of imagination and fancy, he will see how false the claim is that we bring forward of superior morality." "The lower classes," he adds, "have their scandal and ribaldry organs, as well as their betters; and, as their tastes are somewhat coarser than my lord's, and their numbers a thousand to one, why, of course, the prints have increased, and the profligacy has been diffused in a ratio exactly proportionable to the demand, until the town is infested with such a number of monstrous publications of the kind as would have put Abbé Dubois to the blush, or made Louis XV. cry shame. Talk of English morality!—the worst licentiousness, in the worst period of the French monarchy, scarcely equaled the wickedness of this Sabbath-keeping country of ours."

We doubt not that a large proportion of the demoralization now so appallingly increasing in our own country is owing to this potent cause. Crimes of the most heinous character are incessantly occurring; immoralities not usually reached by law, however illegal, are having a still rifer growth; and Thackeray's description of English morals is undeniably applicable to some sections of our own country. Some of our larger communities can hardly boast moral superiority over the old degenerate capitals of Europe. We never like to make these admissions; jealousy for our national character is with us a personal sentiment, but there is no disguising this matter. How can vice assume anywhere more effrontery than it presents among us? Much of it is doubtless imported, but much also is native. It will be found that the latter, though it congregates mostly in the cities, comes from the country,—where the causes of demoralization, and especially the one we are considering, work powerfully, though insidiously.

We have said that we have no comprehensive remedy to propose for this evil. We know not that there is any; one remedial suggestion, however, we may make. It is, that the moral sentiment of the community should be more powerfully, more scathingly directed against it, and against the men who uphold it. The meanness and enormity of the business in its details, is felt by every considerate

man, but are the presses and the merchants engaged in it, branded as they should be? Do they not shelter themselves, with comparative respectability, under that false and most dangerous corruption of business morality which has, within some years, become too prevalent among us, and which teaches that whatever comes within the "line" of a man's business is right, and not to be embarrassed with questions of casuistry—that the general morality of his calling is to cover its secondary immoralities? Is it this flimsy and demoralizing logic that still mainly sustains, in respectable trade and respectable hotels, the abominations of the liquor traffic, and innumerable downright iniquities find shelter under it. Alas for the self-respect of men who can thus willfully blindfold themselves to the moral disasters they are inflicting on the world!

The responsibility of this heinous mischief can hardly be exaggerated. He that corrupts an individual mind does a terrible deed; but what a work is his who spreads moral poison through a whole population, distributing it along the crowded high-ways of travel, insinuating it into retired villages, and stealthily conveying it even to consecrated homes, and to the yet unbeguiled hearts of youth and childhood! His work is fit only for devils, and he is fitting himself most effectually for their fellowship and their doom.

There are few, if any, spheres of public life as responsible as that of the author. He lives a multiplied life—extending over the whole range of the circulation of his productions. Communing as he does so personally and intently with his readers, his influence, especially if corrupt, is more subtle, more insinuating, more powerful, than can possibly be that of ordinary speech or example, given out casually amid the ever-changing circumstances of social or public life. If he is a man of power—of genius—fearfully is this penetrating and assimilating influence enhanced. A powerful book is the greatest power known among men—greater even than a powerful example or a powerful life, as its sway is indefinitely more extended and more durable. A writer may thus live a larger and more potential life in his book than in his actual and local existence. And if that book, good or evil, possesses the inherent, self-sustaining energy of genius, how may its author live

on in many lands, and through many ages, after his bones have turned to dust! How may he thus be abroad among the nations generations after his death, with a more strenuous life than he could have possibly exercised in his own person! Sublime even is this outspread and perpetuated responsibility of authorship—sublimely beneficent when good; sublimely terrible when evil. And if any consciousness of the influences they have left in this world, follow men into the destinies of the next, we can conceive of none so appalling as the knowledge, there, of the moral desolation spread, and year after year still spreading, among the young, the innocent, the great, the powerful, by an iniquitous book which the departed, but conscious, spirit has now no power to arrest. What perdition can surpass this? What should be more sacred than genius; what more purified and elevated than a literary life?

Rousseau, as we stated in a late editorial, sent forth a book, in the preface of which he said that "she that reads it will be ruined," and that in a purer age he himself would throw it into the fire; "but romances are necessary for a corrupt people." Miserable sophism! Nearly a century has passed since that work was published, but its dead author still lives in it, polluting the world by its influence. *Not a day passes which does not add to his responsibility more than it adds to the individual responsibility of most living men.* What would Rousseau not give for the privilege of returning to earth for the purpose of terminating this terrible and ever accumulating account with his God!

Though these remarks apply to literary responsibility in general, they are applicable to many of the corrupt works above referred to,—sanctioned, but demoralizing productions of genius,—and if they do not apply to the rest, so far as a *prolonged* responsibility is involved, they do, so far as the temporary wide range of that responsibility is concerned. Within fifty, within twenty-five years, the popular influence of literature has astonishingly enlarged; the most miserable brochures of the "Satanic" school in question have, through the enterprise of their publishers, all the advantage of this extended access to the people. We doubt whether any other works, not excepting the most popular, approach their circulation. Nearly

a *hundred thousand* a week, the London Chronicle assigns to a list of some *sixteen* of these novelettes. Their multiplication in this country must be vastly greater.

What self-degradation must such authorship be! How must the bread obtained by it be embittered with the remorseful consciousness of its guilty and ruinous influence! What man whose moral sensibility is not totally depraved, would not rather turn street-sweeper for a livelihood than act thus as a scavenger of the moral filth of the world—gathering it that he may but intensify and the more widely diffuse its contagion?

Nor are these remarks applicable only to the prostituted minds that are responsible for the authorship of such works. Their publishers are, we were about to say, *equally*, it may be they are *more* guilty even than their writers. The latter could not prosecute their diabolical work without the sanction and coöperation of the former. The responsibility is a joint one to say the least, and in some of its most serious bearings would seem to implicate the publisher more than the author. The range of the circulation of the inferior class of such works depends mostly upon the former; for it is not usually their merit, but the enterprise of the vender that secures them a market. Even where they possess inherent attractions, as in the case of Rousseau, the responsibility of the publisher is not mitigated; it is rather enhanced—for in proportion as the poison which he deals out to the world is itself perilous, does his agency with it increase in enormity. In *perpetuating* a corrupt book, the relative responsibility of author and publisher becomes still more serious for the latter. Rousseau, Byron, Moore, viewing the effects of their works from the moral lights of another world, would give all things could they but arrest them; but that power belongs only to the publisher. The former are responsible for giving the irreclaimable power to the latter, but the latter is responsible for its actual use. The former have no more power over the responsibility of either; *the latter has power to terminate the dread responsibility of both*; but by refusing to use it aright, he not only spreads moral destruction from generation to generation, and heaps up wrath against the day of wrath for himself, but his demoniacal

agency, in a sense almost peculiar, reaches into the invisible world, and holds in prolonged and retributive responsibility the men whose misguided labors, however lamented, are now and forever beyond their own control. Is there not something terrific in a responsibility like this? Is there anything short of consummate iniquity in it?

Let it not be pleaded that depraved works of literature will always be demanded; that if you do not publish them others will. These contemptible sophisms only exasperate the meanness of the cause for which they are used. The man who affirms them does not believe them himself. They add to the consciousness of his guilt the additional self-degradation of an abuse of his reason and common sense. By such preposterous logic there is no crime which men commit for gain that he cannot perpetrate. Away with this nonsense! If you can deceive yourself by it, you have reason to tremble for the imbecility which you have already brought upon your moral sense. The higher light must be dying out of the soul of the man who can from such fallacies deliberately put his hand to this work of moral ruin. He pays fearfully for his sin, in the moral harm which he inflicts on his own nature. And what can his gains be to him, associated as they must ever be with the consciousness that they are the fruits of a business which is desolating the morals of the community, and inflicting present and eternal disaster on the souls of men? Wealth thus obtained will be to him and his children a malediction from God.

Such, then, is the moral estimate which we think rightly belongs to this nefarious business, whether considered in its grosser form of trashy "yellow-cover" literature, or its higher pretension, as in the works of genius we have mentioned. Both authors and publishers have, we think, a graver responsibility in the latter case than in the former; for the power to harm is greater because the more attractive, the more accomplished.

Surely such a crime as this against society calls for the deepest denunciation. Public sentiment should blast it utterly. The right moral view of it must be our first ground of hope for successful opposition to it, and that view has not, we believe, been exaggerated in these remarks.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.

FOURTY-FIVE years ago there was only one man, Sir George Staunton, who was acquainted with both the English and the Chinese languages. The first Protestant missionary in China was the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, who was sent out by the London Missionary Society, and arrived at Canton, by the way of Philadelphia, on the 4th of September, 1807. He at first attempted to live and dress like a Chinese, in the hope of thereby gaining access to the people, and evading the vigilance of the Chinese authorities; but finding these compliances of no use, he removed from Canton to the Portuguese port of Macao, where he applied himself diligently to the learning of the language. In 1813 he was joined by the Rev. Dr. William Milne, who removed to Malacca in 1815, leaving Morrison again alone in China. Dr. Milne died in 1822, leaving the whole burden of Chinese evangelization in the hands of Dr. Morrison.

The East India Company, who then enjoyed a monopoly of the English trade to China, threw obstacles in the way of sending additional missionaries from England; and for this and other reasons, Drs. Morrison and Milne had for several years turned their eyes to the American Churches for help. Letters were sent from time to time to leading ministers in this country, but for a long time without bringing any favorable response. In the month of November, 1827, Providence brought to the port of Canton a pious American shipmaster, Captain Crocker, of the ship *Liverpool Packet*; who associated himself with Dr. Morrison, and Mr. D. W. C. Olyphant, of New-York, a pious merchant then residing at Canton. These men hoisted the Bethel flag for prayer-meetings on board Captain Crocker's ship; they also observed the Missionary monthly concert of prayer, on the first Monday evening of the month, and this, as Dr. Morrison observed, made up the chain of intercessions extending round the globe. They also wrote unitedly, and individually, to the American Board of Missions, to Rev. Dr. Spring, and to other Christian friends in America, urging the adoption of immediate measures to send missionaries to Canton, to enter into Dr. Morrison's

labors for the Chinese, and that one man should be sent to labor specially as the chaplain of the seamen and foreign residents who speak the English language. An elaborate and pathetic appeal to the American Churches was also forwarded; but the power of the press was not then fully understood, and the document never was printed.

There can be no doubt that these representations were regarded with deep interest by those to whose hands they came; but the way was not prepared for responsive action immediately. In the summer of 1828, the American Seamen's Friend Society commenced its operations, and procured the stated services of an agent and editor. About the beginning of 1829, copies of these papers with several publications came into the hands of this agent, who was also the acting secretary of the Society. They made on his mind a deep impression, to the effect that something ought to be done. He prepared from them an elaborate article on China as a field for missions, which was published in the *Christian Spectator*, and was perhaps the first formal call upon the American Churches to adopt China as the field of their missionary labors. He also laid the subject before the Executive Committee of his Society, who, in February, formally voted to send out a seamen's chaplain for the port of Canton, as soon as the proper man could be procured, with the means for his support.

Early in autumn, the door opened for action. Mr. Olyphant had chartered the excellent ship *Roman*, Captain Lavender, to sail from New-York for Canton, about the middle of October; and he wrote both to the Seamen's Friend Society, and to the American Board, urging each to send out a missionary, and offering them a free passage in his ship.

Those who have ever transacted business with Mr. Olyphant, will easily understand how his modest and simple proposals produced on those to whom they were addressed, the practical conviction that the thing was now to be done. Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of the American Board, went at once from Boston to Andover, in quest of a missionary. He was directed to Mr. Elijah C. Bridgeman, a young man who had just completed his course of study in the theological seminary, and who had partly formed the purpose of becoming a foreign missionary. The case was spread before him; and after a few hours of prayer-

ful deliberation, he resolved to go. He went at once to his native place, Belchertown, Mass., where he was ordained, took leave of his friends, and in less than two weeks presented himself in New-York, prepared to embark. The Rev. Dr. Bridgeman has lately made his first brief visit to his native land, after an absence of twenty-three years. Modest and unassuming, without any display or sounding of trumpets, he has devoted himself chiefly to the study of the Chinese language and literature, in which he is now, doubtless, the ripest and most critical living scholar. Four hundred millions of people will one day bless God for his labors, in transferring so much of the religious and scientific knowledge of Christian nations into their tongue, in a style to command their respect and confidence. Long may his life continue, that he may mature and multiply the fruits of his indefatigable study and toil for the benefit of the Central Flowery Nation of the Pacific.

The Seamen's Friend Society were equally successful, but the circumstances which led to the happy result were more peculiar. In the papers and publications spoken of, which were sent from Canton to New-York, there were numerous references to the Christian Churches which had existed two centuries ago in the settlements then owned by Holland among the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Dr. Milne had been much interested in the relics of these ancient Churches. Hence, the idea arose, which was expanded in the article published in the *Christian Spectator*, of connecting the Seamen's Mission with an attempt to revive some of these Churches, with the hope, also, of thereby awakening more of a missionary spirit among the Reformed Protestant Dutch Churches in this country. It was a matter of regret that, at that time, so numerous and wealthy a body of Christians should feel and do so little in the cause of missions.

Filled with this idea, the agent, on receiving Mr. Olyphant's earnest appeal for a chaplain to go out in the *Roman*, called on the late John Nitchie, Esq., so long the esteemed office agent of the American Bible Society, and a leading elder of the Dutch Church, to inquire whether he knew of any young minister in that connection, possessing a missionary spirit, who would be likely to accept the appoint-

ment of seamen's chaplain at Canton, with permission to visit the Dutch Churches of Batavia and Malacca, in the hope that the report therefrom might kindle a new fervor in the Churches here at home. After conversing freely upon the plan, Mr. Nitchie observed that he was acquainted with but one of their young ministers who would be likely to enter into such a design; and he had been settled at Athens, near Hudson, New-York, where his labors were highly useful, until impaired health had impelled him to leave. The name of this young man was David Abeel, and he was probably at his father's house in New-Brunswick. Mr. Nitchie thought that his own pastor, Rev. Dr. Mathews, would be likely to know where he was, and that his advice and influence would be most serviceable in helping his young friend make up his mind to go, if there were no special obstacles in the way. Dr. Mathews was accordingly waited on at once, and he entered warmly into the project, and took immediate measures to lay the matter before Mr. Abeel, with all the public and personal considerations involved in its decision.

To a young man brought up as tenderly as Mr. Abeel had been, the only son of his aged parents, and the only brother of his amiable sisters, surrounded by troops of kind friends, and with the most pleasing prospects of usefulness and happiness in the work of the ministry at home, it might be supposed that such a proposition, involving so many and such various labors and changes, in an enterprise so new, and under the patronage of an infant Society, whose very existence was rather an experiment than a fixed fact, could have presented but few attractions, while it must have presented itself surrounded by a multitude of obstacles and objections. But the missionary spirit was there, as a living principle; and the love of Christ, the desire to extend the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom, and promote the spiritual welfare of the Churches, prevailed above all personal considerations. The proposition was made to Mr. Abeel at New-Brunswick on the same day that it was made by the American Board to Mr. Bridgeman at Andover; and on the same day, less than two weeks afterward, both these devoted brethren arrived in New-York, prepared for the voyage. The annals of missions, it is believed, contain few instances of equal readiness in the

acceptance and execution of a proposal so totally unanticipated and so self-sacrificing.

During the few days of their stay in this city, while the ship was getting ready for sea, several highly interesting public meetings were held, at which the objects of the mission were presented, and many prayers were offered in behalf of the two young men on whom the lot had fallen to be the first-fruits of American zeal for the conversion of China to the service of the true God. All things being ready, they sailed on the 14th of October, 1829, and arrived in China on the 16th of February, 1830, in good health. They were warmly welcomed by good Dr. Morrison and by Mr. Olyphant, who omitted nothing that he could do for their comfort and usefulness.

It is not proposed, in this paper, to continue the history of American missions in China. Mr. Abeel, who won the love of all to whom he became known, left the chaplaincy at the end of a year, with the full consent of the Seamen's Friend Society, and afterward spent many years in India and at home, under the patronage of the American Board of Missions, his efforts resulting in the establishment of a Dutch mission in Borneo, and another at Amoy, and in the organization at home of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Reformed Dutch Church, which has sent out quite a number of valuable missionaries to those Eastern regions. He returned home, at last, with a broken constitution, and after a lingering sickness died among his kindred, in great peace of mind, and with the joyful hopes of the gospel which he had preached at the ends of the earth. There are now eighteen distinct societies having missions in China, seven of which are American; and these together have sent out one hundred and fifty missionary laborers to that country, of whom eighty-eight were from this country. Of seventy-eight missionaries now in China, forty-four are Americans. Surely, the kingdom of God is like the grain of seed which is cast into the ground, until it springs up and grows, and becomes a broad tree, whose branches shelter and feed the nations.

NATURE has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is *only* his image.—*Pascal*.

ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF JAMES BOTELLO.

BY W. S. MAYO, M. D., AUTHOR OF "KALOO LAH."

IT happened in the year 1534, that Badur, King of Cambaya, was sorely pressed by his enemy, the Great Mogul—so much so, that he was compelled to call in the assistance of his other enemy, the Portuguese. The price of this assistance was to be permission to erect and garrison a fort at Diu. Badur hesitated: he knew that if the Portuguese were allowed a fort, they would soon be masters of the whole town; but his necessities being urgent, he finally acceded to the demand. De Cunna rushed to Diu; a treaty was speedily concluded with Badur—the fort was planned, and its erection commenced with vigor.

No one knew better than Botello how pleased King John would be with the news. He resolved to be the bearer of the good tidings, and thus to restore himself to the royal favor, which he had lost. His plan was a bold and daring one; in fact, considering the known dangers of the sea, and the then imperfect state of navigation, it must have seemed almost hopeless; but he suffered no doubts or apprehensions to prevent him from carrying it into immediate effect. In order to conceal his design, he gave out that he was going on a boat-excursion up the Gulf of Cambaya, to visit the court of the now friendly Badur. Two young soldiers, of inferior degree, named Juan de Sousa and Alfonzo Belem, readily consented to accompany him. The boat selected for the voyage was a small affair—something like a modern jolly-boat, though of rather greater beam in proportion to its other dimensions; its length was sixteen feet, its breadth nine feet. Four Moorish slaves from Melenda, on the coast of Africa, were selected to work the boat, while two native servants, having Portuguese blood in their veins, completed the crew.

Botello's preparations for the voyage were soon made; and waiting only to secure a copy of the treaty with Badur, and plans of the fort which had been commenced, he ordered the short mast, with its tapering lateen yard, to be raised, and the sail trimmed close to the breeze blowing into the roadstead of Diu. But instead of turning up along the northern coast of the Gulf of Cambaya, he directed the bow of his little bark boldly out to sea.

His companions knew but little of navigation; but they knew enough to know that a south-westerly course was hardly the one on which to reach Cambaya. To the remonstrances of Juan and Alfonzo, Botello simply replied, that he preferred sailing south with the wind to rowing north against it; and they would find the course he had chosen the safest and shortest in the end.

In this way they sailed for three days. On the morning of the fourth, Botello found that it would be impossible for him longer to turn a deaf ear to the mutterings of discontent among his crew. It was high time for an explanation of his plans; and, trusting to his eloquence and influence, he proceeded to unfold his design.

Imagine the astonishment and dismay depicted in the countenances of the servants and sailors, when he told them he purposed making the long and dangerous voyage to Lisbon, in the miserable little boat in which they had embarked. But as he went on commenting upon the feasibility of the project, discussing the real dangers of such a voyage, and ridiculing the imaginary, and dilating upon the honors and rewards which they would win by being the first bearers of the tidings they carried, a change, from dismay to hope and confidence, took place in the minds of all his hearers, excepting the African sailors, who did not much relish the idea of so long a voyage to Christian lands. They, however, were slaves and infidels, and their opposition was not much heeded.

To every objection Botello had a plausible reply. He confidently asserted his knowledge of a safe route, and of his ability to preserve their little craft amid all the dangers of the sea.

"But may we not be forestalled in our news after all," demanded Alfonzo, "by the vessels from Calicut?"

"No fear of that," replied Botello. "The news from Diu will not reach Calicut for a month, and then it will be too late in the monsoon to dispatch a vessel, even if one were ready. Besides, I have certain information that the viceroy has determined that no dispatches shall be sent home until he can announce the completion of the fort."

"I like not this new route you propose," said Juan. "Why leave the usual course to Melenda?"

"Because we should be in danger of

exciting the suspicions of our brethren who now garrison the forts of Melenda, Zanzibar, and Mozambique, and perhaps be detained. No, we will take a more direct course—strike the coast of Africa below Sofalo, and then follow the shore around the Cape of Good Hope."

"And what are we to do for provisions and water, in the mean time?"

"Of provisions, we have a store that will last until we reach land, when we can obtain supplies from the natives; as to water, we must go at once upon the shortest possible allowance, and daily pray for rain—St. Francis will aid us. I can show you something that will set your minds easy upon that point."

Botello produced a box from beneath the stern-sheets, and, opening it, took out, with an air of reverence, a leaden image of the saint.

"See this!" he exclaimed, in a tone of exultation. "It was modeled from the portrait recognized by the aged Moor. Have you not heard of the miracle? True, you were not at Calicut! Know, then, that a few months since, a native of India was presented to the viceroy, whose reputed age amounted to three hundred years. His story was, that in early youth he encountered an aged man lingering upon the banks of a stream which he was anxious to pass. The youth tendered the support of his strong shoulders, and bore him across the water. As a reward for the service, the old man bade the youth live until they should meet again. And thus had he lived, until, a few months since, he was presented to De Cunna, when he at once recognized, in a portrait of St. Francis, the holy man whom he had carried across the stream. This image was modeled from that portrait; it was blessed by the pious convert in whose person was performed the miracle. Our voyage must be prosperous with this on board!"

The sight of an image taken from a portrait acknowledged to be the saint himself, removed all doubt. And what Botello's arguments and persuasions might have failed to accomplish, was easily effected by the little image of lead. A heretic might, perhaps, have questioned the saint's power over the physical phenomena of the sea, but he could not have denied his moral influence over the minds of the adventurous voyagers who confided

in him. No hesitation remained, except in the minds of the four slaves, who, having been forcibly converted from the errors of Mohammed, were yet somewhat weak in the true faith.

It was this want of faith that led to one of the most lamentable events of the voyage. They had been out more than a month without having had sight of land; and not even a distant sail had lighted up the dismal loneliness of the ocean. It must be recollected what a solitude was the vast surface of the Indian and Pacific seas in those days. Beside the Portuguese fleets that followed each other at long and regular intervals, Christian commerce there was none, while Arabian trade was small in amount, and confined to certain narrow channels. The Moorish slaves had never before been so long in the open sea, and their fears increased, as day after day the little boat bore them farther to the south. The provisions were also by this time nearly exhausted, and the daily allowance of water proved barely sufficient to moisten their parched lips. The slaves, after taking counsel among themselves, demanded that the course of the boat should be arrested.

"And which way would you go?" asked Botello. "Back to Diu? It would take three months to reach the port, and long ere that we should starve!"

"Let us steer, then, directly for the African coast. Melenda must be our nearest port."

"Never!" returned the resolute Botello. "I will run no risk of having our voyage frustrated by the jealousy of my old enemy, Alfonso Peristrello, who has command of that station. Courage for a few days more, and we shall see land! There are isles hereaway that you will deem fit residences for the blessed saints—such fruits! such flowers!"

The promises of Botello had influence with all of his companions excepting the Moors, whose muttered discontent suddenly assumed a fierce and menacing aspect. Luckily, Botello was as wary as he was brave.

It was in the middle of the night, that, stretched upon the midship thwart of the boat, he noticed a movement among the Moors, who occupied the bow. One of them moved stealthily toward him, and, bending over him, cautiously sought the hilt of his dagger; but before he could

draw it, the grasp of Botello was upon his throat, and he was hurled to the bottom of the boat. With a shout, the other Moors seized the boat-hooks and stretchers, and rushed upon Botello; but Juan and Alfonzo were upon the alert, and, drawing their long daggers, rushed to his defense. Never was there a more desperate conflict than on that star-light night, in that frail boat, that floated, a feeble, solitary speck of humanity, on the bosom of the vast Indian sea.

The conflict was desperate, but it was soon over. The Portuguese of those days were other men than their degenerate descendants of the present age; and, beside, the slaves were overmatched both in arms and numbers. Three were slain outright, and the fourth driven overboard. One of the Portuguese servants was killed—thus diminishing the number of the voyagers more than one-half; a lucky circumstance, without which, most probably, the whole would have perished.

For a week longer the little bark stood on its course, when a violent storm threatened a melancholy termination to the voyage. The wind, however, was accompanied by rain, and Botello kept up the spirits of his friends by attributing the storm to St. Francis, who had sent it expressly to save them from dying of thirst. It would have been perhaps more easy to believe in the saint's agency in the matter, had there been less wind; for, in addition to the danger of being engulfed by the heavy sea, their clothing, which they spread to collect the rain, was so deluged with salt spray as to make the water exceedingly brackish. Bad as it was, however, it served to maintain life until they reached a little rocky, uninhabited island in the channel of Mozambique.

It was with some difficulty that a landing-place was found. Upon ascending the rocks, a few scattered palms exhibited the only appearance of vegetation. Their chief necessity—fresh water—however, was found in abundance, standing in the hollows of the rocky surface, where it had been deposited by the recent storm. Several kinds of wild-fowl showed themselves in abundance, and so tame as to suffer themselves to be caught without any trouble; while crowding the little sandy inlets were thousands of the finest turtle.

At this spot Botello and his companions rested for a week; which was spent in

caulking and repairing their boat and sail, drying and salting the flesh of fowl and turtle, and in filling every available vessel with the precious fluid so liberally furnished by their patron St. Francis.

A succession of storms followed their departure, and tossed them about here and there for so many days that their reckoning became exceedingly confused. Botello, however, was an accomplished navigator, and his sailor instinct stood him in good stead. Upon returning fair weather, he conjectured that he was abreast of Cape Corrientes, and the bow of the boat was directed due east, for the African coast.

Calms followed storms. The oars were got out, and day after day the clumsy boat was pulled through the long rolling swell of the glassy sea. Still no sight of land. Their provisions were getting short again, their water was reduced to the lowest possible allowance, and the labor of the oar was rapidly exhausting their strength. The image of St. Francis was hourly appealed to. Sometimes his aid was implored in most humble prayers—sometimes demanded with the wildest imprecations and threats. One day, Botello seized the little St. Francis, and, whirling him on high, threatened to throw him into the sea, unless he instantly granted a sight of land; no land showed itself, but the saint was reverentially replaced in his box. But he was not to rest there long in quiet. The next day the ingenious Botello announced to his sinking companions that he had a plan to compel the saint to terms. The image was produced from its box, a cord was fastened around its neck, and then thrown overboard. Down went his leaden saintship into the depths of the ocean. "And there he shall remain," exclaimed Botello, "until he sends us land or rain!" An hour had not expired when a faint bluish haze in the eastern horizon attracted all eyes. A favorable breeze springing up, the sail was hoisted, and as the boat moved under its influence, the haze grew in consistency and size. Land was in sight.

The land proved to be a point in Lagoa Bay—a familiar object to Botello. Upon going ashore, a party of natives received him, with whom friendly relations were soon established, and from whom provisions and water were readily obtained. A few days served to recruit the exhausted strength of the party, when, taking again to their boat, they coasted along

the shore, landing at frequent intervals, until they reached the dreaded Cape of Storms, as the southern point of Africa was called by its first discoverer, Bartholomew Diaz.

The Cape did not belie its reputation. From the summit of Table Mountain, and the surrounding highlands, it sent down a gust that drove the unfortunate voyagers away from the land a long distance to the south-west; and many weary and despairing days were passed before they were able to make the harbor of Saldanha. Here the chief necessity of life—fresh water—was found in abundance, and a supply of provisions obtained, consisting chiefly of the dried flesh of seals, with which the harbor was filled. A few orange and lemon-trees, planted by the early Portuguese discoverers, were loaded with fruit, and afforded a grateful and effectual means of removing the symptoms of scurvy which were beginning to appear.

Saldanha being then a resting-place for the outward-bound Portuguese fleets, Botello made his stay as short as possible, lest he should be intercepted and turned back by some newly-appointed and jealous viceroy. For the same reason he avoided several points on the coast of Western Africa, where his countrymen had stations—keeping well out to sea and from the mouth of the Congo, and steering a direct course across the Gulf of Guinea. He knew that if a Portuguese admiral had sailed at the appointed time, he must be somewhere in that Gulf, and that his tall barks would hug the shore, creeping from headland to headland slowly and cautiously. The energetic Botello and his companions had encountered too many dangers to be frightened at the perils of a run across the Gulf, and the resolution was adopted to give the Portuguese fleet, by the aid of St. Francis, the go-by in the open sea.

The run was successfully achieved; not, however, without many weary days at the oar, and many an appeal to St. Francis for favoring winds, and for aid in the sudden tornadoes which frequently threatened to engulf them. Cape de Verd was reached; the barren shore of the Great Desert was passed, with but a single stoppage in the Rio del Ouro—a slender arm of the sea setting up a few miles into the sands of Sahara. Here a few dates and some barley cakes were purchased of a family of wandering Arabs; and again putting to

sea, the shores of Morocco were cautiously coasted. Without further adventure, but not without further suffering, and labor, and danger, the short remaining distance was passed. The head of the Straits of Gibraltar—the headlands of Spain—the southern point of Algarve, successively came in sight; and then the smiling mouth of the golden Tagus greeted their longing eyes.

And thus was happily finished this wonderful voyage—a voyage which, if performed in the present day, with all the appliances of navigation, would excite the admiration of the world.

The presence of Botello was soon known to his friends; and the rumor spread through the city that an Indian fleet had arrived off the mouth of the Tagus. It reached the court, so that upon his application for an audience of the king, he found no detention except from the curiosity of the courtiers and ministers; which, however, he resolutely refused to satisfy, until he had communicated his news to the royal ear.

Botello exhibited his copy of the convention with Badur, King of Cambaya, and the plans of the fort which was being erected at Diu, and related the history of his adventurous voyage. King John freely expressed his astonishment and delight, and, calling around him the members of his household, familiarly questioned Botello as to all the little details of his voyage.

WHY FLIES CAN WALK ON THE CEILING.—“The phenomena,” says Dr. Lardner, “which are vulgarly called suction, are merely the effects of atmospheric pressure. If a piece of moist leather be placed in close contact with a heavy body having a smooth surface, such as a stone or a piece of metal, it will adhere to it; and if a cord be attached to the leather, the stone or metal may be raised by it. This effect arises from the exclusion of the air between the leather and the stone. The weight of the atmosphere presses their surfaces together with a force amounting to fifteen pounds on a square inch of the surface of contact. The power of flies to walk on ceilings and other similar surfaces, in doing which the gravity of their bodies appears to have no effect, is explained upon the same principle. Their feet are provided with an apparatus similar exactly to a leather sucker applied to a stone.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YOUTH OF NAPOLEON.

THE public acts of the life of Napoleon are universally known, and never to be forgotten. The transactions of his secret policy are preserved in the archives of every court in Europe, and must, sooner or later, be equally well known. As to the incidents of his private life, we find in the memoirs published by different persons attached to the person of the Emperor, or written under his own eye at St. Helena, a multitude of anecdotes, more or less authentic, which give, up to a certain point, some insight into his character and habits. All these recollections, however, relate to the more brilliant epochs of his life, but scarcely, if at all, touch upon the history of his early youth; and up to a long time after his death, the world was still in ignorance of all that pertained to his mental training—to the formation of his intellectual powers. We were shown him in the full development of his genius; he was depicted as general, first consul, and emperor; and placed before us now in the imperial purple—now in his ocean prison. His course was traced for us from the moment when the eagle took his first flight upward at Toulon, to that in which he was chained to the island rock; but we had not been told how those pinions were trained for such lofty soaring. Napoleon himself seemed to have been very reserved on this point, and, with the exception of a few college anecdotes, and some vague intimations, we were left, up to a very late period, with scarcely any light upon all that preceded his elevation, or could account for it.

And yet, what more interesting problem than the formation of such a character as Napoleon's? How did he employ the years when he was only lieutenant of artillery?—how prepare for his high destiny? By what means were developed that extraordinary character—that marvelous intellect? Were those intellectual heights attained by one single spring of a genius submitting to no restraint, needing none of the ordinary aids? or was that genius directed by an iron will, and supported by that steady and persevering diligence which is its natural ally, and, in all its highest creations, its indispensable fellow-worker and inseparable companion?

But to these questions we have been

left without an answer for twenty years after the death of Napoleon, when the want was supplied, and in the only way it could be supplied—almost all those who knew anything of his childhood and early youth having gone to the grave—by himself.

It was during his consulship that the idea occurred to Napoleon, who, to use his own words at St. Helena, "saw himself already in history," of putting into safe-keeping all the papers relating to his early youth. He placed them in a large official dispatch-box, labeled "Correspondence with the First Consul;" and drawing his pen over these words he wrote: "To be forwarded to Cardinal Fesch." This box, corded and sealed with the cardinal's crest, passed through the empire, and the restoration, and through many hands, with the seals still unbroken, till about nine years ago, when for the first time it was opened, and the nature of its contents discovered.

These documents were divided into two classes—the first comprising the correspondence and the biographical details; and the second, some original compositions of Napoleon, with thoughts, notes, and passages, extracted from and suggested by different works. To give some idea of the number of these documents, (all either autographs or copies, with corrections and annotations by the author) it is sufficient to say that without reckoning these copies, and a crowd of detached pieces, there were in this box thirty-eight commonplace books wholly in Napoleon's own hand. The greater number of these books are dated, and contain all that he wrote, from the year 1786 to 1793. In them he seems to have found a vent for all the thoughts, opinions, and feelings, which his taciturn disposition and somber gloom prevented his communicating to his companions. This gloom and reserve ought not to be matter of surprise; for he himself tells us, in a kind of biographical and chronological notice of his early life, that he left his home at nine years old, and did not return to Corsica till he was seventeen—an isolation which, while it doubtless strengthened his character, must yet have tended to embitter it. It will not be uninteresting to note, that in all these papers we find no complaint of his poverty, though, in order to meet the educational expenses of his brother Louis, he was obliged to dress his own dinner.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the biographical notices; our object being to point attention to the numerous evidences of his arduous study and persevering diligence, affording a useful lesson, which we would commend to the consideration of those who, feeling within them a certain excitement, regard it—and it may be justly—as the token of mental power, but forget that it is as surely an evidence of power needing the strengthening and discipline of order and systematic study; and who, therefore, require to be reminded that diligence and self-control are the crowning attributes of genius. Napoleon no more attained his greatness by fits and starts—of a genius however extraordinary—than he made his way over the Alps by a sudden flight. In both cases the road was opened by labor, toil, and endurance.

His selection of works and his extracts from them are alike remarkable. First, we perceive a restless curiosity throwing itself into all subjects without any determinate object. He reads Buffon, occupies himself with natural history, natural philosophy, and medicine. He studies geography and ancient history, especially that of Greece. He cites Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus; but, strange to say, the name of Plutarch, the teacher at whose feet so many illustrious men have sat, and which has been so often said to have been Napoleon's favorite study, is not once mentioned. He next turned successively to the history of China, of India and Arabia, of England and Germany, and then applied himself to French history, first in a general view, and afterward in detail. He examines the resources, the revenue, the legislation, of France, and studies carefully the rights of the Gallican Church; and the three books filled with notes, written at eighteen, on the subject of the Sorbonne and the bull *Unigenitus*, and the religion of the State, at once anticipate and account for the Concordat. His object seemed rather to gain a knowledge of historical facts than to form a system from them. He soon directs his attention to the moral sciences; engages in the study of political economy and legislation; reads Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and takes extracts, often interspersed with critical remarks. The independence of his character is displayed here as in all else. A single instance

must suffice. None but a young man, and a young Frenchman too, especially of that day, can estimate the difficulty of resisting the influence of Rousseau's opinions. Yet, notwithstanding this universal and scarcely disputed ascendancy; notwithstanding his agreement in many points with the citizen of Geneva, and his admiration for him, Napoleon was far from receiving all his doctrines. In an extract (dated Valence, August 8th, 1791) from the "Discourse on the Origin and Grounds of the Inequality of Men," the young Napoleon wrote at the end of each paragraph: "I do not think so;" "I do not believe a word of all this." We can almost see him snatching up the pen to make his dissent; and then, as if unable to endure the splendid sophistry, he thus writes on:—"I do not believe that man has ever been an isolated being, without any desire for intercourse with his fellows, without affection, without feeling. . . . Why do we suppose that men in a state of nature eat? Simply because there never was an instance of a man's existing in any other way. By parity of reasoning, I think that man in a state of nature has had the same faculties of reasoning, the same affections which he now has, and he must have used them, for we have no instance of the existence of man who has not used them. To feel is a want of the heart, as to eat is of the body. To feel is to attach ourselves—is to love. Man must know pity, friendship, and love; thence flow gratitude, veneration, respect. If it could have been otherwise, then the statement would be true, that feeling and reason are not inherent in man, but only the fruit of civilization—of society; then would there be no natural affection, no natural reason, no duty, no virtue, no conscience. No conscience? It is not the citizen of Geneva who will tell us this!"

In this refutation, defective as it is in many respects, the fundamental vice of Rousseau's system is strongly and logically put. It needed to be a Napoleon to criticise so boldly the opinions of a writer who, in 1791, exercised such despotic and universal sway.

It is singular that, amid all this studying and copying, Napoleon never learned the grammar of the French language, nor even to spell correctly. His writing, it is well known, was almost illegible, and he was aware of it himself. Immediately after

his accession to the imperial throne, a somewhat shabbily-dressed man gained access to him. "Who are you?" asked Napoleon. "Sire, I had the honor of giving lessons in writing to your majesty for fifteen months." "Your pupil does you great credit," replied the Emperor, quickly; "I cannot but congratulate you." And he gave him a pension. His writing, always hardly legible, soon became a complete short-hand, scarcely half the letters being given that properly belonged to the words. It is asserted that this was done designedly, to conceal his ignorance of orthography, which, as we have said, he could never learn.

There is but little trace of mathematical research, all remains of his studies in this way being limited to calculations for the artillery. All this regular and systematic course of reading had a definite object; nothing was done for mere amusement. Ariosto is the only work of imagination he seems to notice, and from which, strange to say, he has some extracts; though several scraps of not very good poetry, scattered through his commonplace books, show that he sometimes liked to try his powers in the more flowery fields of literature. We have also a Corsican romance, entirely in his own handwriting, in which the dagger plays a very principal part; an English historical tale, called *The Earl of Essex*; and a short eastern story, entitled *The Masked Prophet*.

Among these papers are several harangues and speeches at popular meetings, and on deputations, the prospectus of the *Calotte*, (a secret society in the army,) and various political notes, in which Napoleon presents himself as an ardent and devoted republican. "The republicans," he says, in one of his speeches, "are reproached and calumniated; nay, it is even asserted that a republic is impossible in France." Farther on is found the plan of a work on royalty. It is somewhat curious to see what Napoleon, then at Auxonne, thought of a monarchy on the 23d of October, 1788.

"*Dissertation on Kingly Government*.—This work is to begin with a general view of the origin of the name of king, and the progress of its prestige in the minds of men. A military government is favorable to it. The work will then enter into the details of the usurped authority enjoyed by

kings in the twelve kingdoms of Europe. There are very few kings that had not deserved to be dethroned."

Of all the productions of Napoleon's youth, the best known is a *History of Corsica*, which he wished to have had published at Dole, and which was supposed to have been lost. Lucien Bonaparte, in his Memoirs, thus expresses his regret for the loss of this work:—

"The names of Mirabeau and of Raynal bring me back to Napoleon. Napoleon, while at Ajaccio, during leave of absence, (it was, I think, in 1790,) had composed a *History of Corsica*; two copies of which I wrote, and the loss of which I much regret. One of these two MSS. was addressed to the Abbé Raynal, with whom my brother had become acquainted on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal thought the work so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau, who, when returning it, wrote to Raynal that this little History seemed to him an indication of genius of a first-rate order. Napoleon was enchanted at this opinion of the great orator. I have made many and vain attempts to recover these pieces, which were probably destroyed in the conflagration of our house by Paoli's troops."

Lucien was mistaken; the manuscript of this History was not destroyed—it is among the papers committed to Cardinal Fesch, and consists of three large books, not in Napoleon's own hand, but with corrections and annotations by him. The history is in the form of letters addressed to the Abbé Raynal, and, beginning with the most remote period, terminates with the treaty of Coste between the Genoese and the Corsicans in the eighteenth century. The style is animated and fervid, and the whole breathes the most ardent love for Corsica. Indeed, there are many indications in the numerous documents on subjects connected with his native country, that Napoleon was then fully occupied with it, and with it only, and was preparing to play in it the part of Paoli.

It is as remarkable as little to be expected, that in writing this History, Napoleon did not confine himself to traditions more or less vague; but at a time when erudition was almost proscribed as antiquated stuff, incompatible with the march of intellect, he studied every document that could throw any light upon his subject, and not only cited his authorities, but

collected the inedited documents to which he had referred for information. Many of these pieces are still annexed to the manuscript of *The History of Corsica*. This extraordinary man could do nothing by halves; all that he did was done in earnest. In the midst of the revolution, and in its rapid torrent of fluctuating opinions, he felt that history is not to be improvised, but it must be studied in original documents.

We must not enter into quotations, nor the moral questions connected with Napoleon's aims and objects, with the use or misuse of his energies, for we are now only dealing with the raining by which he learned to concentrate them; and with the great lesson to be drawn from the fact that it was by strenuous perseverance and unwearied effort, under difficulties and impediments, that his mental powers were—we will not say created—but fostered and made effectual to the attainment of his aims and objects. Napoleon, as well as Michael Angelo, and Newton, and all possessed of true genius, had to submit to that law of human nature, which decrees that nothing great can be done without great effort. Of all the subjects of which he afterward showed himself master, he was first the regular and diligent student. His clear ideas on legislation, on finance, and social organization, were not fruits of spontaneous growth, but the harvest reaped on the throne from the labors of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He owed his mental development to—that which in every age every great and strong mind has owed it—industry, to solitary and patient vigil, to difficulty and misfortune. True it is, that the revolution opened to him a vast field; but had the revolution never occurred, Napoleon must have become distinguished, for characters such as his seize upon, but are never the slaves of, circumstances. When, after seven years spent in retirement, Napoleon made his first appearance on the world's stage, he had already within him the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous with him. His was a perpetual struggle, and not always a successful one. His being at Toulon was owing to his never losing an opportunity of coming forward. Never did a new minister come into power without receiving a memorial from the young officer on the affairs of his native country; and never was any change

in the military department of Corsica proposed, that Napoleon did not, at any risk, immediately repair thither. When unsuccessful in his object, he returned to Valence, to think and—these seven years of the youthful life of Napoleon are to us the noblest and greatest in that life of prodigies, and are themselves sufficient to preclude his elevation being ascribed to fatality. And yet how often must the readers of the papers in that dispatch-box have been struck with the most singular coincidences of facts and dates. For the first time was it then generally known that Napoleon, in 1791, was receiving a pension from the king, and that his brevet as captain was signed by Louis XVI.; and, as if the monarch before his fall intended to name his successor, it bears the date of *August 30th, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-Two*. In the geographical note-book in Napoleon's own hand, but unfinished, the last words are—and do they not contain the most extraordinary prediction?—

Sainte Helene, petite ile.

And there, indeed, the Emperor was to close his geography.

THE ANCIENT USE OF A KISS.

A ROMAN woman in the ancient time was not allowed to drink wine, except it were simple raisin wine; and, however she might relish strong drinks, she could not indulge, even by stealth; first, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar; and, secondly, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male representatives, down even to second cousins; and as she knew not when or where she might meet them, she was forced to be wary and abstain altogether, for had she tasted but a drop, the smell would have betrayed her. So strict were the old Romans in this respect, that a certain Ignatius Mercurius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at the wine-cask—a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who absolved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady, who, under the pretense of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities, indulged somewhat too freely, was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

BLIND MUSICIANS.

TOWARD the latter end of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century, there was upon a crowd of blind musicians, on whom we may mention the most noted, or those whose experiences throw most light upon the blind condition. One of the most remarkable of those names is that of TURLAGH CAROLAN, one of the best and most celebrated of the Irish bards, whose compositions have been as much admired for their extraordinary variety as for their exquisite melody, as he is said to have composed no less than four hundred pieces. It is certain that the national Irish music was much enriched by his productions; nor did these form the sole ground of his claim to the distinction which he achieved, as he also was a very fair poet, and has left coupled to his own music many fine lyrical pieces which, in this connection, will not soon be forgotten.

Carolan was the son of one of those poor farmers—peasant-farmers we might call them—who seem to have always abounded in Ireland. He was born in 1670, in the village of Nobber, Westmeath. The small-pox deprived him of sight at so early an age that he retained no recollection of colors. Of this loss, he who had scarcely known what sight was, and whose habits grew up under blindness, could not well complain; and he did not: "My eyes," he used to say, "are transplanted to my ears."

Carolan's musical talents were soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate them. At the age of twelve, a proper master was engaged to instruct him in the harp. Of that instrument he became fond: but he never struck it with a master-hand, perhaps because he wanted the application which is essential to perfection in any art. Yet the harp was often in his hands: but he used it chiefly as a help to composition, his fingers wandering in quest of melody among the strings.

When he grew to manhood, there was a time when his harp would sound only of love, under the impulse of a passion he had conceived for Bridget Cruise. The lady did not unite her lot with his; and after a while he loved and married another, named Mary Maguire. Many years after he went on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's

Purgatory, a cave in the island of Lough-derg, Donegal; and, on returning to the shore, met several pilgrims waiting the arrival of the boat that conveyed him. On assisting some of these into the boat, his hand unexpectedly met one which caused him to start, and he instantly exclaimed: "This is the hand of Bridget Cruise." His sense of feeling had not deceived him. It was the hand of her he had once loved so passionately. "I had this anecdote from his own mouth," says the narrator, "and in terms which gave me a strong impression of the emotion which he felt on meeting the object of his early affection."

On his marriage Carolan built himself a house, and lived more merrily than wisely in it. Want was the consequence; and this, coupled with his fondness for music, seems to have been the original cause of his betaking himself to that itinerant life which he thenceforth led. For the remainder of his days he went about the country as a traveling musician, mounted on a good horse, and followed on another by a servant, who carried his harp. Wherever he came, the gates of the nobility and gentry were thrown open to him. He was received with respect, and a high place at the table was assigned to him. It was during these peregrinations that Carolan composed those airs which are still the delight of his countrymen. He thought the tribute of a song due to every house in which he was entertained, and he never failed to pay it, choosing for his subject either the head of the family or some one of its loveliest members.

Few men have manifested stronger evidences of a vigorous mind than Carolan: although at the same time it afforded the usual characteristics of a mind undisciplined by cultivation. He is said to have outstripped all his predecessors in the three species of composition used among the Irish; and although he omitted no opportunity of bestowing large, but not indiscriminate, praise upon his brothers in the tuneful art, he preferred Italian compositions to all others. Habitually pious, Carolan never omitted daily prayer; and he fondly imagined himself inspired in composing some pieces of church music, which, however different from his usual style of composition, were considered excellent. This idea enhanced his devotion

and thanksgiving; and in this respect his enthusiasm was harmless, and perhaps useful. He had occasionally tried almost every style of music—the elegiac, the festive, the amorous, and the sacred: and he is said to have so much excelled in each, that it is scarcely known to which his genius was best adapted. Of several anecdotes illustrative of Carolan's musical abilities, the following is perhaps the most striking:—

His fame as a musician having reached the ears of an eminent Italian music-master in Dublin, he devised a plan for putting his abilities to a very severe test. He singled out an elegant piece of music in the Italian style; but here and there he either altered or mutilated it in such a manner that none but a real judge could detect the alterations. Carolan, quite unaware that it was intended as a trial of his skill, gave the deepest attention to the performer who played the piece thus altered in his presence. He then declared it to be an excellent piece of music; but, to the astonishment and satisfaction of the company, added humorously, "But here and there it limps and stumbles." He was then requested to rectify the errors, which he accordingly did. In this state the piece was sent back to Dublin; and the Italian master no sooner saw the amendments than he cordially pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius. Although Carolan spoke his native language elegantly, he was advanced in years before he learned English, and expressed himself but indifferently in that tongue.

He died in 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was interred in the parish church of Kilronan, Ardagh. No memorial exists of the spot in which he was laid; but his grave long continued to be known to his admirers and some of the neighboring peasants; and we have the curious information that "his skull was long distinguished from those of others, which were promiscuously scattered throughout the churchyard, by a perforation in the forehead, through which a long piece of ribbon was drawn."

A different and inferior, but still very remarkable man, was DENIS HAMPSON, the blind bard of Magilligan, who may in some sort be regarded as his successor. He was born in 1698, and was a native of Derry. His father was a considerable farmer, holding the whole townland of Tyr-

crevan. He became blind from the small-pox at the age of three years, and at twelve he began to learn the harp from a woman. He acquired further mastery of the instrument under traveling harpers, and at eighteen began to play for himself. He traveled nine or ten years over different parts of Ireland and Scotland. In old age—and he lived to be very old—his memory dwelt upon many of the incidents of this peregrination, and some of them have been printed; but as they tend little to the illustration of his blindness, we pass them over. In his second trip to Scotland, in the year 1715, being at Edinburgh when Prince Charles, the Pretender, was there, he was called into the great hall to play. At first he was alone, but four fiddlers afterward joined him. The tune called for was, "The king shall enjoy his own again." The most interesting accounts of these and other of his early adventures, with anecdotes of the persons he came across in his journeys, were readily given by himself to the narrator when he had attained the advanced age of one hundred and eight years. The narrator,* who had known him when himself a boy, called at his cabin in 1806, two years before his death. "Since I saw him last, in 1787," says the writer, "the wen at the back of his head is greatly increased, and is now hanging over his neck and shoulders, nearly as large as his head, from which circumstance he derives his appellation, 'The man with two heads.' General Hart, who is an admirer of music, sent a lianer to take a drawing of him, which cannot fail to be interesting, if it were only for the venerable expression of his meagre, blind countenance, and the symmetry of his tall, thin, but not debilitated person. I found him lying on his back in bed, near the fire of his cabin; his family employed in the usual way; his harp under the bed-clothes, by which his head was covered also. When he heard my name he started up, (being already dressed,) and seemed rejoiced to hear the sound of my voice, which he said he began to recollect. He asked for my children, whom I had brought to see him, and he felt them over and over; then, with great affection, he blessed God that he had seen four generations of the

* The Rev. Mr. Sampson, who visited the harper at the request of Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan,) and wrote the particulars to her.

name, and ended by giving the children his blessing. He then tuned his old time-beaten harp, his solace and bed-fellow, and played with astonishing justness and good taste. The tunes he played were his favorites; and he, with a certain elegance of manner, said at the same time: 'I remember you have a fondness for music, and the tunes you used to ask for I have not forgotten.' These were the same which he played at the famous meeting of the harpers at Belfast, under the patronage of some amateurs of Irish music.* Mr. Bunting, the musician of that town, had visited Hampson the year before, taking notes of his tunes and his manner of playing, which was in the best old style. To him the blind bard said with honest and not unbecoming self-esteem: 'When I played the old tunes, not another harper could play after me.'"

Hampson died at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. A few hours before his death he tuned his harp, that it might be in readiness to entertain some company who were expected to pass that way shortly after. However, he felt the approach of death, and calling his family around him, resigned his breath without a struggle, being in perfect possession of his faculties to the last moment of his existence.

"The last of our bards now sleeps cold in the grave," was the cry which arose when his death became known.

It may be generally, but it is not familiarly known, that the great master, *HANDEL*, was himself blind in the last years of his life. In 1751 he became alarmed by a disorder in his eyes, which he was told was a cataract. From that moment his usual flow of spirits forsook him, and scarcely left him patience in that crisis of his disorder in which he might hope for relief. An operation to which he submitted proved unsuccessful, and he was at length told that for the remainder of his days a relief from pain in his visual organs was all that could be hoped for. Notwithstanding his dejection, and the forlorn condition to which he was reduced,

* At this meeting there was one harper who had never seen Carolan, nor was taught directly by any person who had an opportunity of copying from him, who had acquired upward of a hundred of his tunes, which he said constituted but a very inconsiderable part of the whole number. This shows the fertile genius of that extraordinary person.

which precluded him from any longer conducting his oratorios, he applied his mind to the altered arrangements which this new condition of circumstances involved, and the oratorios continued to be performed even to the Lent season in which he died, with no other apparent omission than that of his own accompaniment upon the harpsichord; for the rich flow of his fancy always supplied him with subjects for extempore voluntaries on the organ, and his hand never lost the power of executing whatever his invention suggested. "It was a most affecting spectacle," says the writer of his biography, "to see the venerable musician whose efforts had so long charmed the ear of a discerning audience, led to the front of the stage, in order to make an obeisance of acknowledgment to the enraptured multitude. When Smith played the organ, during the first year of Handel's blindness, the oratorio of 'Samson' was performed, and Beard sang, with great feeling:

'Total eclipse—no sun, no moon;
All dark amid the blaze of noon.'

The recollection that Handel had set these words to music, with the view of the blind composer, then sitting by the organ, affected the audience so forcibly, that many persons present were moved even to tears."

Among the blind musicians of England, the highest name is undoubtedly that of *JOHN STANLEY*. He was born in 1715, and at two years of age totally lost his sight by falling on a marble hearth with a China basin in his hand. At the age of seven, he first began to learn music, his friends thinking that it was likely to amuse him, but not supposing that it was possible for him, circumstanced as he was, to make it a profession. His first master was Reading, a scholar of Dr. Blow's and organist of Hackney; and when his father found that he not only received great pleasure from music, but had made a rapid progress in it, he placed him with Dr. Green, under whom he studied with great diligence, and with the success by which diligence is always rewarded. So early as at eleven years of age he obtained the situation of organist at All Hallows, Breadstreet; and in 1726, at the age of thirteen, was elected organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in preference to a great number of candidates. In 1734 the Benches of the Inner Temple elected him one of their

organists: and these two honorable musical stations he retained to his death. At a later period he was appointed master of the King's band. Few musical men, even in possession of sight, have spent a more active life in every branch of the art than Stanley; for he was not only a very able and accurate performer, but a natural and agreeable composer, and an intelligent instructor. After the death of Handel, he, in conjunction with Mr. Smith, (who had assisted Handel after he became blind,) undertook to superintend the performance of the oratorios during Lent; and, after Smith had retired, he carried them on in conjunction with Mr. Linley till within two years of his death, which took place on the 19th of May, 1786. On the 27th, his remains were interred in the new burial-ground of St. Andrew's; and on the following Sunday, instead of the usual voluntary, a solemn dirge, and, after service, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were, with great propriety, given upon that organ at which the deceased had for so many years presided.

Besides various compositions for the organ, Mr. Stanley was the author of two oratorios—*Jephthah*, which was written in 1757; and *Zimri*, which was performed at Covent Garden during the first season of his management of the oratorios there.

Dr. Alcock, who had been a pupil of Stanley's, speaks of his scientific knowledge in the highest terms. He says that most of the musicians of the day contrived to make his acquaintance, which they found much to their advantage: and it was quite common, just as the sermon at St. Andrew's or the Temple had ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary. Handel himself was frequently seen at both these places. "In short," says Dr. Alcock, "it must be confessed that his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, and his taste in composition wonderful."

In proof of his masterly management of the organ, it is related, that when, at the performance of one of Handel's *Te Deums*, he found that the organ was half a note too sharp for the other instruments, he without the least premeditation transposed the whole piece; and this with as much facility and address as could have been manifested by one possessed of sight. This was the more remarkable, since the key into which it was transposed, (that of

C sharp major,) from having seven sharps in the clef, is so exceedingly difficult that it is scarcely ever made use of. It is probable there was not then in the kingdom any performer who would have attempted it, even though he had previously taken the trouble of writing out the whole part.

It was not only in music that Stanley excelled. In general accomplishment and in acuteness he is one of the most remarkable blind men on record. His favorite amusements were playing at billiards, "missisipi," skittles, shuffle-board—at which games, for which sight seems very necessary, he usually beat his competitors. Dr. Alcock, who was a stranger to London when first apprenticed to Stanley, states that one of his first proceedings was to show him the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and on foot. The same person remembers to have heard him play very correctly all Corelli's and Geminiani's twelve solos. He had so correct an ear, that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollected the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, and who then accosted him in a feigned voice.* If twenty people were seated at table together, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, although it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind, and toward the close of his life, when he lived in Epping forest and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle: but these marks were so delicately fine, as scarcely to be dis-

* This seems to be no uncommon faculty with the blind. The present writer remembers to have accompanied his grandmother when a boy to her native place, where she had not been for thirty-six years. On her first arrival she was speaking to some persons on the green, and her name had certainly not yet transpired, when an old and half-idiotic blind man, who sat in front of his cottage, startled all of us by suddenly calling out in a very eager voice—"Is that C. M. that I hear?" mentioning an early name which she had ceased to bear for more than thirty years.

cerned by any person not previously apprized of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that was. In a word, his conceptions of youth, beauty, symmetry, and shape, were, for a person in his condition, truly wonderful attainments. So delicate and susceptible was his ear, that he was able to accompany any lesson with thorough bass, though he had never heard it before; thus anticipating the harmony before the chords were sounded, and accompanying it in a manner suitable to its character.

INFLUENCE OF CLOTHING ON THE HEALTH OF THE SKIN.

IT is a fact which must be apparent to every one, that clothing, in itself, has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body, and, in some instances, in defending it from that of the atmosphere. This power of preserving heat is due to the same principle, whatever form the raiment may assume, whether the natural covering of birds and animals, or whether the most beautiful and elegant tissues of human manufacture. In every case it is the power which the coverings possess of detaining in their meshes atmospheric air that is the cause of their warmth.

We have an exemplification of this principle in the lightness of all articles of warm clothing, as compared with water; the buoyancy, for example, of a fleece of wool, or the lightness of a feather. In the eider-duck or the sea-bird, it is the accumulation of warm air within their downy covering that defends them, alike from the temperature of the water, and from its contact. The furs from the piercing regions of the North, which we prize so highly as articles of dress, are, to the animals they invest, so many distinct atmospheres of warm air, and the same principle is carried out in the clothing of man. Our garments retain a stratum of air kept constantly warm by its contact

with the body, and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one that fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious; the loose dress incloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing, and all that is required is that the dress should be closed at the upper part to prevent the dispersion of the warm air and the ventilating current which would be established from below. The male summer dress in this climate consists of three layers, which necessarily include two strata of atmospheric air; that of females contains more; and, in the winter season, we increase the number to four, five, or six. As the purpose of additional layers of dress is to maintain a series of strata of warm air within our clothes, we should, in going from a warm room into a cold, put on our defensive coverings some little time previously, in order that the strata of air which we carry with us may be sufficiently warmed by the heat of the room, and may not be in need of borrowing from our bodies. Otherwise we must walk briskly in order to supply heat, not only to keep up the warmth of the strata of atmosphere nearest ourselves, but also to furnish those which we have artificially made by our additional coverings. When we have been for some time in the air, if we could examine the temperature or climate between the several layers of our dress, we should find the thermometer gradually falling as it was conveyed from the inner to the outer spaces.

These observations on dress have reference to the number of layers of which the covering is composed, but they are equally applicable to the texture of the garment itself. The materials employed by man in the manufacture of his attire, are all of them bad conductors of heat—that is to say, they have little tendency to conduct or remove the heat from the body; but, on the contrary, are disposed to retain what they receive; hence they are speedily warmed, and, once warm, preserve their temperature for a lengthened period, and convey the sensation of warmth to the hand. They are also bad conductors of

electricity, and on this account become sources of safety in a thunder-storm.

They are all derived from the organic world—some from the vegetable, and some from the animal kingdom: for instance, hemp and flax are the fibers of particular plants, while cotton is the covering of the seed of a plant. Silk, wool, hair, feathers, and leather, are animal productions; of these materials, the first five are chiefly employed as articles of clothing, and in order to be fitted for that purpose, are spun into threads, and then woven into a tissue of various degrees of fineness and closeness. It is evident that this tissue will have the effect of retaining a quantity of air proportioned to the size of its meshes; hence, besides the strata of atmosphere imprisoned between the different articles of clothing, each article is, in itself, the depository of an atmosphere of its own.

Thick textures are warmer than thin ones made of the same material, because the body of air retained in their meshes is greater, as we see illustrated in blankets and woollen garments.

To the inhabitants of cold climates, feathers are a source of peculiar comfort, but, from their bulk, are not easily convertible into body garments.

Linen is a bad conductor and bad radiator. On this account it is that, despite its excellence in other particulars, it feels cold when it touches the skin. From the porosity of its fiber, it is very attractive of moisture, and when the body perspires, it absorbs the perspiration actively, and displaces the air, which in a dry state is held within its meshes: so that in place of an atmosphere of dry air, it becomes the means of maintaining a layer of moisture. Now, water is one of the best conductors of heat, and removes it so rapidly from the body, as to cause a general chill. But this is not all; the moisture in the tissue of the linen has so great a capacity and attraction for heat, that it continues to rob the body of more and more of that element, until the whole of the fluid is evaporated. These circumstances have caused the entire abandonment of linen as a covering next the skin, in hot climates, where the apparel must be necessarily thin. But in temperate and cold climates we get over the inconvenience by wearing over the linen a woollen or leather covering in the winter, and a cotton or thin woollen in the summer.

BRONZES—HOW THEY ARE MADE.

IN a former article we spoke of the process of producing a marble statue: we now propose to speak of bronzes.

Bronze is essentially a compound of copper and tin, which metals appear to have been among the earliest known. Copper is not unfrequently found in its metallic state, and fit for immediate use; and tin, though not so met with, often occurs near the surface, and its ore is easily reduced. These metals, though neither of them possesses the hardness requisite for making instruments either for domestic or warlike purposes, appear to have been early found capable of hardening each other by combination; the bronze, which is the result of this combination, consisting of different proportions of them, according to the purposes to which it is to be applied.

Bronze is always harder and more fusible than copper; it is highly malleable when it contains 85 to 90 per cent. of copper; tempering increases its malleability; it oxydizes very slowly even in moist air, and hence its application to so many purposes. The density of bronze is always greater than that of the mean of the metals which compose it: for example, an alloy of 100 parts of copper and 12 parts of tin is of specific gravity 8.80, whereas by calculation it would be only 8.63.

The green hue that distinguishes ancient bronzes is acquired by oxydation and the combination with carbonic acid; and the moderns, to imitate the effect of the finer antique works, sometimes advance that process by artificial means, usually by washing the surface with an acid. Vasari alludes to this practice among the artists of his time, and to the means they adopted to produce a brown, a black, or a green color in their bronze.

Bronze was well known to the ancients. Among the remains of bronze works of art found in Egypt, none are of large dimensions. Many specimens of bronze works found in India are doubtless very ancient. In the time of Homer, arms, offensive and defensive, are always described as being made of bronze, or perhaps copper alone, which it is possible they had some means of tempering and hardening. The art of casting statues seems to have been first practiced in Asia Minor, Greece, properly so called, being then prob-

ably too uncivilized to undertake such works. The first and most simple process among the Greeks, appears to have been *hammer-work*, in which lumps of the material were beaten into the proposed form; and when the work was too large to be made of one piece, several were shaped, and the different parts fitted and fastened together by means of pins or keys.

The art of metal-casting in regular molds was undoubtedly known very early, though its adoption in European Greece is probably of a comparatively late date. Its progress was evidently marked by three distinct stages. The first was beating out the metal, either as solid hammer-work or in plates. The next was casting it into a mold or form, the statue being of course made solid. The last stage was casting it into a mold, with a center or core to limit the thickness of the metal. Bronze-casting seems to have reached its perfection in Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. The ancient statuaries seem to have been extremely choice in their selection and composition of bronze; and they seem also to have had a method of running or welding various metals together, by which they were enabled to produce more or less the effect of natural color. Some works are described that were remarkable for the success which attended this curious and, to us, unattainable process. They also tinted or painted their bronze with the same view of more closely imitating nature. Pliny states that there were three sorts of the Corinthian bronze: the first, called *candidum*, received its name from the effect of silver which was mixed with the copper; the second had a greater proportion of gold; the third was composed of equal quantities of the different metals.

The Romans never attained any great eminence in the arts of design. Their earliest statues were executed for them by Etruscan artists. Rome, however, was afterward filled with a prodigious number of works of the best schools of Greece; and artists of that country, unable to meet with employment at home, settled at Rome. Zenodorus executed some magnificent works in the time of Nero. But Pliny, who lived in the reign of Vespasian, laments the decline of the art, and the want of skill of the artists, in his time. The practice of gilding bronze statues does not seem to have prevailed till taste

had much deteriorated. The practice of art among the Romans declining rapidly, and with but few interruptions, ceases to interest us about A. D. 200. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the taking of Constantinople, we read that some of the finest works of the ancient masters were destroyed for the mere value of the metal. Among the few works saved are the celebrated bronze horses which now decorate the exterior of the church of St. Mark at Venice.

Passing over the intermediate age of barbarism, we arrive at the epoch of the revival of art in Italy, under the Pisani and others, about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The celebrated bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence, by Ghiberti, which M. Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise, are among the more remarkable works of the time. In the succeeding century we find Guglielmo della Porta practicing the art with great success; and he is distinguished by Vasari for adopting a mode of casting that was considered quite original, in executing his colossal statue of Paul III. The metal, when run from the furnace, was carried downward by a duct, and then admitted to the under side or bottom of the mold, and thus, acted upon by a superior pressure, as in a common fountain, was forced upward till the mold was entirely filled. It is necessary in this process that the mold should be kept in a state of great heat, in order that the metal may not cool before the whole is run. But among the artists who are celebrated for their skill in bronze-casting, Benvenuto Cellini holds a distinguished rank: there are few collections that cannot boast some specimens of his smaller productions, while the larger works that remain, particularly at Florence, prove that his high reputation was not undeserved. In his process, the metal was allowed to flow at once from the furnace into the channels or ducts of the molds.

The modern practice of the English, French, Italian, and German artists does not differ materially in its principle from that of the earlier Italians.

Before any article can be cast in metal it is necessary that a *model* of it be prepared. The models must be made of various substances: clay or wax, or sand with clay, are those usually employed; but they may also be made of wood, stone,

or any other material. Upon those models *molds* must be made. These are commonly composed of plaster of Paris, mixed with brick-dust, sometimes sand, or sand with a mixture of cow-hair. For molds for iron and brass work a yellowish sharp sand is preferred, which is prepared by mixing it with water and then rolling it on a flat board till it is well kneaded and fit for use. If the article is cylindrical, or of a form that admits of it, it is molded and cast in two pieces; these two parts are then carefully joined together, and the edges or seams carefully cleaned. For the smaller class of works, instead of running the metal at once from a large furnace, earthen crucibles are used, into which the metal is thrown in small pieces: the crucible is placed in a strong heat in a close stove, and as the metal is melted and sinks, more is added till the vessel is full. It is then lifted out by means of iron instruments adapted to the purpose, and the metal is poured from it into the molds, in which channels or ducts for receiving it have been previously made.

In noticing the different ways of casting, mention has been made of one in which a core is used. The *core*, as its name denotes, is a part or portion situated within the body of the cast; and its purpose is to form a center to the work, by which the thickness or substance of the metal may be regulated. In coring, the mold is first made complete; into this, clay or wax, or any other fit substance or material, is then squeezed or pressed in a layer of uniform thickness; in large works it is usually from half an inch to an inch thick. This layer represents the metal. The mold, if in parts, is then put together, the above-mentioned layer being left within it, and into the open space in the center a composition (usually of plaster of Paris with other substances mixed with it) is introduced, and made to adhere to the clay or wax, or rather is filled up to it. This is the core, and it is often made to occupy the whole interior of the mold. When this is *set*, or dry, the mold is taken to pieces, and the material which has been made to represent the metal removed. The mold is then again put carefully together round its core or nucleus, the two portions being secured from contact by stops and keys properly arranged for that purpose. The mold and core are dried, to dissipate moisture; and large molds

are strengthened with iron hoops. Channels or ducts are made for the entrance of the melted metal, and others are also made for allowing the air to escape as the melted metal enters the mold; these are called vents. With respect to placing the mold, it is only important to secure a sufficient inclination of plane from the mouth of the furnace to the mold that the metal may run easily and uninterruptedly, and not have time to grow cool and therefore sluggish. The usual method in bronze works of large size is to bury the mold in a pit a little below the level of the furnace, and by ramming sand firmly round it to insure its not being affected by any sudden or violent shock, or by the weight of the metal running into it. When everything is ready, and the metal found to be in a state fit for running, the orifice or mouth of the furnace (which is usually plugged with clay and sand) is opened, when the metal descends, and in a few minutes the mold is filled. The metal is allowed to run till it overflows the mouths of the channels into the mold. The work is then left to cool, after which the mold is scraped or knocked off, and the cast undergoes the necessary processes (such as cleaning, chasing, &c.) to render it fit for the purpose designed.

Large bells and statues are cast in the way first described. Brass ordnance is always cast solid. The model is made round a nucleus of wood called a spindle, and the mold of loam and sand made over it. When this is perfectly dry, the model and spindle within are removed, and the mold is well dried or baked. When ready for casting, it is placed upright in the pit, and the metal is allowed to run into it till filled. What is called a dead-head is left at the upper and smaller, or mouth end of the gun, which presses the metal down, and prevents its becoming porous as it settles and cools. After a few days the mold is knocked off, and the gun is ready for finishing. The dead-head is turned off, and the boring, which is an operation requiring great care, is effected.

After the founding, the metal cast is often finished by chasing, burnishing, lacquering, plating, or gilding.

One of the largest cylinders, cast and bored in iron, is that employed at the Mostyn colliery in Flintshire. It was made at the Haigh Foundry at Wigan, in 1848. It is 17 feet long, by 8 feet 4 inches in

diameter; it weighs 22 tons; and the quantity of metal brought to a liquid state for the purpose of casting was 30 tons.

A silver statue was cast at Paris in 1850. In the preceding year M. Pradier exhibited at the Luxembourg a bronze statue of Sappho, which was much admired for its beauty; and a silver copy of this statue was prepared in 1850, as a prize for a sort of Art Union lottery. The founding was intrusted to M. Simonet, who has produced many beautiful specimens in this department of art. The weight of silver used was about four thousand ounces.

The largest cast statue of recent times is the allegorical figure of *Bavaria*, placed in front of the Rühmeshalle on the Theresien meadow near Munich. The figure is 63 feet high, and stands on a granite base 30 feet high; so that the wreath held in the uplifted hand of the figure is nearly 100 feet from the ground. A winding staircase leads entirely up the interior of the statue. It is said that no fewer than twenty-six musicians were placed within the head of the statue on the occasion of the inauguration. The length of the forefinger, 38 inches, will give an idea of the size of the statue. The statue was modeled by the great sculptor Schwanthaler, who hastened his death by his intense application to it. The founding or casting was intrusted to Stiglmeier; but, as he also died, the work was carried out to a successful completion by his pupil Ferdinand Miller. The statue was cast in many pieces, one of which required 380 cwt. of molten bronze!

WINTER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Wild wail the wintry winds;
The fitful Northern blast
A thousand echoing crannies finds
Within its circuit vast.

The bleak and leafless woods,
The mountains rude and hoar,
The valley's mossy solitudes
Look desolate once more.

How bright in yonder bower
The summer fountain play'd!
How beautiful was shrub and flower,
And leafy colonnade!

The same clear gushing rill
Goes gurgling down the glen,
But are the green leaves waving still
As they were waving then?

The ice hath hung its gems
Upon the branches bare,
And iris-tinted diadems
The forest-monarchs wear.

But cold, O deadly cold,
The prism-like colors glow,
The purple, crimson, and the gold,
That make the glittering show.

Yet many an omen bright
Doth icy winter bring,
It weareth on its bosom white
The promise of the spring.

Far up the ledges twines
The ivy's fadeless sheen,
And boldly rise the tapering pines,
And laurels ever green.

Hark! how the wild winds rise!
The eddying currents sigh
Adown the forest corridors,
And vibrate through the sky.

AN OLD NEW-YEAR'S POEM.

The London "Notes and Queries" gives the following antique poem from the fly-leaf of an old book. It is not only appropriate to the month, but a gem of its kind:—

"Though I be poore yet will I make hard shift,
But I will send my God a new yeares gift:

Nor myrrhe nor frankincense
Can I dispense,
Nor gold of Ophir
Is in my cofer;

With wealth I haue so small acquaintance as
I scarce know tinne from siluer, gold from
brasse.

"Orientall rubyes, emeralds greene,
Blew sapphires, sparkling diamonds I haue seene,

Yet neuer yet did touch
Or gemme or ouche,
Nor pearle nor amber
Are in my chamber;

These things are in my mind, but neuer yet
Vouchsaf'd to lodge within my cabinet.

"My euer lieuing euer louing King
Yet shall from me receiue a better thing;

For princes diademes,
Flaming with gemmes,
With richesse drest
Of east and west,

Match not this gift, wch if my God shall owne,
I'll not change lots with him that weares a
croune.

"An heart with penitence made new and cleane,
Fill'd with faith, hope, and loue, must be my
strane.

My God y^e didst not slight
The widowes mite,
Accept of this
Poore sacrifice,

Though I nere give but what before was Thine,
A treasure taken out of Thine owne mine."

MENTAL DISEASES.

BYRON—SCOTT—LELAND.

AMONG the causes which operate most influentially in exciting social aberrations, one of the most potent is, undoubtedly, the over-stimulated, over-worked, irregularly-developed mind. It is a law of nature that health, ease, and order shall spring from labor, or from due use of the organs according to their appointed functions. This is universal. The "primal curse" is thus converted into a blessing. In all creation, the due and regular performance of the allotted duties is rewarded by pleasing sensations, strength, and beauty; the undue and irregular, by pain, feebleness, deformity. This law holds good of the psychical as well as the physical, of the moral as well as the material. "Through much tribulation ye shall inherit the kingdom," is a profound truth, whether that empire be corporeal power and beauty, or mental power and virtue. Here labor, however, is not thus rewarded. It must be well directed, in harmony with the needs and powers of the individual—general, as regards the use of the organs, and not partial. Excessive labor in one exclusive direction produces corporeal deformity and mental obliquity. Just as the nursery-maid becomes the subject of spinal curvature and deformity, from the exclusive use of the right arm in carrying her precious burden, so the man of thought, who directs the energies of his powerful intellect to one subject or class of subjects, becomes mentally deformed. His judgment becomes one-sided, to use an expressive Germanism, or even imbecile; his manners bizarre, his conduct eccentric. It is thus that the eccentricities of men of genius are manifested, even to a proverb.

The evils of excessive study generally, and not simply in one exclusive direction, manifest themselves in morbid conditions of the organ of thought, which, reacting on the mind itself, disorder its manifestations. Hence, it has often been observed how narrow the bounds are between great genius and madness; how frequently the organ breaks down under the strain to which it is subjected. Hence it is that many intellectual suns have arisen in brightness, and set in clouds and darkness; have illumined the world by their morning or mid-day glory, and then have been

forever eclipsed by suicide, insanity, or idiocy:—

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift becomes a driveler and a show.

Intermediately between the states of perfect vigor and complete disorganization, there are various phases of mental disorder, more distressing, perhaps, to the subject than even total extinction. No man feels more acutely than the man of letters, or the subject of prolonged intellectual labor, that state of mind in which every effort of thought is wearisome, and every object of thought is seen through a medium of gloom, anxiety, and dread. To such, existence is really a burden too heavy to be borne; and the endurance of life, under these circumstances, is probably as heroic an effort of fortitude as the endurance of a cruel martyrdom. The biographies of distinguished authors contain many touching instances of this kind.

Another result of mental toil is seen, not in the disorganization of the fiber of the brain so much as in the wearing out of the vascular system. Every effort of thought is accompanied by an expenditure of living material. The supply of this material is through the blood; hence the blood is sent in greater quantity to the brain in thought; and when the increased demand is constant, an increase in the vascular capacity of the brain becomes necessary, and is provided by the adaptive reaction of the organism. During the earlier periods of life this development of the blood-vessels only ministers to the vigor of the intellectual action; but when the decline of life commences, and the wear and tear of previous years shows itself, the increased vascularity is a source of danger, and lays the foundation for those diseases which depend upon congestion of the brain. Hence it is that apoplexy and palsy so frequently terminate the lives of great thinkers and writers. Hence, also, the proclivity of the literary and intellectual class to suffer fatally from those fevers and other diseases which attack the brain in preference to less important organs; and hence the distressing, sudden, and premature deaths of men of genius, from causes and diseases apparently trivial. In some individuals, particularly those with coëxistent disease of the heart and lungs, the vascular system gives way at

once, and inflammation or apoplexy, epilepsy or acute mania, supervenes. The prime ministers of Austria and Prussia, during the recent revolutionary period, both succumbed to the overstrain of their material organ. Count Brandenburg, of Prussia, died of inflammation of the brain, after only a very short illness; Prince Schwarzenburgh, of Austria, perished in a moment, of apoplexy.

These various modifications of the mental condition are by no means the absolutely necessary results of mental labor. In the greater majority of studious men there already exists a predisposition to cerebral diseases, or else these are or have been present. This is manifested in various ways. In Scott and Byron, the deformity of the foot and leg, (talipes,) of which they were the subject, indicated that a nervous attack occurred during intra-uterine life, of a paralytic or spasmodic character. Such an occurrence is apt to be accompanied by modifications of the mental characteristics; in some instances, by downright idiocy—this when the spasmodic attack has been severe, and the deformity great; in others, by eccentricity, impetuosity of temper, waywardness, genius—and this when there is only a slight deformity, as a slight squint, twist of the foot, &c. Byron had, as a child, a temper sullenly passionate. In his case, the proclivity to irregular action of the nervous system, and the peculiarity of temper, were derived from his parents. His parental ancestors were remarkable for their eccentricities, irregular passions, and daring recklessness; and his mother was liable to ungovernable outbursts of temper and feeling. With such parentage, and so constituted, it is not remarkable that Byron fell so early. It is not without a feeling of melancholy that we have pursued Moore's account of his last moments; for the gifted biographer himself became subsequently the victim of his ardor, and his own glorious faculties were extinguished by mental, though not corporeal, death. Writing of Byron, he states:—

"The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet—his long fastings—his expedients for the allayment of hunger—his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food—and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the

use of spirituous beverages—all these could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health. . . . When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength, from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no Sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out; or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—'an old feel.' To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed—to present the grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

Glittering like a palace set on fire,
His glory, while it shone, but ruin'd him!"

The fever of which Byron died, displayed its fatal effects principally on the cerebrum. Whether the copious bleeding which was practiced for his cure was judicious or not, we do not pretend to decide. We can affirm generally, however, that men and women so constituted seldom bear bleeding. The fate of the lamented Malibran comes to our remembrance, as we record Byron's protest against the depletion which was practiced in his case. Referring to the opinion, as expressed by Dr. Reid in his essays, to the effect, "that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet," he observed: "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says, that drawing of blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the cords of a musical instrument, whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension? Even before this illness, you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become; and bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me." We believe it is now thoroughly established among all judicious practitioners, that patients who have great cerebral activity, not only do not bear bleeding well, but have their lives endangered by loss of blood. We could refer to warning examples, if it were not a painful and invidious task to select them. We can assert with great certainty, however, that the *pabulum vite* must not be rashly withdrawn from the *over-worked mind*.

Perhaps there is no more touching and

instructive psychological history than that which details the phenomena of mental decadence and bodily decline, amid which the hand of the mighty magician of the North,

Who roll'd back the current of time,

drooped, at last, in helpless paralysis. In this mournful history (which, as detailed by Lockhart, we can never pursue without some wellings of emotion) there is chronicled the special physiology and pathology of the over-worked mind. It is the history of a "case"—too common, alas!—not to be neglected by those who now mount as upon the wings of eagles. At a time when pecuniary difficulties added to his mental labors, Sir Walter had to tug at the literary oar, and paid the first "penalty of his unparalleled toils" on the 15th February, 1830, when he had a slight apoplectic attack, more than two years and a half before his death. Mr. Lockhart justly remarks: "When we recollect that both his father and elder brother died of paralysis, and consider the terrible violences of agitation and exertion to which Sir Walter had been subjected during the four preceding years, the only wonder is, that this blow (which had, I suspect, several distinct harbingers) was deferred so long; there can be none that it was soon followed by others of the same description." Sir Walter was not without sufficient warning, but the long habit of literary labor was too strong for him; and after so distinct a notice of the state of the material organ, he still worked as industriously as ever. During the following winter his state of mind was distressingly shown to his amanuensis. Mr. Lockhart observes: "A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation—without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly, taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshiped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy.

"The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigor; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrival-

ed memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse.

Along the chords the fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made.

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half-waking from a dream mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the clouds dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old, and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness." Under these circumstances it was no wonder that his medical advisers assured him repeatedly and emphatically, that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent his malady from recurring with redoubled severity. His answer was: "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say, *Now, don't boil*. . . . I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should go mad!" The fate of Swift and Marlborough was also before his eyes; and in his journal there is an entry expressive of his fear lest the anticipated blow should not destroy life, and that he might linger on, a driveler and a show. "I do not think my head is weakened," (this was a subsequent entry,) "yet a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail—becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose?"

That way madness lies—let me shun that.
No more of that —."

And when at the court-house of Jedburgh he faced the rabble populace and braved their hootings, the same idea of impending calamity was still present to his mind, as he greeted them, on turning away, in the words of the doomed gladiator, "*Moriturus vos saluto*." "As the plow neared the end of the furrow," to use Scott's own expressive phrase, he was still urged on by his fixed habits of labor. "Under the full consciousness that he had sustained three or four strokes of apoplexy or palsy, or both combined, and tortured by various ailments,—cramp, rheumatism in half his joints, daily increasing lameness, and now of late gravel, (which was, though last, not least.)—he retained all the energy of his will, and

struggled manfully against this sea of troubles."

Perhaps there is nothing more remarkable in literary men than this enchantment with labor, and hardly anything less distressing when rest is needed. The mind seems as if it were a wild horse, to which the body is helplessly fastened; or as if it were an imperious tyrant, demanding incessant toil. Hardly is one literary undertaking completed—often before the finishing touches are put to the work—and the "maker" is casting about for another undertaking. This peculiarity in literary men is one of the most obvious, most strongly marked, and most fatal.

Leland was the Sir Walter Scott of his day. Beloved by his king, and devoted to the history and antiquities of his country, like Scott, he was a more accomplished scholar; for his ample mind embraced the languages of Greece and Italy of modern times, and of those out of which English arose. He was a great traveler on the European continent, and he cultivated poetry with ardor. As the "king's antiquary," he spent six years in the survey and study of our national antiquities. He traveled over every country; surveyed towns, cities, and rivers, examined castles, cathedrals, monasteries, tumuli; investigated coins, and copied manuscripts and inscriptions, "yn so much that," (as he writes, in his New-Year's Gift to Henry VIII.) "al my other Occupations intermitted, I have so traveled yowr Dominions booth by the Se Costes and the midle Partes, sparing nother Labor nor Costes, by the space of these vi Yeres paste, that there is almoste nother Cape, nor Bay, Haven, Creke or Peere, River, or Confluence of Rivers, Breches, Waschis, Lakes, Meres, Fenny Waters, Montaynes, Vallies, Mores, Hethes, Forrestes, Chases, Wooddes, Cities, Burges, Castelles, principale Manor Placis, Monasteries, and Colleges, but I have scene them; and notid yn so doing a hole worlde of Thinges, very memorable." The vast accumulations of materials which resulted from this industry, occupied him another six years to shape and polish. And his bibliographical were as great as his itinerant labors. He was learned in "Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, British, Saxon, Welsh, and Scottish" literature. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was an ardent patriot: and the great end

and aim of all his toils was the renown of his native land. He trusted so to write its ancient history, that the old glory of renowned Britain should "reflorisch thorough the worlde." But the mighty intellect succumbed to the overwhelming struggle. His conceptions were too great for his frame; so that when about to complete his undertaking he became maniacal, and died in his fortieth year; or, in the words of honest William Burton, the antiquary, "Sed cum hoc rude chaos et pergrandis acervus digerendus et in ordinem methodicum redigendus esset, nam vel sui diffidentia non perficiendi hæc magna quæ pollicitus est laborans, vel terrore immensitatis tantæ et tam vastæ molis devictus, confuso et vitiato cerebro è potestate mentis suæ decidit et phrenetica mania (quod lugendum sane) expiravit." The melancholy that cherishes genius may also destroy it, is the sound remark of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature." "Leland, brooding over his voluminous labors, seemed to love and to dread them; sometimes to pursue them with rapture, and sometimes to shrink from them with despair." He feared, to use his own language,

ne pereant brevi vel hora
Mularum mihi noctium labores
Omnes, et patriæ simul decora
Ornamenta cadant.

Insanity, in its various forms, is by no means an unfrequent result of an overworked mind. A painfully interesting illustration is afforded to us by a little episode in Miss Mitford's "Recollections," respecting Clare, as the insanity was rather that of the imagination than the instinct or feelings. Miss Mitford remarks: "A few years ago he was visited by a friend of mine, who gave me a most interesting account of the then state of his intellect. His delusions were at that time very singular in their character; whatever he read, whatever recurred to him from his former reading, or happened to be mentioned in conversation, became impressed on his mind as a thing that he had witnessed and acted in. My friend was struck with the narrative of the execution of Charles I., recounted by Clare as a transaction that had occurred yesterday, and of which he was an eye-witness: a narrative the most graphic and minute; with an accuracy as to costume and manners far exceeding what would probably

have been at his command if seen. It is such a lucidity as the disciples of Mesmer claim for clairvoyance. Or he would relate the battle of the Nile and the death of Nelson with the same perfect keeping, especially as to seamanship, fancying himself one of the sailors who had been in the action, and dealing out nautical phrases with admirable exactness and accuracy, although it is doubtful if he ever saw the sea in his life."

But, perhaps, of all the ills to which excessive mental labor gives rise, *melancholia* and the *suicidal* monomania are the most distressing. The insane hand has thus stolen away many a valuable life, which might with the most ordinary precaution have been saved. The lamented death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, supervened upon excessive devotion to those toils of state, which, for some few days at least before his death, manifested the ravages they were committing on the organ of intellect. Often the attack is sudden; oftener it is preceded by a predisposition to lowness of spirits, and by thoughts of the most depressing kind. Sir Walter Scott remarks upon this state of feeling, when he would have thrown away his life as a child a broken toy: "Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has felt so. O God! What are we? Lords of nature? Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin—the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain—takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else." The narrative of the poet Cowper, in which he describes his mental condition during one of his paroxysms of suicidal melancholia, is as touching as it is instructive. The intolerable anguish—the impulse of self-destruction—the vain struggle to resist, or bravely endure. But what is the remedy? Of that more hereafter.

FROST ON THE WINDOW-PANES.

TO him who has cultivated his perception of the beautiful, there is always something in nature to arrest attention, and to afford instruction. To him the desolation of winter is relieved by innumerable beauties: he enters into the "treasures of the snow;" he inquires whence comes the ice, and "the hoary frost of heaven who hath gendered it?" when "the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen." What, for example, can be more beautiful than the light feathery foliage which the slow and silent hand of winter paints upon our windows while we sleep? It is one of the delights of childhood to gaze on this white fairy forest; nor need we regard it with minor interest now, if we are ready to apply a few scientific principles to its examination.

De Mairan, residing in the southern part of France, had not many opportunities of witnessing the phenomenon in question; but, happening to be in Paris in January, 1729, toward the end of a long frost, he noticed, one morning, upon the panes of a window facing the east, some beautiful spiral scrolls of foliage, similar to those used in architecture, or on damask. The forms were not very well defined, and the intervals between the curves were, in some places, occupied by a kind of frosty dust. In about an hour the whole melted away. On the next morning, however, these figures were more perfectly developed; the branches were composed of small white oval crystals of remarkable hardness. Five or six panes were ornamented with these figures, each pane measuring six inches and a half by five and a half. From the corner of one of the panes proceeded a sort of stem, which branched out as far as the lead-work, the curves being continued to the adjoining panes.

The reader is, of course, aware that the frost-work on our window-panes is deposited from the vapor floating in the air of the bed-room upon the inner surface of the glass, whenever the cold on the outside is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the glass below the freezing point; but the forms assumed by the vapor in freezing are not so easily accounted for. De Mairan supposed that these forms already exist in the glass, and are produced by the various twistings and turnings which glass undergoes in the process of manufacture, while

yet in a fluid state; that certain minute furrows are thus formed in which the vapor first collects and freezes, and so determines the outline, which is afterward filled up by successive accumulations of frozen vapor.

In answer to this explanation, M. Carena remarks, that the lines and striæ produced in glass during its manufacture, are generally ellipses, or waving figures, bearing no resemblance to the superb pictures which sometimes adorn our windows; and that the smoothest glass, on which no figures are visible, even with a magnifier, often produces the most beautiful frost foliage.

M. de Mairan has also another theory. He supposes that the motion of the hand in cleaning the windows may produce furrows in the glass, which may have something to do with the frost-work figures. In order to get at the value of this opinion, Carena, during the severe winter of 1814, selected four panes of his window, which he cleaned with white sand, as is common in France, rubbing two of them with a circular motion, rubbing the third in lines parallel with the upright sides of the window-frame, and rubbing the fourth in diagonal lines. On the next morning he found that the frost had very accurately followed the motion of his hand, filling up the little furrows produced by the friction, the space between them being occupied by small angular crystals. In the two panes which had been rubbed with a circular motion, the frost appeared like a prickly crown, the space in the center being quite free from ice, although on a subsequent morning it was covered with a smooth layer, not foliated. On the outside of the circular space, that is, parallel with the wood-work, and on the part which had not been rubbed, were some beautiful boughs covered with foliage. The two other panes exhibited, in the directions in which they had been rubbed, long opaque filaments of frost, with small crystals proceeding from them at right angles or nearly so, resembling a bundle of thorns, or brambles. These panes also exhibited a far more graceful display of foliage in the parts near the wood-work which had not been rubbed.

Thus it appears, that by friction certain figures are impressed on the glass which determine the forms of the frost; but the origin of the beautiful foliage which appeared on those parts of the glass where

no friction had been exerted, had still to be accounted for. It was entirely different from the frost produced on those parts of the glass which had been rubbed; and the foliage of one day seldom resembled that of another, even on the same pane. When the exterior cold was moderate, the frost was never figured, a temperature many degrees below freezing being required to produce the foliage.

When the temperature is only a half or a whole degree below the freezing-point (32° Fahr.) the frost does not entirely cover the panes: some are quite free from it, while others have it in large irregular patches. This leads to the curious conclusion that the heat does not escape equally from all parts of the same pane, but passes through some parts with more facility than others. This would produce a curling of the vapor as it was deposited on the pane.

That the unequal conducting power of different parts of the same pane has something to do with the form of the frosty figures is evident from the fact, that, if a body of equal and uniform conducting power be substituted for a pane of glass, the foliage disappears entirely. A sheet of copper was substituted for a pane of glass, in a room the temperature of which varied between 43° and 50° Fahr. When the temperature of the external air, at six o'clock A.M., was between $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and 36° , the glass panes were perfectly dry, but the metallic pane was covered with dew. Between 32° and 24° both glass and metal were bedewed, but the latter more readily and abundantly. Between 24° and 20° frost was formed on all the panes, but most abundantly on the copper. Between 20° and 5° the glass was covered with most graceful foliage, but the copper had a smooth uniform sheet of ice, without any approach to foliation, except near the wood-work of the window-frame.

If a copper or a tin-foil disk be fastened to the central part of one of the panes on the inside, and a similar disk be attached to another pane on the outside, the disk on the inside will be more thickly covered with frost than any other part of the pane; but that portion of the other pane which corresponds to the disk on the outside, will be entirely free from frost. This remarkable difference admits of easy explanation. A large portion of the heat of the room escapes through the window until the

glass is sufficiently cold, first to condense, and afterward to freeze upon its surface, a portion of the vapor of the room. The metal disk on the outside, however, reflects back the heat, which would otherwise escape into the air, and that preserves that part of the glass which it covers, at a higher temperature than other parts of the same pane; and, as glass is a bad conductor of heat, the adjacent parts are not affected by this portion, which is kept too warm to condense the vapor of the room. With respect to the metal disk on the inside, the case is different; metal being a good reflector, but a bad absorber of heat, all the heat of the room which falls on the disk, is reflected back again, and never reaches the part of the glass below the disk; the glass therefore soon falls to the temperature of the outer air, and, in its turn, cools down the metal disk to a point much lower than the rest of the glass, and hence the greater deposit of moisture on the inner metallic disk.

Another beautiful experiment throws considerable light upon the forms assumed by frost on the window-panes. If, when the cold is tolerably severe, we breathe lightly against a well-cleaned pane, there will be formed, in a few minutes, a figure somewhat resembling a quill pen, the barbs being represented by threads of ice proceeding on both sides from a common shaft, or barrel, and having only a slight curvature. If, however, we breathe more forcibly, the curvature of the barbs becomes increased. It often happens that the barbs, which, after a gentle expiration, are about to form in lines almost straight, become strongly curved by a second and more forcible expiration. In a gentle expiration the vapor remains nearly stagnant on glass, and the curvature of the crystals, which is slight, is toward the center of the mass of expired air; but in a stronger expiration the vapor, after having struck the glass, is gradually diffused over the surface in whirls, whereby the barbs are much more strongly curled.

It seems probable from this experiment, that, if any force, capable of communicating a certain movement to the vapors of the room, were to act at the moment when a low external temperature had condensed these vapors on the glass, this force, combined with the natural force of crystallization, would sufficiently account for all the varieties of frost-work which adorn our windows.

It must be remembered that water in freezing or crystallizing under ordinary circumstances, is free to act in all directions, but, on a plane surface, such as a window-pane, it is constrained to act in one direction. The surface of glass offers numerous resistances; the radiating and conducting powers of the same pane are different in different parts; and, in addition to all these disturbing causes, there are many local circumstances arising from situation, the presence of blinds, window-curtains, and other conditions, which cannot be noticed in dealing with general results.

Thus the reader will see that a good deal of somewhat refined science is concerned in attempting to explain this beautiful phenomenon. Should this notice have the effect of exciting observation and inquiry during the present winter, the object of the writer will be attained.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

ANY ear may hear the wind; it is a great leveler; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street-singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air—the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. The air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are all so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and the forest; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies. * * * Sometimes the deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and from opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and Builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMS.

WHILE reading, in the November number of the *National*, an article, entitled "Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming," I was reminded of a dream of my own, two or three summers ago, which made a strong impression upon me at the time, and which may serve further to illustrate the subject.

On a very warm afternoon, I was sitting in a somewhat lazy posture, listening to a friend, who was reading the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. As he commenced the obituary of a deceased preacher I became drowsy, and, although I felt considerably interested in the article, soon fell asleep, and dreamed.

I thought I was standing by the bedside of the sick man, watching the progress of his disease, while a number of anxious friends sat in different parts of the room, or hung quietly over the bed. In the course of what seemed to me five or six hours, death came and released the sufferer, amid the sobbings and prayers of afflicted relatives. I remained with the family for a day or two, until the funeral. The assemblage, on that occasion, was large, and the services were long and impressive. The funeral sermon, which was preached in the house, appeared to me to be nearly an hour in length. I listened to it with great interest, and shall never forget the solemn impression it made upon my mind. After this, a procession of carriages was formed, and the deceased preacher was borne a distance of some ten or twelve miles to his grave. He was buried at the side of a large, plain, old-fashioned brick church, which stood near the corner of two streets. Here the funeral service was read, and, after seeing the grave filled up, the company slowly departed. I lingered behind, to indulge in the serious reflections that had been excited in me by the mournful occasion. I very well recollect standing in front of the church, at some little distance, and remarking to myself that, in case a monument should be erected over the remains, it would not look well, unless there should also be one on the other side of the church, to correspond with it. After this reflection, I turned to leave the spot, and suddenly awoke. You may judge of my surprise when I found my friend still reading the obituary, and that

he had read but about two lines of it during my sleep.

To this allow me to add a circumstance related to me by a Methodist minister a few years ago. The conference appointments of the preachers had just been read off in the evening, and on the way to his lodgings the preacher stopped at a watch-maker's to purchase an alarm-watch. Before going to bed, as he had to start very early, he set his watch, so as to awake him in good season in the morning. On falling asleep he dreamed that he was in the conference room. The general business of the session had closed, and the preachers were sitting quietly in their places, while a large number of spectators, from the different churches, crowded around, in order to hear the appointments read by the bishop. The venerable man—it was Bishop Hedding—arose amid the most profound silence, and commenced the usual address to the preachers. This continued for some time. A hymn was then sung, in which all present appeared to join, and the closing prayer of the session was made. After this the bishop rose leisurely, took up his list, and commenced reading the appointments. Not another sound was heard in all that crowded assembly, until the name of the preacher, who was to fill a certain city appointment, was announced. Immediately there was a low murmur of dissatisfaction among the crowd, which increased by degrees until it became noisy and violent. Confusion prevailed; the proceedings terminated in an uproar, and the preacher woke up in alarm. His faithful watch was ringing in his ears, like a dozen fire bells.

Do not these facts, Mr. Editor, and those mentioned in the article referred to, prove these two things,—firstly, that dreams do not occur in profound sleep; and, secondly, that they do always occur while the dreamer is in the act of waking?

TIME is an imaginary quality. To two persons differently situated, time has either the wings of an eagle or the feet of a snail. To a man in expectancy a day appears a week, and a month a year. To one in possession the sun seems no sooner risen than it is set, and summer has scarcely arrived before autumn seems ready to appear.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY—WHAT IS IT?*

THAT the phenomena now so commonly exhibited under the above title demand a careful examination, and, if possible, a distinct explanation, will be readily admitted. It is clear that they ought not to be allowed to rest as materials for popular amusement, but should be submitted to strict scientific inquiry. The theory which so boldly ascribes them to electric influence should be strictly examined. If this theory is found to be untenable, some important questions will remain to be considered; such as: May not the phenomena be explained on physiological principles? and, Is it not probable that the means employed may have an injurious tendency?

The extent to which public attention has been excited by the phenomena may be guessed by a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, and by placards meeting the eye in various parts of the country, announcing that, "at the Mechanics' Institute," or elsewhere, experiments will be performed in "electro-biology," when "persons in a perfectly wakeful state" will be "deprived of the powers of sight, hearing, and taste," and subjected to various illusions. One advertiser professes to give "the philosophy of the science;" another undertakes to "reveal the secret," so as to enable *any* person to make the experiments; and another undertakes the cure of "palsy, deafness, and rheumatism."² Lectures on the topic, in London and in the provincial towns, are now exciting great astonishment in the minds of many, and give rise to considerable controversy respecting the theory and the *modus operandi*.

It is on this latter point—the means by which the effects are produced—that we would chiefly direct our inquiry, for we shall very briefly dismiss the attempt to explain them by a vague charge of collusion or imposture.

If this charge could be reasonably maintained, it would, of course, make all further remarks unnecessary, as our topic would then no longer be one for scientific investigation, but could only be added to the

catalogue of frauds. It is possible that there may have been *some* cases of feigning among the experiments, but these do not affect the general reality of the effects produced. So epilepsy and catalepsy have been feigned; but these diseases are still found real in too many instances. We need not dwell on this point; for it may be safely assumed that all persons who have had a fair acquaintance with the experiments of electro-biology (so-called) are fully convinced that, in a great number of cases, the effects seen are real and sincere, not simulated. The question then remains: Are these effects fairly attributed to "electric" influence, or may they not be truly explained by some other cause?

Before we proceed to consider this question, it will be well to give some examples of the phenomena to which our remarks apply. We shall state only such cases as we have seen and carefully examined.

A. is a young man well known by a great number of spectators—unsuspected of falsehood—knows nothing of the experimenter or of electro-biology, not even the meaning of the words. After submitting to the process employed by the lecturer—sitting still, and gazing fixedly upon a small disk of metal for about a quarter of an hour—he is selected as a suitable subject. When told by the experimenter that he cannot open his eyes, he seems to make an effort, but does not open them until he is assured that he can do so. He places his hand upon a table—is told that he cannot take the hand off the table—seems to make a strong effort to remove it, but fails, until it is liberated by a word from the lecturer. A walking-stick is now placed in his right hand, and he is challenged to strike the extended hand of the lecturer. He throws back the stick over his shoulder, and seems to have a very good will to strike, but cannot bring the stick down upon the hand. He afterward declares to all who question him, that he "tried with all his might" to strike the hand. A. has certainly no theatrical talents; but his looks and gestures, when he is made to believe that he is exposed to a terrific storm, convey a very natural expression of terror. He regards the imaginary flashes of lightning with an aspect of dismay, which, if simulated, would be a very good specimen of acting.

* We give this article from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, one of the most popular scientific authorities extant. We insert the article without indorsement, but as presenting a subject of curious inquiry.

In many other experiments performed upon him, the effects seem to be such as are quite beyond the reach of any skepticism with regard to his sincerity. He cannot pronounce his own name—does not know, or at least cannot *tell*, the name of the town in which he lives—cannot recognize one face in the room where scores of people, who know him very well, are now laughing at him. On the other side, we must state, that when a glass of water is given to him, and he is told that it is vinegar, he persists in saying that he tastes water, and nothing else. This is almost the only experiment that fails upon him.

B. is an intelligent man, upward of thirty years of age, of nervous temperament. His honesty and veracity are quite beyond all rational doubt. The numerous spectators, who have known him well for many years, are quite sure that if he has any will in the matter, it is simply to defeat the lecturer's purpose. However, after he has submitted himself to the process, the experiments made upon him prove successful. He is naturally a fluent talker, but now cannot, without difficulty and stammering, pronounce his own name, an easy monosyllable—cannot strike the lecturer's hand—cannot rise from a chair, &c. We may add, that he cannot be made to mistake water for vinegar.

One more case. C. is a tradesman, middle-aged, has no tendency to mysticism or imaginative reverie—knows nothing of "mesmerism" or "electro-biology"—was never suspected of falsehood or imposition. He proves, however, the most pliable of all the patients—the experiments succeed with him to the fullest extent—his imagination and his senses seem to be placed entirely under the control of the experimenter. Standing before a large audience, he is made to believe that he and the lecturer are alone in the room. He cannot recognize his own wife, who sits before him. He cannot step from the platform, which is about one foot higher than the floor. When informed that his limbs are too feeble to support him, he totters, and would fall if not held. Many of the experiments upon him, showing an extreme state of mental and physical prostration, are rather painful to witness, others are ludicrous; for instance, he is made to believe that he is out amid the snow in the depth of winter—he shivers with cold, buttons up his coat, beats the

floor with his feet, brushes away the imagined fast-falling flakes from his clothes, and almost imparts to the spectators a sympathetic feeling of cold by his wintry pantomime: then he is jocosely recommended not to stand thus shivering, but to make snow-balls, and pelt the lecturer. Heartily, and with apparent earnestness, he acts according to orders. Next, he is made to believe that the room has no roof. "You see the sky and the stars, sir?" "Yes." "And there, see, the moon is rising, very large and red, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "Very well: now you see this cord in my hand; we will throw it over the moon, and pull her down." He addresses himself to the task with perfect gravity, pulls heartily. "Down she comes, sir! down she comes!" says the experimenter: "Mind your head, sir!" and the deluded patient falls on the platform, as he imagines that the moon is coming down upon him.

These instances will be sufficient for our purpose. We have given them as fair average examples of many others. If any reader still supposes that these effects have all been mere acting and falsehood, we must leave that reader to see and examine for himself as we have done.* For other readers who admit *the facts* and want an explanation, we proceed to discuss the *modus operandi*.

In the first place, then, we assert that *there is no proof whatever* that these effects depend upon any electric influence: there is absolutely no evidence that the metallic disk, as an "electric" agent, has any connection with the results. On this point, we invite the lecturers and experimenters who maintain that electricity is the agent in their process, to test the truth of our assertion, as they may very easily. *Ceteris paribus*—all the other usual conditions being observed, such as silence, the fixed gaze, monotony of attention—let the galvanic disk be put aside, and in its place let a sixpence or a fourpenny-piece be employed, or indeed any similar small object

* We can corroborate the view taken by the writer of this article as to the reality of the effects produced on the persons submitting to the process, having seen many who are intimately known to us experimented on with success. The incredulity which still prevails on this subject in London, can only be attributed to the necessary rarity, in so large a town, of experiments performed on persons known to the observers.—*Ed. of Chambers's Ed. Jo.*

on which the eyes of the patient must remain fixed for the usual space of time, and we will promise that the experiments thus made shall be equally successful with those in which the so-called galvanic disk is employed. The phenomena are physiological and not electrical.

Our conviction is, that the results proceed entirely from *imagination acting with a peculiar condition of the brain*, and that this peculiarly passive and impressible condition of the brain is induced by the *fixed gaze* upon the disk. These are the only agencies which we believe to be necessary in order to give us an explanation of the phenomena in question. In saying so, however, we are aware that such data will seem to some inquirers insufficient to account for the effects we have described. It may be said: "We know that imagination sometimes produces singular results, but can hardly see how it explains the facts stated." We have only to request that such inquirers, before they throw aside our explanation, will give attention to a few remarks on the power of imagination in certain conditions. We propose: 1. To give some suggestions on this point; 2. To notice the relations of imagination with reason; 3. To inquire how far the physical means employed—the fixed gaze on the disk—may be sufficient to affect the mental organ, the brain, so as to alter its normal condition.

1. Our usual mode of speaking of imagination, is to treat it as the opposite of all reality. When we say, "That was merely an imagination," we dismiss the topic as not worthy of another thought. For all ordinary purposes, this mode of speaking is correct enough; but let us ask, Why is imagination so weak?—why are its suggestions so evanescent? Simply because it is under the control of reason. But if the action of reason could be suspended, we should then see how great, and even formidable, is the imaginative power. It is the most untiring of all our mental faculties, refusing to be put to rest even during sleep: it can alter the influence of all external agents—for example, can either assist or prevent the effects of medicine—can make the world a prison-house to one man, and a paradise to another—can turn dwarfs into giants, and make various other metamorphoses more wonderful than any described by Ovid; nay, these are all insufficient examples of its

power when left without control; for it can produce either health, or disease, or death!

To give a familiar instance of the control under which it is generally compelled to act: You are walking home in the nighttime, and some withered and broken old tree assumes, for a moment, the appearance of a giant about to make an attack upon you with an enormous club. You walk forward to confront the monster with perfect coolness. Why? Not because you are a Mr. Greatheart, accustomed to deal with giants, but because, in fact, the illusion does not keep possession of your mind even for a moment. Imagination merely suggests the false image; but memory and reason, with a rapidity of action which cannot be described, instantly correct the mistake, and tell you it is only the old elm-tree; so that here, and in a thousand similar instances, there is really no sufficient time allowed for any display of the power of imagination.

A tale is told—we cannot say on what authority—which, whether it be a fact or a fiction, is natural, and may serve very well to show what would be the effect of imagination if reason did not interfere. It is said that the companions of a young man, who was very "wild," had foolishly resolved to try to frighten him into better conduct. For this purpose, one of the party was arrayed in a white sheet, with a lighted lantern carried under it, and was to visit the young man a little after midnight, and address to him a solemn warning. The business, however, was rather dangerous, as the subject of this experiment generally slept with loaded pistols near him. Previously to the time fixed for the apparition, the bullets were abstracted from these weapons, leaving them charged only with gunpowder. When the specter stalked into the chamber, the youth instantly suspected a trick, and, presenting one of the pistols, said: "Take care of yourself; if you do not walk off, I shall fire!" Still stood the goblin, staring fixedly on the angry man. He fired; and when he saw the object still standing—when he believed that the bullet had innocuously passed through it; in other words, as soon as reason failed to explain it and imagination prevailed—he fell back upon his pillow in extreme terror.

2. The point upon which we would insist is that, in the normal condition of the

mind and the body, the power of imagination is so governed, that a display of the effect it produces while under the control of reason, can give us but a feeble notion of what its power might be in other circumstances. To make this plain, we add a few suggestions respecting the nature and extent of the control exercised by reason over imagination: and we shall next proceed to show, that *the activity of reason is dependent upon certain physical conditions.*

We shall say nothing of a metaphysical nature respecting reason, but shall simply point to two important facts connected with its exercise. The *first*—that it suspends or greatly modifies the action of other powers—has already been noticed in our remarks on imagination; but we must state it here in more distinct terms. We especially wish the reader to understand how wide and important is the meaning of the terms "control" and "overrule" as we use them when we say that "reason controls, or overrules, imagination." When we say that, in nature, the laws which regulate one stage of existence *overrule* the laws of another and a lower stage, we do not intend to say that the latter are annulled, but that they are so controlled and modified in their course of action, that they can no longer produce the effects which would take place if they were left free from such control. A few examples will make our meaning plain. Let us contrast the operations of chemistry with those of mechanism. In the latter, substances act upon each other simply by pressure, motion, friction, &c.; but in chemistry, affinities and combinations come into play, producing results far beyond any that are seen in mechanics. On mechanical principles, the trituration of two substances about equal in hardness should simply reduce them to powder; but in chemistry, it may produce a gaseous explosion. Again, vegetable life overrules chemistry: the leaves, twigs, and branches of a tree, if left without life, would, when exposed to the agencies of air, light, heat, and moisture, be partly reduced to dust and partly diffused as gas in the atmosphere. It is the vegetative life of the tree which controls both the mechanical and the chemical powers of wind, rain, heat, and gravitation; and it is not until the life is extinct that these inferior powers come into full play upon the tree. So, again, the animal func-

tions control chemical laws—take digestion, for example: a vegetable cut up by the root and exposed to the air, passes through a course of chemical decomposition, and is finally converted into gas; but when an animal consumes a vegetable, it is not decomposed according to the chemical laws, but is digested, becomes chyle, and is assimilated to the body of the animal. It is obvious that animal life controls mechanical laws. Thus, the friction of two inert substances wears one of them away—the soft yields to the hard; but, on the contrary, the hand of the laborer who wields the spade or the pickaxe becomes thicker and harder by friction.

The bearing of these remarks upon our present point will soon be obvious: we multiply examples, in order to show in what an important sense we use the word *control*, with regard to the relation of reason with imagination. As we have seen, chemistry overrules the mechanical laws; vegetation suspends the laws of chemistry; a superior department of animal life controls influences which are laws in a lower department; again, mind controls the effects of physical influences; and, lastly, one power of the mind controls, and in a great measure suspends, the natural activity of another power—*reason controls imagination.* A second fact with regard to the action of reason must be noticed—that it *requires a wakeful condition of the brain.* Some may suppose that they have reasoned very well during sleep; but we suspect that, if they could recollect their syllogisms, they would find them not much better than Mickle's poetry composed during sleep. Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, sometimes expressed his regret that he could not remember the poetry which he improvised in his dreams, for he had a vague impression that it was very beautiful. "Well," said his wife, "I can at least give you two lines, which I heard you muttering over during one of your poetic dreams. Here they are:—

'By Heaven! I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose!'"

If we required proof that the operation of reason demands a wakeful and active condition of the brain, we might find it in the fact, that all intellectual efforts which imply sound reasoning are prevented even by a partial sleepiness or dreaminess. A light novel may be read and enjoyed while

the mind is in an indolent and dreamy state; music may be enjoyed, or even composed, in the same circumstances, because it is connected rather with the imaginative than with the logical faculty; but, not to mention any higher efforts, we cannot play a game of chess well unless we are "wide awake."

Now we come to our point:—Supposing that, by any means, the brain can be deprived of that wakefulness and activity which is required for a free exercise of the reasoning powers, then what would be the effect on the imagination? For an answer to this query, we shall not refer to the phenomena of natural sleep and dreaming, because it is evident that the subjects of the experiments we have to explain are not in a state of natural sleep; we shall rather refer to the condition of the brain during what we may call "doziness," and also to the effects sometimes produced by disease on the imagination and the senses.

We all know that in a state of "doziness," any accidental or ridiculous image which happens to suggest itself, will remain in the mind much longer than in a wakeful condition. A few slight, shapeless marks on the ceiling will assume the form of a face or a full-length figure; and strange physiognomies will be found among the flowers on the bed-curtains. In the impressible and passive state of the brain left by any illness which produces nervous exhaustion, such imaginations often become very troublesome. Impressions made on the brain sometime ago, will now reappear. Jean Paul Richter cautions us not to tell frightful stories to children, for this reason—that, though the "horrible fancies" may all be soon forgotten by the healthful child, yet afterward, when some disease—a fever, for instance—has affected the brain and the nerves, all the dismissed goblins may too vividly reproduce themselves. Our experience can confirm the observation. Some years ago we went to a circus, where, during the equestrian performances, some trivial popular airs were played on brass instruments—cornets and trombones—dismally out of tune. Now, by long practice, we have acquired the art of utterly turning our attention away from bad music, so that it annoys us no more than the rumble of wheels in Fleet-street. We exercised this voluntary deafness on the occasion.

But not long afterward, we were compelled, during an attack of disease which affected the nervous system, to hear the whole discordant performance repeated again and again, with a pertinacity which was really very distressing. Such a case prepares us to give credit to a far more remarkable story, related in one of the works of Macnish. A clergyman, we are told, who was a skillful violinist, and frequently played over some favorite *solo* or *concerto*, was obliged to desist from practice on account of the dangerous illness of his servant-maid—if we remember truly, phrenitis was the disease. Of course, the violin was laid aside; but one day, the medical attendant, on going toward the chamber of his patient, was surprised to hear the violin-solo performed in rather subdued tones. On examination, it was found that the girl, under the excitement of disease, had imitated the brilliant divisions and rapid passages of the music which had impressed her imagination during health! We might multiply instances of the singular effects of peculiar conditions of the brain upon the imaginative faculty. For one case we can give our personal testimony. A young man, naturally imaginative, but by no means of weak mind or credulous or superstitious, saw, even in broad daylight, specters or apparitions of persons far distant. After being accustomed to these visits, he regarded them without any fear, except on account of the derangement of health which they indicated. These visions were banished by a course of medical treatment. In men of great imaginative power, with whom reason is by no means deficient, phenomena sometimes occur almost as vivid as those of disease in other persons. Wordsworth, speaking of the impressions derived from certain external objects, says:

—"on the mind
They lay like images, and seemed almost
To haunt the bodily sense!"

Again, in his verses recording his impression of the beauty of a bed of daffodils, he says:

"And oft, when on my couch I lie, [dozing?]
They flash before that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

These words are nothing more, we believe, than a simple and unexaggerated statement of a mental phenomenon.

Enough has now been said to show,

that in a certain condition of the brain, when it is deprived of the wakefulness and activity necessary for the free use of reason, the effects of imagination may far exceed any that are displayed during a normal, waking state of the intellectual faculties. The question now remains: Are the means employed by the professors of electro-biology sufficient to produce that peculiar condition to which we refer? We believe that they are; and shall proceed to give reasons for such belief.

3. What are these means? or rather let us ask: "Amid the various means employed, which is the real agent?" We observe that, in the different processes by which—under the names of electro-biology or mesmerism—a peculiar cerebral condition is induced, such means as the following are employed:—Fixed attention on one object—it may be a metallic disk said to have galvanic power, or a sixpence, or a cork; silence and a motionless state of the body are favorable to the intended result; monotonous movements by the experimenter, called "passes," may be used or not. The process may be interrupted by frequent winking, to relieve the eyes; by studying over some question or problem; or, if the patient is musical, by going through various pieces of music in his imagination; by anything, indeed, which tends to keep the mind wakeful. Now, when we find among the various means *one* invariably present, in some form or another—*monotony of attention producing a partial exhaustion of the nervous energy*—we have reason to believe that *this* is the real agent.

But how can the "fixed gaze upon the disk" affect reason? Certainly, it does not immediately affect reason; but through the nerves of the eye it very powerfully operates on the organ of reason, *the brain*, and induces an impressive, passive, and somnolent condition.

Such a process as the "fixed gaze on a small disk for about the space of a quarter of an hour," must not be dismissed as a trifle. It is opposed to the natural wakeful action of the brain and the eye. Let it be observed that, in waking hours, the eye is continually in play, relieving itself, and guarding against weariness and exhaustion by unnumbered changes of direction. This is the case even during such an apparently monotonous use of the eye as we find in reading. As sleep ap-

proaches, the eye is turned upward, as we find it also in some cases of disease—hysteria, for example; and it should be noticed, that this position of the eye is naturally connected with a somnolent and dreaming condition of the brain. In several of the subjects of the so-called electro-biological experiments, we observed that the eyes were partially turned upward. It is curious to notice that this mode of acting on the brain is of very ancient date, at least among the Hindoos. In their old poem, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, it is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, alms-giving, attendance at temples, &c.; for the god Crishna, admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, says: "*But he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kindred, himself, and all created things—he attains perfection.*" Not having at hand any version of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, we cannot now give an exact translation of the passage; but we are quite sure that it recommends a state of stupefaction of the brain, induced by a long-continued fixed gaze upon one object.

We have now stated, 1. That such an act of long-fixed attention upon one object, has a very remarkable effect on the brain; 2. That in the cerebral condition thus induced, the mental powers are not free to maintain their normal relations to each other; especially, will, comparison, and judgment, appear to lose their requisite power and promptitude of action, and are thus made liable to be overruled by the suggestions of imagination or the commands of the experimenter.

To this explanation we can only add, that all who doubt it may easily put it to an experimental test. If it is thought that the mere "fixed gaze," without electric or galvanic agency, is not sufficient to produce the phenomena in question, then the only way of determining our dispute must be by fair experiment. But here we would add a word of serious caution, as we regard the process as decidedly dangerous, especially if frequently repeated on one subject.

To conclude: we regard the exhibitions now so common under the name of electro-biology as delusions, so far as they are understood to have any connection with the facts of electricity: so far as they are *real*, we regard them as very remarkable

instances of a mode of acting on the brain which is, we believe, likely to prove injurious. As we have no motive in writing but simply to elicit the truth, we will briefly notice two difficulties which seem to attend our theory. These are—

1. The *rapid transition* from the state of illusion to an apparently wakeful and normal condition of mind. The patient who has been making snow-balls in a warm room, and has pulled the moon down, comes from the platform, recognizes his friends, and can laugh at the visions which to him seemed realities but a few minutes since. 2. The *apparently slight effects* left, in some cases, after the experiments. Among the subjects whom we have questioned on this point, one felt "rather dizzy" all the next day after submitting to the process; another felt "a pressure on the head;" but a third, who was one of the most successful cases, felt "no effects whatever" afterward; while a fourth thinks he derived "some benefit" to his health from the operation. We leave these points for further inquiry.

THE WESLEYS AND WHITEFIELD.

THE condition of the dissenting Churches in the early part of the seventeenth century was in some respects widely different from that of the Establishment. The double burdens which their members bore for the support of religious institutions, and their numerous civil disabilities, were a guaranty for their sincerity and devotedness. To the names of Watts, Doddridge, and Lardner, we might add many more of unsurpassed fidelity and excellence in their respective spheres of duty, whose virtues gave luster to their age, and whose writings will instruct and edify generations yet to come. But the line of separation was then sharply drawn. The walls of the Established Church were impervious to light from beyond its pale. Dissenters might occupy a respectable, but not a commanding, social position. Excluded from the universities and from all official posts beyond their own congregations, they exerted an influence immeasurably below their merits, and their truly illustrious men were much less known and honored in their lifetime than they are now. The missionary spirit had not been awakened among them, and the quiet occupancy of their own posts filled

up their measure, and satisfied their standard, of duty.

Meanwhile, there were on English soil growing multitudes, for whose religious needs no provision was made, and who were the subjects of no clerical ministration whatever, except in the articles of baptism, marriage, and burial. The Church was in substantially the same condition in which parliamentary representation was before the passage of the Reform Bill. Parishes retained the territorial limits of much earlier times, while population had dwindled away in some localities and had rapidly increased in others. Thus a hamlet of a dozen souls might have its well-served curacy, while the incumbent of St. Giles had parishioners enough to people a brace of German principalities. The collieries, the dock-yards, the poorer neighborhoods in cities, persons engaged in coastwise navigation, and the dwellers in the purlieus of wharves and warehouses, were, for the most part, in a condition of virtual heathenism. Bible societies had not been thought of, cheap reading for the millions was a later invention, and the ability to read was not frequent enough among the less privileged classes to enable them to profit largely by the printed page. There was no system in operation for the general diffusion of intellectual light, moral culture, or religious sentiment.

It was under these circumstances that Methodism had its birth. John Wesley, its founder, seems to have enjoyed the best possible providential training for his mission. His father, though the son and grandson of ejected ministers, held a distinguished place among the clergy of the Established Church, and was devotedly and somewhat bigotedly attached to its institutions and its worship. His mother was the daughter of an eminent non-conformist divine, and, though outwardly reconciled to the Church by her marriage, retained through life her strong sympathies with dissent, and her independence of prescribed and conventional modes of religious action. During her husband's frequent absences, she held religious meetings at her own house on Sunday afternoons, notwithstanding his strong disapprobation and earnest remonstrances. The son inherited from one parent his life-long dread of separation from the Establishment, from the other the religious zeal which could not brook the strait-lacing

of canonical forms, places, and seasons. At six years of age, John was almost miraculously rescued from the conflagration of his father's house,—an event which, in after life, impressed him with a strong sense of his peculiar mission and destiny, and was commemorated by himself in one of his engraved portraits, which had a burning-house for its background, with the motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?" While he was at school, there occurred at his father's house a series of unaccountable and reputedly supernatural disturbances, probably the result of mischievous contrivance on the part of some of the servants or neighbors, yet adapted to awaken in the mind of a sensitive boy a profound feeling of the reality and nearness of the spiritual world.

At Oxford, Wesley, as an undergraduate, was a youth of pure morals and of unblemished sobriety of deportment; but when the time for the choice of a profession drew nigh, he was not sufficiently assured of his own religious state to contemplate the ordination vows without conscientious scruples as to his fitness to take them. The treatise *De Imitatione Christi* and Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, about this time, led him into regions of more intimate religious experience, and rendered essential aid in his preparation of heart for the sacred office. Shortly after his ordination, he was elected to a Fellowship; and when he returned to Oxford to discharge its duties, he found his brother Charles a member of a religious society among the students, which had received, partly in derision, and partly on account of the methodical and somewhat ascetic life of its members, the *sobriquet* of Methodists. Of this circle John became the leader. The influences derived from these associates were adapted to strengthen and deepen the devotional element in his character, but at the same time to alienate his sympathies from the world at large, and to shut them up within a sort of close corporation of rigid pietists. Yet this period of his life must have been invaluable as a season of spiritual nurture for his subsequent labors. In after years he was too busy and care-cumbered for prolonged retirement or contemplation, and a superficial piety would have been exhaled in the incessant and monotonous routine of journeying, correspondence,

financial administration, and extemporaneous preaching. This interval, consecrated to devout introspection, religious communion, and the passive luxury of meditation and prayer, rendered his inward life so rich, full, and fervent, that he never afterward sank into the perfunctory discharge of the clerical office, but retained, to the day of his death, the freshness of his zeal and the warm glow of a heart in constant intercourse with heaven.

At this period, he shrank from the active duties of his profession, and declined a curacy under his father, with the prospect of succession to his living, on the ground that his own personal salvation would be endangered by intercourse with miscellaneous society. He, however, suddenly adopted the resolution of going to the then newly-planted colony of Georgia, as a chaplain and missionary. On his passage he became deeply interested in a party of Moravian fellow-passengers, united with them in their daily religious services, imbibed much of their social and loving spirit, and learned from them that the active service of man was the true post of loyalty to God. On his arrival at Savannah, he entered upon a course of ministerial and pastoral duty, in which we discern the first distinct foreshadowing of what he afterward became. With punctilious adherence to the rubric of the Church, even where custom had modified it, he connected many extra-ecclesiastical observances and practices. He established a regular system of parochial visitation, and instituted a series of social meetings, not unlike the more recent Methodist class-meetings. He preached earnestly against luxury in apparel, and was himself an example of the severest self-denial in things innocent, as well as in matters of doubtful expediency. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him, pursued a not dissimilar course at Frederica, only with a wilder zeal and less discretion. Such close and merciless censors of manners and morals, such purists of the inmost initiation, were ill adapted to the lax notions and easy habits of a new colony. They encountered serious embarrassment and opposition, and probably never gave so much gratification to the governor and to the major part of his subjects, as when they severally reëmbarked for England.

Meanwhile, Whitefield had commenced drawing multitudes to listen to him in

Bristol and London. His life-long and unbounded popularity is a mystery, which has never been fully solved. His printed sermons are meager, vapid, and many degrees below mediocrity. His endowments as a pulpit-orator were indeed great, but by no means unique. Yet he could command at once the reverence of the loftiest, and the control of the humblest minds; the hearty admiration of brilliant and accomplished scoffers and infidels, and the rapt attention of the coarsest and most ignorant. We have repeatedly conversed with old people who had heard him preach in their youth; and their uniform testimony has been, that his sermons and their delivery had no one remarkable characteristic exclusively their own, and yet that no eloquence could equal his in its simultaneous influence over persons of every age, condition, and culture. We are disposed to ascribe his power, first, to his intense and vivid realization of the truths of religion as ever-present elements of his own experience, and, secondly, to the fact that in every sermon he arraigned his hearers before the tribunal of the omniscient Judge, and dwelt solely on the relation in which they stood to God, as guilty, accountable, death-bound, and immortal beings. His active religious consciousness imparted that indescribable glow of countenance and manner, which wrought even upon the deaf, and those beyond the sound of his voice, with hardly less power than upon those within reach of his words; while his uniform habit of direct appeal to his hearers, as resting either beneath the condemning sentence or the complacent regard of the Almighty, forced home upon every soul the question which no human being can ever put to himself without the concentration of his whole moral nature upon the answer: "How stand I at this moment in the eye of the omnipresent God?"

Whitefield had just left London when John Wesley arrived there on his return from Georgia. Whitefield had no administrative talent, and was effective solely as an awakening preacher. Wesley was a *methodist* by nature, had a genius for system, and attached little value to sporadic and unorganized effort. He at once gathered the new converts into bands or classes, with rules for mutual vigilance and helpfulness in the spiritual life, and with definite forms for the introduction, training, testing, and final reception of

catechumens. The society embraced at the outset only between forty and fifty persons; but its constitution involved the very same principles which are now embodied in the great Methodist hierarchy on both sides of the Atlantic. The *class* is the integral element, the paradigm of Methodism. The classes are the integers of the congregation, the congregations of the local conference, the local conferences of the general conference; and at every stage the typical form is repeated, the official heads or representatives of each lower class constituting the members or laity of the next higher. Our limits will not permit us to follow Wesley through the details of a period of active service seldom equaled in duration, and entirely unparalleled in extent, in laboriousness, and in vigor of body and mind unimpaired, till he had completed the full cycle of four-score years.

Second, and hardly second, to John, stands Charles Wesley, in the annals of Methodism. Among rude and unlettered people, the soul is reached mainly by impressions upon the organs of sense, and in no way so effectually as through music. Every popular movement in social reform, political regeneration, or religious revival, has had its own canon of poetical inspiration and its own peculiar type of lyrical melody. Hans Sachs merits a foremost place among the Reformers of the sixteenth century; and Popery might have still been the *Paganism* of many a village and hamlet in now Protestant Germany, had not the minstrel cordwainer flooded the land with anti-Romish songs and ballads. Among the English poets of the sanctuary, it is almost a mockery to name Tate and Brady; for in the days of the Wesleys, the singing of their psalms merely filled up the robe-changing interval in the service of the Church, while all the musical power and the religious impression of the orchestra were concentrated in those majestic chants and anthems, the introduction of which into the worship of Dissenters has transferred new life into their too tame and barren devotional forms. Watts and Doddridge were unsurpassed in their peculiar vein; but their hymns were best adapted to the quiescent condition of the religious communities to which they belonged. They represented the statics of piety. Methodism demanded a psalmody

which should embody its dynamic forces. This desideratum Charles Wesley supplied. With a rhythmical ear, a clarified taste, and a tender sympathy with every phasis and transition of spiritual experience, an emotional nature always profoundly moved, an intimate conversance with the Scriptures, and a lyrico-dramatic power of elaborating all their materials, whether of history, doctrine, precept, or prophecy, he became the life and soul of the new movement. In their metrical form, in their musical cadence and mellifluous flow, his hymns occupy the first place, and an almost solitary eminence in the English language. They can hardly be read unmusically, and almost sing themselves. Then, too, it has been well said of them, that they are not written on abstract subjects, such as faith, humility, resignation, but always represent the religious life in some one of its concrete states or movements, so that each might be assumed as a leaf of autobiography. But we can do them more ample justice by the following paragraphs from Mr. Taylor:—

"Ought not then the disposing hand of God to be acknowledged in this instance, remarkable as it is, that, when myriads of uncultured and lately ferocious spirits were to be reclaimed, a gift of song, such as that of Charles Wesley, should have been conferred upon one of the company employed in this work? To estimate duly what was the influence of this rare gift, and to measure its importance, one should be able to recall scenes and times gone by, when Methodism was much nearer to its source than now it is, and when 'Hymn 147, page 145,' announced by the preacher in a tone curiously blending the perfunctory with the animated,

'O love divine, how sweet thou art!'

woke up all ears, eyes, hearts, and voices, in a crowded chapel. It was, indeed, a spectacle worth the gazing upon! It was a service well to have joined in (once and again) when words of such power, flowing in rich cadence, and conveying, with an intensity of emphasis, the loftiest, the deepest, and the most tender emotions of the divine life, were taken up feelingly by an assembly of men and women, to whom, very lately, whatever was not of the 'earth—earthly' had neither charm nor meaning.

"Rugged forms were those that filled the benches on the one hand; nor were they the fairest in the world that were ranged on the other; but there was soul in the erect posture when the congregation rose to sing, as well as in the glistening eye; and it was a cordial animation that gave compass to the voices of these, the ransomed of Methodism. Perhaps it was a little more than a particle of meaning that some gathered from the hymn. But to the hearts of many, its deepest sense—the poet's own sense of the words—was quite intelligible, and was intimately relished. Who could doubt

it, that had an eye to read the heart in the beaming countenances around him? Thus it was that Charles Wesley, richly gifted as he was with graces, genius and talents, drew souls—thousands of souls—in his wake, from Sunday to Sunday, and he so drew them onward from earth to heaven by the charm of sacred verse!

"It may be affirmed that there is no principal element of Christianity, no main article of belief, as professed by Protestant Churches—that there is no moral or ethical sentiment, peculiarly characteristic of the gospel—no height or depth of feeling, proper to the spiritual life, that does not find itself emphatically, and pointedly, and clearly conveyed in some stanza of Charles Wesley's hymns. These compositions embody the theory, and the practice, and the theopathy of the Christian system; and they do so with extremely little admixture of what ought to be regarded as questionable, or that is not warranted by some evidence of Scripture. What we have here before us is a metrical liturgy; and by the combination of rhythm, rhyme, and music, it effectively secures to the mass of worshipers much of the benefit of liturgical worship. Such a liturgy, thus performed by animated congregations, melted itself into the very soul of the people, and was perhaps that part of the hour's service which, more than any other, produced what, to borrow a phrase, we might call *digestive assimilation*. It would secure this, its beneficial effect, in molding the spirits of the people, by its iteration, by its emphatic style, and by aid of the pleasurable excitements of music."

THE MOUNTAINS OF PALESTINE.

PALESTINE surprises one unfamiliar with its features by its hilliness. Two ranges of mountains run through it from north to south, some of them exceedingly difficult of ascent, and frightful from their frequent precipices, but passed by the strongly-shod Syrian horse in perfect safety. These lofty and bold heights leave a grand impression. Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon tower sometimes eleven thousand feet above the sea, and wear their snow-caps, in spots, nearly all the year. Hermon is now termed the Sheikh's Mountain, and rises above the rest of the Lebanon range, reminding some travelers of Mont Blanc, but not seen so advantageously upon its own elevated plain. Tabor is a model of beauty; a truncated cone, with some ruins of crusaders' fortifications, and shrines of various ages, well wooded, and seemingly fertile; dividing the waters of the east from those that empty into the Mediterranean, it never fails to fill the traveler's eye. It is one thousand feet above the level of the country.—*Christian Examiner*.

WASHINGTON.

FACTS RESPECTING HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

A VOLUME has been published respecting the religious sentiments and character of Washington. A writer, in a late article in the *Boston Christian Witness*, reviews the subject briefly, giving, besides some well-known facts, further and very interesting evidence of the piety of that greatest of modern men. The writer says: "Numerous extracts illustrating this subject are brought together in Washington's Writings, vol. xii, pp. 401-485. See also in the same volume (p. 408) an interesting letter from Bishop White to the Rev. B. C. C. Parker, on the same subject. The House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, passed an order, May 24th, 1774, in reference to the act of Parliament for shutting up the port of Boston, that 'the first day of June should be set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatened destruction to their civil rights, and the evils of civil war.' On the day appointed, he writes in his diary: 'Went to church, and fasted all day,' thus conforming not only in spirit, but to the strict letter of the order. This diary was kept for many years with much particularity. A Sunday rarely occurs in which he did not attend church. If there was an omission, it was caused by the weather, or badness of the roads; the nearest church being seven miles from his residence. While attending Congress, he adhered to the same practice. For a full knowledge of his religious opinions and habits during the Revolution and afterward, and of the importance he attached to the principles and observances of religion, the reader is referred to his published writings. After an attentive perusal of them, no doubt can be left in any candid mind. To say that he was not a Christian, or at least that he did not believe himself to be a Christian, would be to impeach his sincerity and honesty. Of all men in the world, Washington was certainly the last whom any one would charge with dissimulation or indirectness; and, if he was so scrupulous in avoiding even a shadow of these faults in every known act of his life, however unimportant, is it likely, is it credible, that in a matter of the highest and most

serious importance he should practice, through a long series of years, a deliberate deception upon his friends and the public? It is neither credible nor possible. I shall here insert a letter on this subject, written to me by a lady who lived twenty years in Washington's family, and who was his adopted daughter, and the grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington. The testimony it affords, and the hints it contains respecting the domestic habits of Washington, are interesting and valuable:—

"WOODLAWN, February 26, 1833.

"SIR,—I received your favor of the 20th last evening, and hasten to give you the information which you desire. Truro Parish is the one in which Mount Vernon Pohick Church and Woodlawn are situated. Fairfax Parish is now Alexandria. Before the Federal District was ceded to Congress, Alexandria was in Fairfax County. General Washington had a pew in Pohick Church, and one in Christ Church at Alexandria. He was very instrumental in establishing Pohick Church, and I believe subscribed largely. His pew was near the pulpit. I have a perfect recollection of being there, before his election to the presidency, with him and my grandmother. It was a beautiful church, and had a large, respectable, and wealthy congregation, who were regular attendants. He attended the church at Alexandria when the weather and roads permitted, a distance of ten miles. In New-York and Philadelphia he never omitted attendance at church in the morning, unless detained by indisposition. The afternoon was spent in his own room at home; the evening with his family, and without company. Sometimes an old and intimate friend called to see us for an hour or two; but visiting and visitors were prohibited for that day. No one in church attended to the services with more reverential respect. My grandmother, who was eminently pious, never deviated from her early habits. She always knelt. The General, as was then the custom, stood during the devotional parts of the service. On communion Sundays, he left the church with me, after the blessing, and returned home. He sent the carriage back for my grandmother. It was his custom to retire to his library at nine or ten o'clock, where he remained an hour before he went to his chamber. He always rose before the sun, and remained in his library until called to breakfast. I never witnessed his private devotions. I never inquired about them. His life, his writings, prove that he was a Christian. My mother resided two years at Mount Vernon after her marriage with John P. Custis, the only son of Mrs. Washington. I have heard her say that General Washington always received the sacrament with my grandmother before the Revolution. When my aunt, Miss Custis, died suddenly at Mount Vernon, before they could realize the event, he knelt by her, and prayed most fervently, most affectingly, for her recovery. Of this I was assured by Judge Washington's mother, and other wit-

nesses. He was a silent, thoughtful man. He spoke little generally—never of himself. Grandmother was a model of female excellence. She never omitted her private devotions or her public duties; and she and her husband were so perfectly united and happy, that he must have been a Christian. She had no doubts, no fears for him. After forty years of devoted affection and uninterrupted happiness, she resigned him without a murmur into the arms of his Saviour and his God, with the assured hope of his eternal felicity. With sentiments of esteem, I am, &c.

"It seems proper to subjoin to this letter what was told to me by Mr. Robert Lewis, at Fredericksburg, in the year 1829. Being a nephew of Washington, and his private secretary during the first part of his presidency, Mr. Lewis lived with him on terms of intimacy, and had the best opportunity of observing his habits. Mr. Lewis said he had accidentally witnessed his private devotions in his library, both morning and evening; that on those occasions he had seen him in a kneeling posture with a Bible open before him, and that he believed such to have been his daily practice. Mr. Lewis is since dead, but he was a gentleman esteemed for his private worth and respectability. The circumstance of his withdrawing himself from the communion service, at a certain period of his life, has been remarked as singular. Whatever his motives may have been, it does not appear that they were ever explained. It is probable that, after he took command of the army, finding his thoughts and attention necessarily engrossed by the business that devolved on him, in which frequently little distinction could be observed between Sunday and other days, he may have believed it improper publicly to partake of an ordinance which, according to the ideas he entertained of it, imposed severe restrictions on outward conduct, and a sacred pledge to perform duties impracticable in his situation. Such an impression would be natural to a serious mind; and, although it might be founded on erroneous views of the nature of the ordinance, it would not have the less weight with a man of delicate conscience and habitual reverence for religion. There is proof, however, that, on one occasion at least, during the war, he partook of the communion; but this was at a season when the army was in camp, and the activity of business was in some degree suspended. An anecdote contained in Dr. Hosack's *Life of De*

Witt Clinton, and related in the words of the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, who communicated it to the author, establishes this fact. I have the following, says Dr. Cox, from unquestionable authority. It has never, I think, been given to the public; but I received it from a venerable clergyman, who had it from the lips of Rev. Dr. Jones himself. To all Christians, and to all Americans, it cannot fail to be acceptable. While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped at Morristown, N. J., it occurred that the service of the communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian church of that village. In the morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of Dr. Jones, then pastor of the church, and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination?' The Doctor rejoined: 'Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatsoever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it; I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

HOME.—Love watches over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of the aged, over the welfare and comfort of each and all; to be happy, man retires from the outdoor world home. In the household circle, the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed finds rest, the joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say that they go home. Their longing for heaven is to them a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal happiness under the picture of a home, a father's house. Does not this tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of heaven, and a foretaste of that higher home?

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

AN increase of its *spiritual life*, and a reform of its *sectarianism*, are required of the Church by these times, we have said. Another improvement more minute, and, if less important, yet urgently desirable, may be suggested; a reform in that peculiar style of religious expression—common to the pulpit, to the conversation and to the literature of religion—which gives origin to, if it does not justify, the reproach of *cant* so often charged against evangelical Christians, especially in the light literature of the day.

As bigotry is, to most minds, the most repulsive feature which can deform religion, cant, by a trait of weakness or whimsicalness, which seems inseparable from it, is the occasion of a species of scorn which, from its very levity, becomes the more fatally satirical and influential. Not only does the habitual scoffer avail himself of this petty foible, but the mass of irreligious, yet respectful men, feel more than they express its pernicious influence. Its absurdities of pretension and language float about under the form of piquant quotations, in the casual conversations of such men on religious subjects, and not unfrequently associate themselves detractingly with their deepest impressions of religious truth. On more select minds, from whose superior powers we have the right to demand a better discrimination between essential religion and the adventitious defects which arise from the weakness of its followers, this evil is not without its influence; and John Foster, in his superb essay "On the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered unacceptable to persons of cultivated taste" devotes two of his longest and ablest chapters to the subject.

As every science must have its peculiar language, its technology—theology, as a science, must also be allowed its appropriate vocabulary. It is not against this that we would speak, but against that general style of expression on religious subjects, which is popularly current, and by which religious topics of even the most popular kind are placed without the limits of the direct, simple, and natural treatment that the popular mind usually gives to all other subjects of importance. If this peculiarity gave to religious subjects peculiar rever-

ence or dignity, it would be more defensible; but, on the contrary, it detracts from them; it is characterized, as we have said, by weakness and whimsicalness, and brings upon religion a species of reproach, which, though logically insignificant, is practically powerful. The subject is not without its delicacy; we are therefore happy, in referring to it here, to avail ourselves of Foster's sensible views upon it. He thus describes it:—"I suppose it will be instantly allowed that the mode of expression of the greater number of evangelical divines, and of those taught by them, is widely different from the standard of general language, not only by the necessary adoption of some peculiar terms, but by a continued and systematic cast of phraseology; inasmuch that in reading or hearing five or six sentences of an evangelical discourse, you ascertain the school by the mere turn of expression, independently of any attention to the quality of the ideas. If, in order to try what those ideas would appear in an altered form of words, you attempted to reduce a paragraph to the language employed by intellectual men in speaking or writing well on general subjects, you would find it must be absolutely a version. You know how easily a vast mass of exemplification might be quoted; and the specimens would give the idea of an attempt to create, out of the general mass of the language, a dialect which should be intrinsically spiritual; and so exclusively appropriated to Christian doctrine as to be totally unserviceable for any other subject, and to become ludicrous when applied to it.* And this being extracted, like the Sabbath from the common course of time, the general range of diction is abandoned, with all its powers, diversities, and elegance, to secular subjects and the use of the profane. It is a kind of popery of language, vilifying everything not marked with the signs of the Holy Church, and forbidding any one to minister to religion except in consecrated speech.

"That there is a great and systematical alienation from the true classical diction,

* "This is so true, that it is no uncommon expedient with the would-be-wits to introduce some of the spiritual phrases, in speaking of anything which they wish to render ludicrous; and they are generally so far successful as to be rewarded by the laugh or the smile of the circle, who probably may never have had the good fortune of hearing wit, and have not the sense or conscience to care about religion."

is most palpably obvious: and I cannot help regarding it as an unfortunate circumstance. It gives the gospel too much the air of a professional thing, which must have its peculiar cast of phrases, for the mutual recognition of its proficient, in the same manner as other professions, arts, crafts, and mysteries have theirs. This is officiously placing the singularity of littleness to draw attention to the singularity of greatness, which in the very act it misrepresents and obscures. It is giving an uncouthness of mien to a beauty which should attract all hearts. It is teaching a provincial dialect to the rising instructor of a world. It is imposing the guise of a cramped formal ecclesiastic on what is destined for an universal monarch."

After insisting that the best style of religious language is that neutral vehicle of expression which is adapted indifferently to common serious subjects, he proceeds to describe more particularly the alleged defect. It has three distinctions: "The first is a peculiar way of using various common words. And this peculiarity consists partly in expressing ideas by such single words as do not simply and directly belong to them, instead of other single words which do simply and directly belong to them, and in general language are used to express them;* and partly in using such combinations of words as make uncouth phrases. Now what necessity? The answer is immediately obvious as to the former part of the description; there can be no need to use one common word in an affected and forced manner to convey an idea, which there is another common word at hand to express in the simplest and most usual manner. And then as to phrases, consisting of an uncouth combination of words which are common, and have no degree of technicality,—are they necessary? They are not absolutely necessary, unless each of these combinations conveys a thought of so exquisitely singular a turn, that no other conjunction of terms could have expressed it; which was never suggested by one mind to another till these three or four words, falling out of the general order of the language, gathered into a peculiar phrase; which cannot be expressed in the language of another coun-

try that has not a corresponding idiom; and which will vanish from the world if ever this phrase shall be forgotten. But these combinations of words have no such pretensions. When you obtain their meaning, you may well wonder why a peculiar apparatus of phrases should have been constructed, to bring and retain such an element of thought within the sphere of your understanding. And it would be found that these phrases, as it is within our familiar experience that all phrases consisting of only common words, and having no relation to art or science, can be exchanged for several different combinations of words, without materially altering the thought or lengthening the expression."

The second part of this dialect he describes as consisting, "not in a peculiar mode of using common words, but in a class of words peculiar in themselves, as being seldom used except by divines, but of which the meaning can be expressed, without definition or circumlocution, by other single terms which are in general use. For example, edification, tribulation, blessedness, godliness, righteousness, carnality, lusts, (a term peculiar and theological only in the plural,) could be exchanged for parallel terms too obvious to need mentioning."

The third distinction of this religious dialect consists, he remarks, "in words almost peculiar to the language of divines, and for which equivalent terms *cannot* be found, except in the form of definition or circumlocution. Sanctification, regeneration, grace, covenant, salvation, and a few more, may be assigned to this class. These may be called, in a qualified sense, the technical terms of evangelical religion. Now, separately from any religious considerations, it is plainly necessary, in a literary view, that all those terms that express a modification of thought which there are no other words competent to express without great circumlocution, should be retained. But, the definitions of some of these Christian terms are not absolutely unquestionable. The words have assumed the specific formality of technical terms without having completely the quality and value of such terms. A certain laxity in their sense renders them of far less use in their department, than the terms of science, especially of mathematical science, are in theirs. Technical terms have been

* As, for instance, *walk* and *conversation*, instead of *conduct*, *actions*, or *deportment*; *flesh*, instead of, sometimes *body*, sometimes *natural inclination*."

the lights of science, but, in many instances, the shades of religion. What I would infer from these observations is, that a Christian writer or speaker will occasionally do well, instead of using the peculiar term, to express at length in other words, at the expense of much circumlocution, that idea which he would have wished to convey if he had used that peculiar term."

After discussing quite elaborately these topics, he concludes, that "such common words as have acquired an affected cast in theological use, might give place to the other common words which express the ideas in a plain and unaffected manner; and the phrases formed of common words uncouthly combined, may be swept away. Many peculiar and antique words might be exchanged for other single words, of equivalent signification, and in general use. And the small number of peculiar terms acknowledged and established as of permanent use and necessity, might, even separately from the consideration of modifying the diction, be often, with advantage to the explicit declaration and clear comprehension of Christian truth, made to give place to a fuller expression, in a number of common words, of those ideas of which these peculiar terms are the single signs."

Such an improvement, he contends, would bring the language of religion nearly "to the classical standard. If evangelical sentiments could be faithfully presented, in an order of words of which so small a part should be of specific cast, they could be presented in what should be substantially the diction of Addison or Pope. And if even Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Hume, could have become Christians by some mighty and sudden efficacy of conviction, and had determined to write thenceforth in the spirit of the Apostles, they would have found, if these observations be correct, no radical change necessary in the consistence of their language. An enlightened believer in Christianity might have been sorry, if, in such a case, he had seen any of them superstitiously laboring to acquire all the phrases of a school, instead of applying at once to its new vocation a diction fitted for the vehicle of universal thought. Are not *they* yet sufficient masters of language, it might have been asked with surprise, to express all their thoughts with the utmost preci-

sion? As their language had been found sufficiently specific to injure the gospel, it would have been strange if it had been too general to serve it. The required alteration would probably have been little more than to introduce familiarly the obvious denominations of the Christian topics and objects, such as, redemption, heaven, mediator, Christ, Redeemer, with the others of a similar kind, and a very few of those almost technical words which I have admitted to be indispensable."

Foster urges the reform of this defect by many strong reasons. One is, the consideration of the unfavorable impression made by the dialect described on persons of cultivated taste. Another is, that religious topics could be more readily and familiarly mingled with social converse, and all the ordinary subjects of human attention. "A peculiar phraseology," he remarks, "is the direct contrary of such facility, as it gives to what is already by its own nature eminently distinguished from common subjects, an *artificial* strangeness, which makes it difficult for discourse to slide into it, and revert to it and from it, without a formal and uncouth transition." He argues further, that evangelical sentiments would be less liable to the charge of fanaticism, if their expression were less contrasted with that of other subjects; the imputation of fanaticism being almost always founded more upon the style of expression than upon the substance of such sentiments. Hypocrisy, also, which finds its most available artifice in the language of religion, would be deprived of this assistance.

The alleged Scriptural origin of this peculiar phraseology is not allowed by Foster to be an apology for it. It is not Scriptural *quotation* that he condemns; this is usually and highly ornamental, as passages from our old classical authors are in modern compositions; but the Biblical cast of this style is commonly only a *resemblance*, often vague, and generally destitute of the true significance, or pertinent adaptedness of Scriptural sentences. "Though some of the phrases," he says, "are precisely phrases from the Bible, yet most of them are phrases a little modified from the form in which they occur in the sacred book, by changing or adding words, by compounding two phrases into one, and by fitting the rest of the language to the Biblical phrases

by an imitative antique construction. In this manner the Scriptural expressions, instead of appearing as distinguished points on a common ground, as gems advantageously set in an inferior substance, are reduced to become an ordinary and desecrated ingredient in an uncouth phraseology." "We may be allowed," he adds, "to doubt how far such language can be venerable, after considering that it gives not the smallest assurance of striking or elevated thought, since in fact a vast quantity of most inferior writing has appeared in this kind of diction; that it is not *now* actually drawn from the sacred fountains; that the incessant repetition of its phrases in every kind of religious exercise and performance has worn out any solemnity it might ever have had; and that it is the very usual concomitant and sign of a servilely systematic and cramped manner of thinking. A grand ancient edifice, of whatever order, or if it were of a construction peculiar to itself, would be an impressive object; but a modern little one raised in its neighborhood, of a conformation for the greatest part glaringly vulgar, but with a number of antique windows and angles in imitation of the grand structure, would be a grotesque and ridiculous one. Let the oracles of inspiration be cited continually, both as authority and illustration, in a manner that shall make the mind instantly refer each expression that is introduced to the venerable book whence it is taken; but let *our* part of religious language be simply ours, and let those oracles retain their characteristic form of expression unimitated, unparodied, to the end of time."

Though in the preceding parts of this series of articles we have ventured, somewhat peremptorily, our own views, we have chosen, on the present delicate subject, to use the authority of this great writer. We dismiss the topic, with another quotation from a high literary authority of the evangelical Dissenters of England. The *London Christian Spectator*, for September, has the following humorous passages upon it:—

"John Foster has enriched our Christian literature with an essay 'On the aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion.' It is to be hoped that some 'men of taste' have read this treatise with advantage; and much more is it to be desired that all religious men would read it too, and see how significantly it holds up the mirror to themselves. It cannot be, that

this admirable essay should have run through so many editions without effect; and yet there are good men who indulge, to the present hour, in those mischievous follies which it seeks to brand. Why should this be? Why should piety choose to sun herself in the grotesque garb of absurdity? Why should these good men make a point of using that barbarous dialect, which, like the speech of poor Peter in the Judgment Hall, still bewrayeth them?

"Known indeed for what he is, the Christian should be; nor will the obliging world be slow to furnish him with the means. Very different, however, are those signs which have been selected as a badge of discipleship by the good people to whom I refer. They may honor integrity, inculcate the necessity of faith, and endeavor after purity; but they make their stand upon *language*. They resolutely translate everything into their own peculiar *patois*; and insist upon being known by their inveterate attachment to a phraseology, which the rest of mankind either wholly repudiate, or are content to employ according to the proper signification of the words.

"What, indeed, would any but the initiated be able to make of some of the choice barbarisms which, in certain circles, are the mode? Take, as a sample, that brief but significant interrogatory, 'Will you engage?' What thinkest thou, O innocent reader, may the meaning be of this inquiry? Does the questioner ask the questionee to impawn his honor, or to stake his reputation? To enlist a company of soldiers, or to draw some welcome guest into a party of pleasure? To win a lady, or to gain a friend? To make a contract, or to fight a battle? Nothing of the sort. He wishes him to offer prayer to God. This is the way in which *he* proffers the touching request, addressed by Paul to the Thessalonian Christians, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

"In the same brogue, a religious service was once an 'opportunity'; and at meetings for devotion the Almighty was asked to 'presence himself' with his worshipers. 'The midst of us' was improved into 'our midst,' and even, as I have been informed, 'our little midst,' when the assembly was not numerous. 'Minds' were 'solemnized,' instead of anniversaries and matrimony; doctrine became 'marrow,' and all who did not worship in 'the cave of Adullam,' were 'very dark!' The cares and struggles of a poor man's life were nothing, if he did not name them 'his experience;' and when he died, the event had always to be duly 'improved,' as the harvest annually was—to the great satisfaction of a farmer, on one occasion, who had a short crop. All must be done, however, in a 'prayerful' way; and, if possible, by a 'talented' man—who would 'call attention' to the subject, much as one might 'call spirits from the vasty deep.' There is warrant enough, I am sorry to say, now-a-days, for this last phrase; for the 'London Times' itself, which calls so many names in the course of a year, 'calls attention,' I do believe, the oftenest of all. Has the Thunderer been to school, I wonder, in the conventicle? If so, I commend to his consideration the example of the late George Robins. George, who, in penning his advertisements, dealt, as is well known, rather exten-

sively, like my friend Heavyside, in adjectives, was once upon a time, as the story goes, at a loss for one. 'Put in "important,"' Mr. Robins,' said the agent at his elbow. 'No,' rejoined the man of experience in *posters*, 'not that word; I leave "important" to the Dissenting ministers.' It is to be hoped that this remark was not leveled at Tritisimus; whose pulpit topics, I observe, are almost always declared to be 'interesting and important.'

"Quitting, however, this field of observation, as savoring somewhat, says Discipulus, of hypercriticism, there are two words yet behind, which appear to be regularly employed in a sense it must sorely puzzle the initiated to understand, and even the initiated themselves, I suspect, to define. These words, good reader, are 'Cause' and 'Interest.'

"A 'cause,' what is it? Shall we impannel a jury of the metaphysicians to answer that question for us? Shall we invoke the shades of Hobbes, Cudworth, Newton, Leibnitz, Locke, Kant, Hegel, and the rest, and bid them troop into the jury-box? In the first place, then, will these have to agree upon some theory of *causation*. Now shall the learned court have its ears filled with their vocal endeavors to express that hypothetic quality, which has puzzled them all; as energy, faculty, influence, capacity, ability, virtue, force, power, possibility, fitness, aptitude—but no, enough, enough, dear sirs; you go too far about. To the matter in hand. What is a 'cause'?

"Put John Walker in the witness-box, and swear him. 'Now, sir, upon your oath, remember, what is a "cause"?' 'A cause is that which produces or effects anything—in fact, the efficient.' 'Is that all?' 'The word is used likewise, in spite of the logicians, to signify the reason, the motive to anything.' 'For nothing further?' 'Yes. The lawyers have a kind of *touche* for another signification of the word, which they have made peculiarly their own; and a "cause" with them means no end of consultations, parchments, pleadings, and fees.' 'Has the word no other sense?' 'The word is sometimes used to denote a party.' 'You may step down.'

"Let 'cause' pass therefore for what it is worth. There yet remains 'interest.' Against this word Veridicus entertains a particular spite. It reminds him, he says, in the unpleasantest manner of an investment he once made in the 'Quicksilver Quicksands,' which has never yielded him a single farthing of 'interest' in years more than he likes to count. In common fairness, however, we must not lay too much stress on this truly inveterate grudge. There may be other meanings of the word beside the usurer's. The Reverend Flexible Redtape, for instance, is said to have a large 'interest' in the lucrative trade of a respectable house in the city. Dr. Pliable has an undoubted 'interest' in the continued prosperity of the 'Town and Country Stars.' His youthful son, moreover, aspires to an 'interest' in the affections of his rich deacon's daughter. Said rich deacon, again, who desires to serve God and Mammon, has an 'interest' in believing that religion and respectability are well nigh convertible terms. But beyond these last-named meanings, we may scarcely advance a step.

Already we feel that the word has been invested with a dignity, to which it can make but slight pretensions. Do what we will, it smacks strongly of the purse and the till; and even young Pliable, perhaps, has an eye in his love-making to the deacon's savings. Yet is this very term, used apparently in some pseudo-religious sense, continually on the lips of Christians. Flexible Redtape, for instance, has been at a watering-place preaching for some 'society.' Pliable greets him on his return with the question, 'Is there a good "interest" there?' What can he mean? Is it the meeting-house, or the worshippers, or the doctrine, or the minister, or the imagery, or the pew-rents, or all these in one? Let Redtape and Pliable, and the simpler but better men who make use of it, answer this question; and let them beware how they repulse the scoffer from the very thresholds of their churches, by the use of words and phrases which the scoffer must needs hear with infinite relish. Piety is piety, and money is money; but a 'cause' and an 'interest'—*what are they?*"

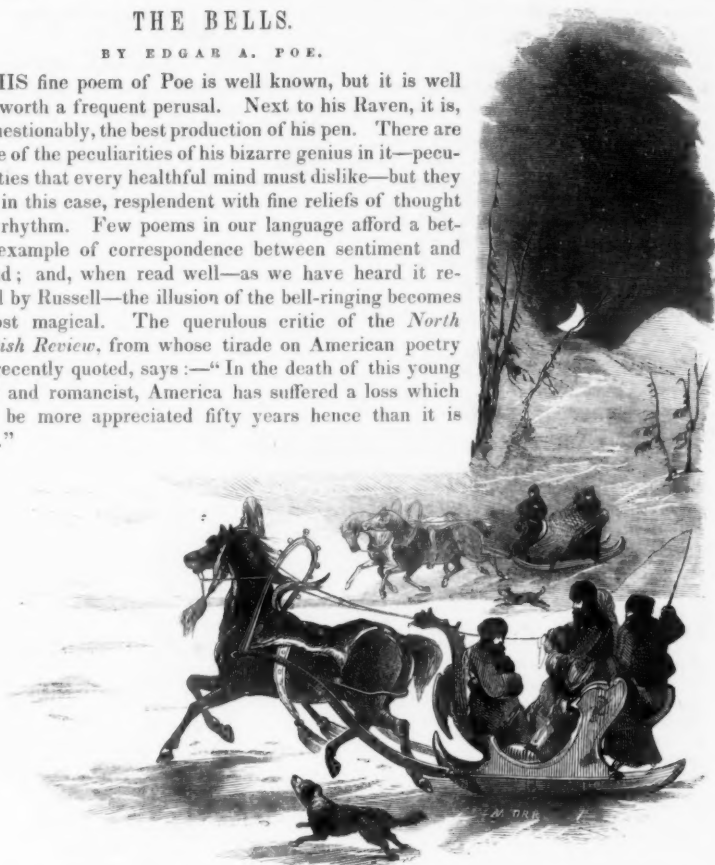
There is something of persiflage here; but there is much sense also. Both writers, from whom we have quoted, perhaps overstrain the subject; but there is important suggestion enough in what they say to commend it to the attention of Christian readers. The substantial realities of Christianity must abide forever; but these mere accessories, never profoundly important, often egregiously defective, should occasionally be subjected to severe revision and amendment. In proportion as our glorious faith is simple, and pure, and sublime, should we be jealous of any petty and distorting adjuncts; its very dignity may give a grotesque importance to the latter, which may render them more attractive than its substantial attributes, to the eyes and criticisms of cavilers. The sculptures of Phidias compare with the frieze of the Parthenon, but the toys of children carved there would have a somewhat different effect.

How to ADVANCE.—The advance of the world depends upon the use of small balances of advantage over disadvantage, for there is compensation everywhere and in everything. No one discovery resuscitates the world—certainly no physical one. Each new good thought, or word, or deed, brings its shadow with it; and, as I have just said, it is upon the small balances of gain that we get on at all. Often, too, this occurs indirectly, as when moral gains give physical gains, and these again give room for further moral and intellectual culture.

THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THIS fine poem of Poe is well known, but it is well worth a frequent perusal. Next to his *Raven*, it is, unquestionably, the best production of his pen. There are some of the peculiarities of his bizarre genius in it—peculiarities that every healthful mind must dislike—but they are, in this case, resplendent with fine reliefs of thought and rhythm. Few poems in our language afford a better example of correspondence between sentiment and sound; and, when read well—as we have heard it recited by Russell—the illusion of the bell-ringing becomes almost magical. The querulous critic of the *North British Review*, from whose tirade on American poetry we recently quoted, says:—"In the death of this young poet and romancist, America has suffered a loss which will be more appreciated fifty years hence than it is now."



HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody fore-
tells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells! [tells!
What a world of happiness their harmony fore-
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

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O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells;
How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and fran-
tic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.

O, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of
 the bells—

Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!

In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls

A psalm from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the psalm of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the psalm of the bells—

Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

IT is a strange fancy for a man to leave the earth, and go right up a thousand feet above it; but it is one which was indicated in many an old fable in times long gone. Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, described a machine consisting of two hollow globes of thin copper, which, if the air were exhausted within them, would float in the atmosphere like a bird. But four hundred years passed before anybody thought anything about it, except that the unfortunate friar was either a great fool, a great knave, or a great wizard; no one gave him credit for superior wisdom till Bishop Wilkins, in 1630, re-issued the idea, by suggesting the possibility of constructing a chariot upon philosophical principles, capable of traversing the regions of air. The idea met with little encouragement—it was a new-fangled notion, and one might as well talk of boring a hole through the sea.

A Jesuit named Lana, in 1670, was the first who attempted to turn it to any account. He proposed to raise a vessel by means of metal balls, strong enough, when exhausted, to resist the pressure of the outward air, but still thin enough to render them lighter than their bulk of air. The fallacy of the plan is evident at once, as it would be impossible to combine the two qualities of thinness and strength in the degree necessary for such a purpose. It was not on this account, however, that the design was abandoned; "he felt assured that God would never allow an invention to succeed, which might so readily be made use of to disturb civil government."

Father Gusman, in 1709, was less scrupulous and less doubtful; he constructed a machine in the form of a bird, with tubes and bellows to supply the wings with air. He was rewarded with a pension by the Portuguese government, but the experiment entirely failed. Undismayed by want of success, and with the true spirit of indomitable perseverance, he, nearly thirty years afterward, produced a new and original plan. He carefully covered a wicker-basket, seven feet in diameter, with prepared paper, and the air having been exhausted, the basket rose to the height of two hundred feet.

About the same period a treatise was published by Joseph Gallien, of Avignon,

suggesting the expediency of bags of prepared cloth filled with air lighter than the common atmosphere. In 1766, hydrogen gas was discovered by M. Cavendish, and, in 1782, M. Cavallo made trial of this gas with some success, but the practical triumph was yet to come.

In 1782 two brothers, named Montgolfier, paper manufacturers, of Annonay, near Lyons, taking a hint from Lana, made the first balloon. It was a huge contrivance, covered with paper, and filled with hydrogen gas. But they soon found that the hydrogen tore the paper, and the plan was therefore abandoned. It appears that they were under the impression that the clouds owed their buoyancy to the influence of electricity, and that electricity diminished the weight of bodies to which it was applied. They therefore determined upon lighting a fire under a balloon, not to rarefy the inclosed air, but to increase the electricity of the vapor in the interior. A curious anecdote is related of Joseph Montgolfier. During his investigations, he had frequent intercourse with the printers of Avignon for publishing his papers. The widow Guichard, of one of these printers with whom he often lodged during his stay at Avignon, having one day observed a thick smoke issuing from his room, had the curiosity to go in, and was much surprised to see Montgolfier gravely employed in filling a shapeless paper bag, by means of the smoke from a chafing-dish. The operator seemed thwarted by the balloon, then filled with smoke, rising one moment, and then awkwardly falling on one side the next; thus he was obliged to hold the balloon in the position which he thought most facilitated the entrance of the smoke, while with the other hand he threw wet straw on the chafing-dish. The widow Guichard smiling at his distress, said, with simplicity, "Eh! why don't you fasten the balloon to the chafing-dish?" This exclamation was like a ray of light to Montgolfier; in fact, the secret lay there,—it was only necessary to fasten the chafing-dish to the balloon.

After many efforts the brothers con-



MONTGOLFIER.

structed a balloon in the form of a spherical globe, thirty-feet in diameter, and capable of containing twenty-two thousand cubic feet. It was made of canvas with double paper, and weighed rather more than five hundred pounds. Under the opening, at the bottom, a fire of straw was lighted, which soon introduced twenty-two thousand cubic feet of heated air, which was consequently much lighter than the air. This then had, of course, a great tendency to rise, and, having no resistance to contend against, except that which was made by the weight of the balloon itself, as soon as it became so light that its own weight, joined to that of its covering, was less than that of an equal volume of the external air, the balloon majestically arose, although Montgolfier had mistaken the agency which he employed. The first public ascent took place at Annonay, June, 1783. Another trial at Versailles was equally successful, when a sheep, a duck, and a cock were attached to the balloon, and were found uninjured, some hours afterward, a few miles from the royal residence. Still later, Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlande ascended in a basket attached to the balloon, to the height of three hun-

dred feet. The balloon, however, was fastened to the earth by ropes.

M. Charles at last conceived the idea of making the balloon of silk, and inflating it with hydrogen gas. He discovered that silk would retain the vapor that was put into it, that hydrogen was five times lighter than the common air, that the balloon might easily be filled, and that the security to aerial voyagers would be wonderfully increased. People had been afraid to go in fire balloons, the risk was so imminent; for high above the earth balloons had taken fire, and the unfortunate travelers had been precipitated to the world they came from. But, now that safety was so much greater, that the necessity of carrying up lighted fuel was done away with, ascents were made in rapid succession. Some took up wings and a rudder, others oars, but found them of no use. During three years—1783-5—the number of ascents made in France was truly astonishing. In one or two of

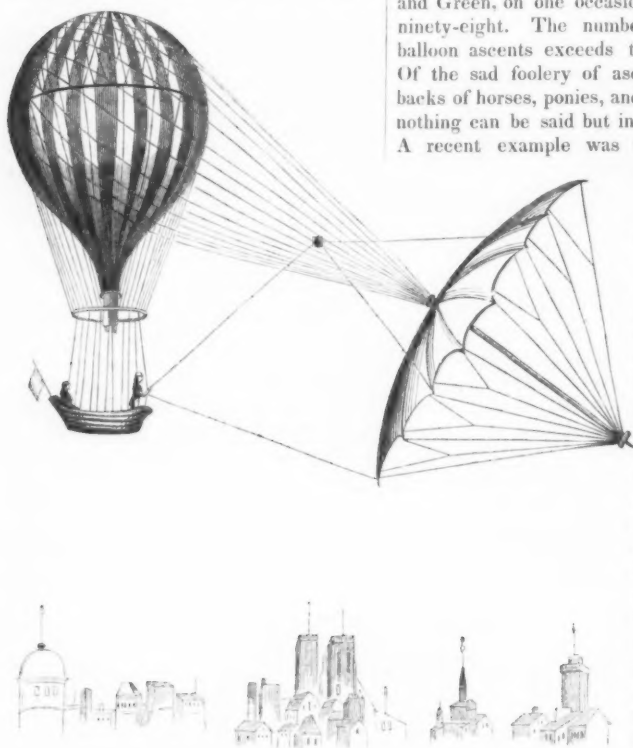
the voyages the channel was crossed with great rapidity.

The power of directing and controlling the balloon was the great *desideratum*. An experiment was made by M. Pilatre de Rozier. He went up with two balloons attached to one another, and arranged with sails and other appliances for aerial navigation. One of the balloons was inflated with hydrogen gas, and below it was suspended a fire balloon, at such a distance as to remove every apprehension of danger from the fire. A short time elapsed before the upper balloon was seen rapidly expanding. It burst, the whole machinery was destroyed, and the unfortunate Rozier perished.

The extraordinary velocity of balloons is to be ascribed to the greater force of uninterrupted air at great elevations, and perhaps somewhat to the philosophy of diagonal ascent. The ordinary rate is from twenty-five to thirty-five miles, but Sadler went seventy-four miles an hour; and Green, on one occasion, no less than ninety-eight. The number of recorded balloon ascents exceeds three thousand. Of the sad foolery of ascending on the backs of horses, ponies, and other animals, nothing can be said but in condemnation. A recent example was that in which

Madame Poitevin, decked in white muslin and purple velvet, with a crown of roses on her head, ascended from the Champ de Mars, in Paris, on the back of a bullock!

Locomotion, both by land and water, has rapidly progressed, though but little has been achieved in air navigation beyond some greater security, and the power of ascending and descending at pleasure.



AERIAL MACHINE INVENTED BY THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

MAN'S FAMILIAR COMPANION.

THE dog has been in all ages the acknowledged friend of man—his familiar and esteemed companion. Naturally courageous, powerful, and fierce, in a savage state he is one of the most formidable of animals; but, when domesticated, his sole ambition is to please. "He then lays his force, courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favors; he is not easily driven off by unkindness, but licks the hand that has just been uplifted to strike him. He knows a beggar by his voice, his clothes, or his gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night the guardianship of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful sentinel, goes his rounds,



seents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty."

Thus he becomes identified with his master's pursuits and interests. He is "treated as one of the family;" with a marvelous sagacity, he recognizes the look, voice, and walk of his master; rejoices at his approach, and solicits his notice, while he bravely defends his person. His services are almost essential to civilization; and with his assistance man has obtained the conquest of the lower animals and peaceable possession of the earth. Surrounded by a number of these courageous animals, the traveler has been enabled, in climes abounding with ferocious beasts, to encamp at night in the dreary desert, and repose in comparative safety. The flock and herd obey the voice of the dog more readily than that of



the shepherd; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and considers their enemies his own.

The dog does not disdain to become the blind mendicant's assistant, conducting him through the streets of our cities and large towns, with the hat in his mouth, supplicating alms of the passers-by. We have seen the dog take portions of bread or even copper coin into his mouth, and place it in his master's hat; nor has the creature, though sometimes much tempted to do so, even tasted the bread till given to him by the hand of his employer.

Chambers, in his *Anecdotes of Dogs*, relates the following:—"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentioned the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest, manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in

London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."



The following instance of sagacity, which is well authenticated, reminds us of some of the companions of our childhood, who, when ill-treated, have threatened their oppressor with the vengeance of their "big brother." A gentleman in Staffordshire was in the habit of coming to town twice in the year, performing part of the journey on horseback, accompanied by his little terrier, which he usually left in the care of his landlady at St. Albans till his return. On one occasion, calling as usual for his little favorite, the lady appeared before him with a pitiful countenance. "Alas, sir," said she, "your terrier is lost! Our house-dog and he had a quarrel; and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He however crawled out of the yard, and was not seen for almost a week. He then returned, bringing with him another dog larger by far than ours; and they both fell on our dog, and bit him so unmercifully that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Albans." The gentleman, however, on arriving at home found his terrier; and, on inquiry, was informed that since he left for town the little creature had returned home, and had coaxed away the great house-dog, who, it seems, had, in consequence, followed him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

The dog, however, is not devoid of affection and sympathy for its fellows. Two dogs were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. One of them, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself; he remained in this situation eight days, during which time his associate fed him daily. Watch, for this was his name, was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table-cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and, by signs, endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, "Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?" The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang up to him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and, by other signs, induced him to follow him, and conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around.

The benevolence of dogs has excited universal admiration. But the Newfoundland dog particularly is justly celebrated



for this quality. Children and adults have frequently been rescued from danger by these faithful animals. "In 1792, a gentleman went to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was conducted in one of the machines into the water; but, being unacquainted with the steepness of

the shore, and no swimmer, he found himself, the instant he quitted the machine, nearly out of his depth. His alarm increased his danger; and, unnoticed by the attendant of the machine, he would unavoidably have been drowned had not a large Newfoundland dog, which providentially was standing on the shore, observed his distress, and plunged in to his assistance. The dog seized him by the hair, and conducted him safely to land; but it was some time before he recovered. The gentleman afterward purchased the dog at a high price, and preserved him as a precious treasure."

The eccentricities of some dogs are very remarkable. Perhaps none have excited more attention than "the firemen's dog," as he was called, who possessed a strange fancy for attending all the fires which occurred in London. He was the property of no individual, and was fed by the firemen generally; but he would stay with neither of them for any length of time. The "policeman's dog," as he has been named, may also often be seen following the officer on his beat in Paternoster-row. The writer daily, on his way to the city, sees a dog begging for his breakfast before the house of an inhabitant of the Blackfriars-road; and so well does he act the part of a mendicant, that the boys are often heard to say that he "is coming the 'old soldier.'"

This animal has frequently been sent on errands, which he has performed with fidelity and safety. A person who kept a turnpike near Stratford-on-Avon had one so trained, that he would go to the neighboring town for grocery or other articles of provision that were wanted, and return with them in safety. A memorandum of the things required was tied round his neck, and the articles were fastened in the same manner.

The Esquimaux dog performs the part of the horse, in drawing the Esquimaux in the sledge over the snow, and in pursuing the reindeer, the seal, or the bear.

The dogs of St. Bernard are sent out on errands of compassion, with provisions for the traveler benighted or endangered by the snow-storm. Some years ago a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked near Yarmouth, and

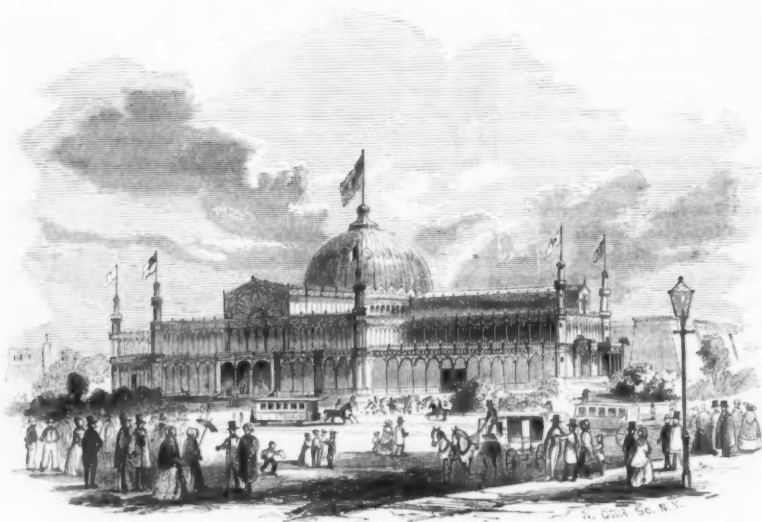
a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amid a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him.

Remarkable instances of sagacity are on record respecting this friend of man. Sometimes he has proved a defense to his keepers in a manner which could scarcely have been imagined. Take an example:—

"In 1781, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under pretense that he had just arrived from the West Indies. Having agreed on the terms, he said he should send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock in the evening the trunk arrived, and was carried into his bedroom. As the family were retiring to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber-door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the chamber-door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled fury. They attempted to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Suspicion becoming very strong, they were induced to open the box, when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed into the house with the intention of robbing it."



THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.



THE NEW-YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE present our readers with original engravings of The New-York (it should be *The New-World*) Crystal Palace. The drawings have been furnished us by the architects themselves, and the cuts, done by one of our own artists, Mr. N. Orr, are the best views of the edifice yet given to the public.

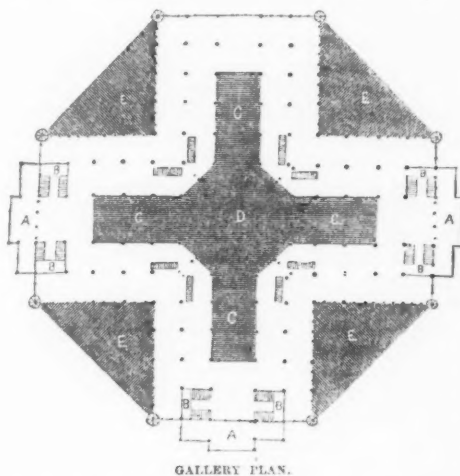
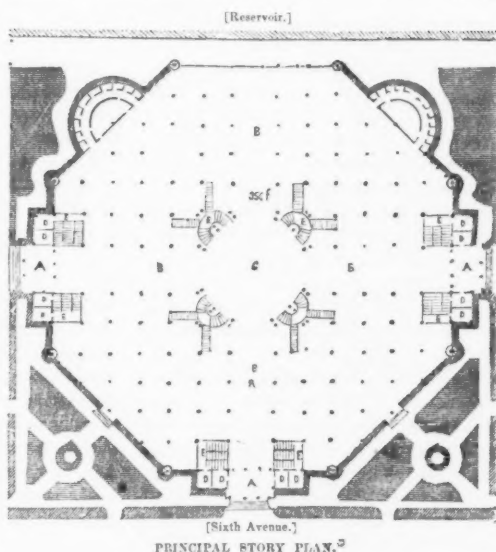
The dimensions of this noble structure have already been published in detail by the *Scientific American*, and other prints; illustrated by our cuts, they will be readily comprehended by the reader. They are as follows:—The site of the building (guaranteed to the association for five years) is on Reservoir Square; the general plan is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection; each diameter of the cross will be three hundred and sixty-five feet five inches long. There will be three similar entrances—one on the Sixth-avenue, one on Fortieth, and one on Forty-second-street. Each entrance will be forty-seven feet wide, and that on the Sixth-avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps. Each arm of the cross is, on the ground-plan, one hundred and forty-nine feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side: the nave forty-one feet wide; each aisle fifty-four feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fanlight, forty-one

feet broad and twenty-one feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. The central portion, or nave, is carried up to the height of sixty-seven feet; and the semicircular arch by which it is spanned is forty-one feet broad. There are thus, in effect, two arched naves, crossing each other at right angles, forty-one feet broad, sixty-seven feet high to the crown of the arch, and three hundred and sixty-five feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle fifty-four feet broad and forty-five feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is seventy-one feet. The central dome is one hundred feet in diameter—sixty-eight feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and one hundred and eighteen feet to the crown; and on the outside, with the lantern, one hundred and forty-nine feet. The exterior angles of the building are ingeniously filled up with a sort of lean-to, twenty-four feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being one hundred and forty-nine feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and twenty-four feet from the floor. It will be the largest edifice ever put up in this country.

Now, to compare this building with some

of the great European wonders: St. Paul's, in London, is five hundred feet long, but has only eighty-four thousand and twenty-five square feet on its ground-floor, and is thus, on the whole, decidedly smaller. St. Peter's Church at Rome, is six hundred and sixty-nine feet long, and has two hundred and twenty-seven thousand and sixty-nine square feet. So that the New-York Crystal Palace will be, on the ground-floor, just half the size of St. Peter's—but, with the galleries, the available room in St. Peter's is only one-fifth larger. The New-York building covers one-eighth of the ground occupied by the Hyde Park Crystal Palace; but the available space, with the galleries, is about one-fifth or one-sixth.

The number of the columns on the ground-floor will be one hundred and ninety, all hollow and of eight inches diameter,



and of different thicknesses from half-an-inch to one inch. On the gallery floor there will be one hundred and twenty-two columns, and the whole structure will be constructed of glass and iron. The plans have been selected from among several competitors, including Mr. Saeltzer, the

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architect of the Astor Library; Mr. Downing, lost in the *Henry Clay*; Mr. Eidlitz, Sir Joseph Paxton, and others. The successful competitors are Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemeister. Mr. Carstensen is the designer of the Tivoli and Casino of Copenhagen. "The directors," says an exchange paper, "have been fortunate in selecting a plan from this side of the water, and in not going to England for one."

The beauty of the structure is manifest at a glance. It is an honor to the nation; and the more so, as it is not constructed from foreign designs. The work is now in rapid progress, and will be completed by next May; when it is hoped an industrial display will be made within its walls, such as shall be creditable not only to the country, but the age.

The ambition to succeed in this enterprise should be a national sentiment. It is rapidly becoming such.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Principal Story Plan.*—AA, Entrance Halls; BB, Nave; C, Dome; DD, Offices; EE, Staircases.

Gallery Plan.—AA, Balconies; BB, Staircases; CC, Nave; D, Dome; EE, Roofs of First Story.

The dots indicate the principal columns; the smaller dots in the enclosure are smaller columns, between which the window-sashes are to be fastened.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES, BY HOOD.

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

"Of hairbreadth 'scapes."—OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a traveler, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W—, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence—to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting, (for W— is a first-rate naturalist,) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W—'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right-hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left the frizzle top-knot; and then the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W— says, the Indian's catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint was overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houyhnhms. From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them down to the least of the urchins; W—'s head, in the meantime, frying in a mid-

summer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable gray-beard: he examined it afresh, very attentively; and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious, trembling captive very unexpected honors. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colors of the most honorable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valor or stratagem, each equally estimable among the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but, trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind among the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on way, with his Life-preserver, toward a British settlement.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that speculative ware, nor does it so seem in the enameled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible mon-

sters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, have followed Fohi in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true tea-gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced stage of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants—witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets—are far gone in juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is penciling the mortal arches and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample,) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage; only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending toward her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-Beard! So honorable is age considered in China!

There would be some sense, *there*, in birthday celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Cos-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthen-ware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THE MORNING CALL.

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveler than the approach to *Bedfordshire*. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow; the fleecy clouds seem like blankets; the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming-pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His traveling-cap transforms to a night-cap; the coach-lining feels softer squabbed; the guard's horn plays "Lullaby." Every flower by the roadside is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up-stairs. The lady opposite is the chamber-maid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great Bed, a whole County of Down spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in a similar mood, after a long, dusty, droughty, dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin, at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, surrendered my boots, clutched a candlestick, and blundered, slipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep; and a blessing is it that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me: I saw through a drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster: "Great Nature's second course" was spread before us; and I fell to without a long grace!

Here's a body—there's a bed!

There's a pillow—here's a head!

There's a curtain—here's a light!

There's a puff—and so Good-Night!

It would have been gross improvidence to

waste more words on the occasion; for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning, to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part, I must have slept as fast as a cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber: nay, as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post-coach in my four-poster—or, rather, I must have slept “like winkin,” for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried—“Sleep no more!”

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, while through the key-hole a ray of candle-light darted into my chamber.

“Who’s there?”

“It’s me, your honor: I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I’ve overslepted myself, and the coach be gone by!”

“Then I have lost my place!”

“No, not exactly, your honor. She stops a bit at the Dragon, ‘tother end of the town; and if your honor would n’t object to a bit of a run—”

“That’s enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat.”

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—pocketed my night-cap—serewed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, and found myself in the fresh air of the stable-yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horsepond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

“And you call this waking me up for the coach. My waistcoat! Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and give me my coat! A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentle-

men—may you do a week?—I’ll tell—you what. If I—run—a foot—farther—”

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side certainly stood an inn with the sign of The Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from a chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

“Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago, and they have all gone to bed again!”

“No, there be no coach, sure enough,” soliloquized Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with a deprecating expression on my face. “No, there’s no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honor—but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking of her, and expecting of her, and giving notice of her, every night of my life, your honor—why I sometimes dreams of her—and that’s the case as is now!”

CALAMITIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

ADDISON, in treating on this subject, says:—“As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night’s rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merrythought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoots up into prodigies.”

Editor's Table.

We continue to receive a superabundance of original communications. Many of them have genuine merit, but must be long delayed.

While we return our thanks to *correspondents* for their favors, we must beg of them not to require their articles to be returned when not inserted. This demand would impose a somewhat troublesome task, and is contrary to the understood laws of the craft. Writers should keep copies of their articles if they value them enough to wish to preserve them.

In the introductory remarks on the "*Chained Bible*," the reader will notice a blunder; in the phrase, "probably actually appeared," the word "probably" should be omitted.

Our article on Bryant placed Cummington in Connecticut; it is in Massachusetts.

We give in this number a very sensible article on Mesmerism, without indorsing, however, all its opinions. It presents, we think, a rational solution of the marvels of Biology, and is not without a lesson respecting the evil effects of its experiments. Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, from which we copy this paper, is the best popular authority extant on scientific subjects; we have already given numerous articles from it, and shall continue to avail ourselves of its interesting and instructive pages.

The six numbers of the *National*, already issued, have been bound up in a substantial volume by our publishers. It can be found at 200 Mulberry-street, and our agencies generally.

The lecture season has thus far been a very flourishing one in our city. The Popular Lectures at the Tabernacle, opened by Holmes in his best humor, have been sustained by some of our most practiced lecturers, especially from the East. The Roman Catholic, and also the Hebrew series have reported well. Mrs. Oakes Smith has held forth with determined purpose and no little ability, in spite of her novel views, at Hope Chapel. Thackeray's course before the Mercantile Library Association has, however, been the crowning attraction of these entertainments. He has been entirely successful. His actual appearance and effectiveness on the platform require of us some qualification of the estimate we quoted lately from an English print. He is a stanch-bodied Englishman, with a really good *personnel*, an elocution befitting the *lecture*, (using that word in its etymological sense,) and a richness of thought and sentiment which render his discourse one of the highest of intellectual entertainments.

At the Tract House in this city are several interesting relics, among which is a chair of the "Dairyman's Daughter," and also of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." Recently another and most interesting addition has been made to the attractions of these rooms—the veritable London pulpit of George Whitefield.

It is the one which was used by him in the open air, and it is adapted to be moved from place to place. It is fastened together by hooks and hinges, and its frame, light but strong, is about six feet high. It is a humble but notable monument—a battery from which thundered more powerful eloquence, if we may judge from its effects, than ever Demosthenes "fulminated over Greece," from amid the assemblies of Athens. George C. Smith, Esq., of London, has presented it to the society.

The *British Quarterly Review*, in a critique on Margaret Fuller Ossoli's Memoirs, says some good things on the question of woman's rights, and concludes with the following original apologue. "The legend says,—we will not be so impertinent to our learned readers, or so ill-bred to our unlearned readers, as to say in what ancient author it is, or is not, to be found—but the legend says, that once on a time Selene complained to Zeus of the gross partiality which had allotted to her orb a light so much fainter than that of the god of day, and even that faint splendor ceasing and waning according to her relation to him. This inequality was a relic of chaos and barbarism, unworthy of an enlightened age. She spoke so eloquently of lunar rights and solar usurpations, solar arrogance and lunar degradation, that Zeus at length—*olli anbrideus*, as Maro hath it—with a lurking satire in his smile, nodded assent. The next day the new moon appeared, not as a timid, delicate crescent, but as a second sun, as bright, bold, and fiery as the god of day himself. When the first oddity of having two suns instead of one diminished, the difference was not much noticed; but as the month rolled on, and the cool summer nights were changed into burning summer days, by this novel development of moonshine, all the world was worked up to a pitch of wonderment. How astonishing! How wonderful! How delightful! said everybody. One or two ventured to add—How disagreeable! And, as the novelty wore off, it *was* disagreeable. Poets began to mourn for the loss of their ancient fountain of inspiration. Lovers no longer rambled together in the moonlight—they might as well walk out at noon-day. Sailors mistook the tides, and shepherds lost count in their calendars, because it was always full moon. Philosophers grumbled at being disappointed of a predicted eclipse. Physicians and policemen thought these daylight nights a great improvement; but every one else soon voted them a bore. The plants began to wither under the unnatural excitement. The nightingale took to singing by day, and going to sleep at night, like other sensible birds. One or two temples were consecrated 'To the New Luminary,' but the old temples of Selene were all deserted, and no offerings laid on her altars. It was a great relief when, at the month's end, the moon rose and set by day, and in the cool dark night men looked at the far-off stars and thought of what moonlight used to be. At length Selene saw her mistake, and acknowledged that in her short-

sighted ambition to share the empire of her brother, she had lost a fairer and sweeter one of her own. Zeus again heard her petitions, and from that time, over the weary toils and anxious, busy cares of life, the orb of day reigns supreme, and his sister only appears at times as a graceful crescent at his side; but when the time comes of rest, and of family gatherings, and of gentle soothing converse, and of heavenward musings, and of solemn, tearful, or prayerful vigils, and of fairy dreams, and healing slumbers, Selene shares the empire of night with the everlasting stars."

The idiomatic phrases of a language are often elements of both its strength and its beauty. There is, however, in our own good old English, a whole brood of false phrases, which, from their habitual use, have come to be considered quite essentially idiomatic. They are, however, mere parasites on the ancient oak—verbal squatters on the soil, having no other right to it than what is derived from the fact, that "somehow or other" they have got a footing there. Dr. Curry, in a late review of Jacob Abbott's works, thus strikes at the whole brood at once, and a famous specimen in particular:—"One little phrase is often found in the works of some very respectable writers, like cockle among wheat. The natural history of that class of phrases would constitute an interesting study for some ingenious mind; and a just elucidation of the whole subject would be a valuable service rendered to the great commonwealth of letters. Of all this gipsy-race of phrases, 'as it were' holds the bad preëminence; and it seems to be about the most difficult to eradicate. One is at a loss to say what it means; and yet it has a meaning. It seems to serve a very useful purpose, when either the writer does not know his own meaning, or would cast dust into the reader's eyes. Its effect on a sentence full of good, strong common-sense, is perfectly paralytical. No matter what a concentration of meaning may have been compressed into an array of words, only place 'as it were' along side, and it means nothing."

The Spirit-Rapping mania is as rife as ever in these regions, and seems to be spreading rapidly elsewhere. We have in this city not only "circles," meeting almost daily for "revelations," but a "spirited" newspaper as their organ, and the press recently announced public extempore lectures dictated entirely by "the spirits." The odd excitement is spreading all around us, and in sections of the West, even in remote "out-of-the-way" places, it is having all the prevalence of a new and violent form of sectarianism. We are accustomed to look back with self-complacent superiority to the days of our hard-headed Yankee forefathers, and pity or laugh at their "witchcraft," if not at their downright "orthodoxy" itself; but, considering their times, they were comparatively sensible men, and their delusions have, in contrast with ours, nobleness and even dignity. They were earnest, honest men, those forefathers of ours; they believed in the devil, and when he came across their path, as they thought, they met him with stout defiance; albeit they made sad havoc in the conflict sometimes. Their

superstitions were not their own, however; they were the heritage of their times. But here, in our "glorious" age, when all men are tossing and brandishing torches of "light" before each other's eyes, so that the world seems sometimes in danger of being dazzled and "flurried" out of its vision and out of its wits, this amazing example of "progress" is presented with all the indisputable merit of *originality*. And what is most whimsical about it, is the fact that not the "credulous," the "religionists" of the times, are its high-priests, but men who have prided themselves on their superiority to "creeds and the Church," the "old superstitions" of Christianity.

We gave an article on the subject some time since, detailing many of the extraordinary pretensions of the "Rappers." They have made some progress since. Mere "rappings," uplifting of tables or of "live and kicking" men, have given way to real apparitions and outright, articulate speech. One of the most remarkable examples has been spread before the public by Mr. E. P. Fowler, and the learned orientalist, Professor Bush, has condescended to examine it critically. Dr. Bush's *New Church Repository* lies open before us at "this present writing," with an entire page of Hebrew, Bengalee, and Arabic passages, which Mr. Fowler found written by the spirits in his chamber. Here is Mr. Fowler's account of the marvel:—"On the night of the 21st of November, 1851, while sleeping alone in the third story of the house, I was awakened about one o'clock, by sounds of footsteps in my room. Looking up, I saw five men, some of them dressed in ancient costume, walking about and conversing together. Some of them spoke with me, and among other things told me not to be frightened, that they would not harm me, &c. I attempted to rise, however, to go down stairs, but found that my limbs were paralyzed. These strange visitants remained with me about three hours, and finally disappeared while going toward a window, and when within about two feet of it. They did not open the window. During the succeeding night, and at about the same hour, I was again awakened in a similar manner, and saw several persons in my room. Some of those who were there on the previous night were present with others whom I had never seen before. One of them had what appeared to be a box about eighteen inches square and some nine inches high; it seemed to contain electrical apparatus. They placed the box on the table, and then electrical emanations, like currents of light of different colors, were seen issuing from the box. One of the company placed a piece of paper, pen, and ink, on the lid of this box. The luminous currents now centered around the pen, which was immediately taken up and dipped in the ink, and, without the application of any other force or instrument, so far as I could perceive, the pen was made to move across the paper, and a communication was made which I have since learned was in the Hebrew language. This information I received from Professor Bush, to whom the writings were submitted for translation, and whose letter, addressed to you, will accompany this statement. Soon after three o'clock my companions left me as they had done the previous night, taking the box with them. During the time

they were in my apartment, I was in possession of my natural senses, and not only saw *them*, but the furniture in the room, by means of the illumination which their presence caused; and I also heard the clock strike, and carriages passing in the street."

There seems to have been no upshot whatever from the first visit of these magi-looking characters, and no attempt is made to explain the wherefore of their meaningless intrusion. The second visit was, however, a notable one certainly. The electrical apparatus was a "feature" in it—a very interesting one. It is to be regretted that it was *bored*—it might have afforded some invaluable hints to our electricians—especially as it had one power unknown to our own apparatus, that of developing "different colors" in its currents. But it is a trick with these invisibles—a most vexatious one—that while making profuse offers, now for these two or three years, of important aids to us groping mortals, and leading us by the nose on the marvelous margin of their *terra-incognita*, they have not yet given us a single important suggestion, no new scientific idea whatever.

Other similar visits to the chamber of Mr. Fowler took place, and the manuscripts left were submitted to Dr. Bush. He says:—"The first of these manuscripts was in Hebrew, containing a few verses from the last chapter of the Prophet Daniel. This was correctly written, with the exception of several apparently arbitrary omissions, and one rather violent transposition of a word from an upper to a lower line. The next was from the book of Joel, (chap. ii, 23-27,) and was very correctly written, with one or two trifling errors, of such a nature, however, as would be very unlikely to be made either by one who understood the language, or by one who should undertake to transcribe the passage mechanically from Hebrew. The other specimens were in the Hebrew, Arabic, and Bengalee languages, to which I may add a paragraph in French, written underneath the Bengalee, and apparently a translation of it. As this was from Joel ii, 28, 29, it could easily be verified by recurrence to a Bengalee version of the Scriptures in the Library of the American Bible Society. The sentences in the Arabic character were also ascertained to be mostly translations of a few verses from the Arabic portion of the Scriptures.

"One of them, however, I am informed, was alleged by the spirits to be a quotation or translation of some lines from Pope. But how this is to be understood I know not. The style of the manuscript is very peculiar. Whoever were the penmen, the act of writing seems to have been preceded by some preliminary flourishes of a very singular and zigzag appearance, commencing at or near the top of a page, and connecting with the first word of the script. In the case of one of the Arabic extracts, there were traces over the paper which indicated that the pen for some reason was not raised during the writing; besides which the lines run diagonally across the sheet, and were followed by an imperfect sentence in English, terminating in the Arabic word signifying *end*. Altogether the specimens are of an extraordinary

character, such as I cannot well convey by any verbal description."

Mr. Fowler declares that he knows nothing of these languages. Dr. Bush calls the whole matter "Pseudo-Spiritualism,"—but while he denies "the intrinsic verity or worth of its communications," he believes in their "spiritual origin or causation," and is "satisfied that every other solution is utterly inadequate."

What is our solution of the facts stated? Just nothing at all, except the submission of them to the common-sense of the reader. The indefiniteness, the vagueness, the crotchety character of the whole affair is too obvious to need remark. If what is here said was done, then there was ability to do it with a more satisfactory, a more intelligible, and a more complete result. We must further remark that the case is one which must be admitted to be decisive one way or the other. Mr. Fowler affirms that he witnessed—saw, heard—the apparitions, and received from them the writings, &c. Both his friends and his opponents must agree, that either they are what he affirms, or that there is sheer imposture in the pretension. There is no other alternative that we can perceive. Admitting the alleged facts, we can see no solution of them besides that given by Dr. Bush, and sustained by Isaac Taylor's view of the freaks in the Wesleyan paragonage at Epworth. Many of the marvels connected with the "rappings" can be referred to magnetic agency alone; this case certainly cannot.

These "spirit" pretensions have evidently reached a "crisis;" their late forms are becoming tiresome; something new or more startling is necessary to keep up "an interest," and they are compelled to take more imposing shapes, which will soon determine them.

Our article on *Hawthorne* will be found to contain some new facts and illustrations of that author. Mr. Hawthorne's position in our literature has become quite determinate, and will unquestionably be permanent. He has traits of originality and vigor which cannot fail to secure to him, in the future, the success he has already achieved. Occasional failures even can hereafter be no permanent detractor from the substantial merit of such a mind. They can be but incidental exceptions to its average power. With the prestige of his past decided success, the mature strength of life before him, and original and abundant resources within him, he stands forth the American author of his day. Such both foreign and domestic authorities pronounce him.

With these views of his merits and prospects, we cannot but regret some of his faults—faults which the personal partiality more perhaps than the critical opinions of our correspondent have inclined him to pass unnoticed. We have space here to notice but one of them, and that, to us, is the most serious one. We refer to the unhealthy tone of his works. They tend, as our critic asserts, to make the reader better, but they do so by a most ungenial process. Hawthorne shows a morbid propensity for morbid characters—bizarre anomalies of human nature. A strong predilection for this sort of writing seems to be developing itself in our national literature. Poe's best poems and his

prose tales are rife with it. Some of Miss Cheesbro's volumes are sad examples of it. "Pierre, or the Ambiguities," the late miserable abortion of Melville, is another. In the name of all that is good or beautiful, why should art of any kind be prostituted to such moral deformities? As well might the sculptor reproduce the horrors of Dupuytren's Pathological Museum. Dupuytren's specimens have their place and their uses unquestionably, but are fit only for the eyes of medical men. The morbid facts and characters of this kind of literature may be real, and have their appropriate place of record; but it is in the annals of crime, or, more frequently, in the annals of insanity, not in the productions of genius and beautiful letters—the common and health-giving food (as they should be) of the common mind. There are some exceptions, we admit, as in the higher tragedy; but the exceptions should be stringently limited. They cannot be allowed to characterize the whole genius of a man, and habitually reveal themselves through a whole school of literature. The ascetic, shadowy, gloomy spirit of Hawthorne's genius must be relieved by more frequent and healthy expressions of common, human geniality and joyousness, if ever he would wield its legitimate influence. "To us," says the Whig Review, in a late critique on his works, "it does not seem as if the fresh wind of morning blew across his track; we do not feel the strong pulse of nature throbbing beneath the turf he treads upon. When an author sits down to make a book, he should not alone consult the inclinations of his own genius regarding its purpose or its construction. If he should happen to be imbued with strange, saturnine doctrines, or be haunted by a morbid suspicion of human nature, in God's name let him not write one word. Better that all the beautiful, wild thoughts, with which his brain is teeming, should molder for ever in neglect and darkness, than that one soul be overshadowed by stern, uncongenial dogmas." "Mr. Hawthorne discards all idea of successful human progress. All his characters seem so weighed down with their own evidences of nature, that they can scarcely keep their balance, much less take their places in the universal march. It is a pity that Mr. Hawthorne should not have been originally imbued with more universal tenderness. It is a pity that he displays nature to us so shrouded and secluded, and that he should be afflicted with such a melancholy craving for human curiosities. His men are either vicious, crazed, or misanthropical, and his women are either unwomanly, unearthly, or unhappy. His books have no sunny side to them. They are unripe to the very core."

The criticism is, perhaps, too strongly expressed, but it is mainly just. Literary works of art—under which convenient classification come all Mr. Hawthorne's productions, "save and except" one, which most of our readers will recall by the aid of their political reminiscences—literary works of art, like all other artistic productions, are valuable not so much for their ultimate lesson or "moral," as for the incidental influence of their attributes. The myth of the Apollo, with whatever of allegory or moral pertains to it, is not what gives

the statue of the Belvidere its value; the moral and artistic attributes of the work—its embodiment of noble and beautiful thought—give it its power and worth, and render it, as "a thing of beauty, a joy forever." The ultimate moral lessons of Hawthorne's writings are impressive and salutary, but the moral influence of the process through which the reader reaches them is anything but healthful—anything, therefore, but salutary. Let him come out into the sunlight more—let him catch the genial and even jovial moods of joyous nature and of healthy common humanity—let him write beneath the aurora or the mid-sun, and go to bed and snore, if he will, when the night is dreary and dripping—the better will it be infinitely for his own brightening reputation and the hearts and heads of his readers.

Mr. Hawthorne has received a hearty welcome from John Bull; no American writer has had in England a better reception. But the English critics, accustomed as they are to the multiform defects of some of their own fiction-writers, lament the fault we have mentioned, and deprecate its growth as a characteristic of American literature. The *London Atlas* says:—"It is a melancholy sign for the prospects of rising American literature that some of its most hopeful professors should have, in recent works of fiction, been evidently laying themselves out for that species of subtle psychological romance, first introduced to the reading world by such authors as Balzac and Sand. Abandoning the hearty and wholesome tone which has almost always characterized English literature—giving up the painting of real human manners and human actions—Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and some others of his countrymen have adopted the style of a bastard French school, and set themselves to the analysis and dissection of diseased mind and unhealthy and distorted sentiment. Anything more sad and foul than this change it would be impossible to imagine. Instead of conveying to us on this side of the Atlantic a true idea of American society—society in the great seaboard city or in the far West settlement—instead of presenting us with stories, racy of the soil and instinct with its vigorous and aggressive theories, the misguided party in question select some half-dozen morbid phases of mind, bring before us three or four intellectual cripples or moral monsters—personages resembling in their spiritual natures the calves with two heads or the cats with five legs exhibited at fairs—and then proceed with the dryest minuteness to describe the pathology of the morbid structure, to trace and dissect the anatomy of the monstrous moral and intellectual abortion, and, instead of laying before us a wholesome story of natural character and motive, to let us into the secret turnings and windings of unhealthy and abnormal mental power and promptings."

A sad and even detestable mischief is this in our recent literature. From men of fourth-rate talent it might be expected as a *ruse* for the popular appetite; but a man of genuine talent should eschew it utterly. If his talents are successful they are so in spite of it, not by its aid. But more on this subject hereafter.

Book Notices.

Putnam, New-York, has issued, in his Semi-monthly Series, Hood's "Whims and Oddities," a volume full of humorous ebullitions, in the very best style of that capital merry-maker. The cuts are numerous, and, though roughly done, are noticeably characteristic. Leigh Hunt's second series of "the Book for a Corner," full of gems from the best old English writers, has also been added to the series. This Semi-monthly Library is the cheapest series of really superior works yet attempted in this country.

We noticed, some time since, Woodbury's "New Method with the German Language." The publishers have since sent us his "Shorter Course," which is an abridgment of the larger work. It is admirably condensed, direct, and simple; in fine, Mr. Woodbury's text-books, presenting in an enhanced form all the advantages of Ollendorff's method, will tend to render the German a familiar study among us, by relieving it of its most formidable difficulties. We should mention that, in addition to his grammatical works, he has issued an "Eclectic German Reader," containing specimens of the best German writers, and references to his text-books for idiomatic explanations.

We have received the first volume of "Critical and Exegetical Notes and Discourses on the Gospels," by Rev. A. Carroll. The style of the work is very direct and popular, and the author pauses not for any elaborate ornament. Besides theological students, he has designed to adapt himself to Bible-classes, families, &c. His notes are remarkable for their brevity, and a good deal so for their terse pertinence. They give the best thoughts of the best extant authorities. *Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati.*

"Philosophers and Actresses" is written in the brilliant dashing style of *Housaye*, and, with the exception of the poetical passages, preserves well in the version the qualities of the Frenchman. By its bad moral tone, however, and its perversion of facts into brilliant fiction and persiflage, it becomes a mere *jeu d'esprit*. It has little biographic truthfulness, and is, to say the best of it, a worthless affair.

The venerable Dr. Nathan Bangs's *Semi-Centennial Sermon* before the New-York East Conference has been published by Carlton and Phillips, 200 Mulberry-st. It presents an outline of the growth of Methodism during the present century—brief sketches of some of its prominent men—views of the causes of its success, and remarks on the peculiarities of its economy. It will be valuable as an historical authority in the denomination, and we commend it to every Methodist as a most interesting appeal from one of the most excellent and most prominent men of the American Church.

The author of "The Peep of Day"—so well known to juvenile readers—has produced two very attractive little volumes of "*Scripture Facts*"—narrating in her inimitable style of simplicity and beauty, the most interesting incidents of the Bible. Carlton and Phillips,

New-York, have issued them in very neat style and abundantly illustrated.

Delia's Doctors; or, a Glance behind the Scenes, by Hannah G. Creamer. A rambling, but clever little volume is this—the experiences of a "ratherish unwellish" lady whom the doctors fail to cure, but who, by her common sense and the counsels of a female friend, betakes herself to "right courses" in respect to diet, exercise, &c., and renews thereby her constitution. There are some successful sketches of character in the volume, some apt hits, much excellent advice, and some nonsense. (12mo., pp. 262. *Fowlers and Wells.*)

The *Macrocosm and Microcosm* is the title of an elaborate volume, embracing the first part of a new philosophy—the spiritual constitution of man in its relations to the material universe. It is one of those works which cannot well be indorsed by any cautious critic, for it would require days of hard study to appreciate critically its speculations; but this much we may say of it: it shows an earnest and manly spirit of inquiry, it abounds in the evidences of extensive learning, and its logic is close and keen. Having said thus much, we may remark that the central idea of the author—claimed by him as an original discovery—that the primordial degrees of creation correspond with those of the diatonic scale, appears to us as too hypothetical, if not whimsical, and that many of his collateral views are equally exceptionable. The work is a strong protest against the Pantheism and materialism of the times. (12mo., pp. 331. *Taylor, New-York.*)

The Beauty of Holiness and Sabbath Miscellany is the title of a new monthly, edited by preachers of the Pittsburgh Conference, and devoted to the discussion of subjects of personal religion, particularly in relation to Christian sanctification. The first number is beautifully got up, and contains an interesting list of contents, among which are three or four able original papers. (\$1 per annum. *Weirick, Washington, Ohio.*)

A very able Address on the *Importance of Sunday Schools*, by Prof. Wheeler of Indiana Asbury University, has been issued by the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. It elaborately discusses the great capacities of this institution, and makes out a comprehensive and powerful argument for it. Mr. Wheeler estimates that there are two hundred thousand teachers, nearly one million scholars, and two million volumes in Sunday-school libraries, in the United States.

Our book notices are necessarily brief, but we endeavor to make them significant and to "the point." We should like much to deviate from our usual limits to express fully our estimate of Prof. Goodrich's volume of "*Select British Eloquence*," the best collection yet given in this country of the British Parliamentary oratory. It extends over the last two centuries, and is accompanied by first, a memoir of each orator; second, an historical introduction to each speech explaining its circumstances,

&c.; third, an analysis of each speech, in side notes, executed with much critical skill; fourth, numerous small notes bringing out minute facts and relations of parties; fifth, translations of quotations from other languages; sixth, concluding accounts of the result of the debates and votes; and many other excellences. This will suffice—the reader must perceive that this substantial octavo is an invaluable work. It is unquestionably the best of its class now extant. (*Harper and Brothers, New-York.*)

Japan and the Japanese, by Talbot Watts, M.D., from the press of *Neagle, New-York*, contains some documents relating to Japan, and several illustrative engravings tolerably well done; but the work, as a whole, is a "hodge podge," hardly worth the trouble of a reading.

The Works of Edgar A. Poe: Redfield, New-York, 1852.—A new and revised edition of the prose and poetry of Edgar Allan Poe, to whom the English reviewers have of late taken a fancy. What Savage was in his day, and Coleridge in his, has Poe been in ours—the ruined man of genius, and dying he left not his equal. As a poet, a writer of tales, and a critic, he is alike unique; not much to be commended for the direction of his taste, nor to be recommended as a model, but, in his way, admirable and worthy of profound study. His walk was narrow, but in it he was a master, and worked powerful spells; as "The Raven," among his poems, and "The Fall of the House of Usher," among his stories, bear witness. His criticism is keen and acute, often unjust, but always sharp and discriminating. Altogether, we consider him the most remarkable author America has yet produced, and in his life and works a psychological curiosity. He will appear in our series of American writers.

Reflections on Florence, by Rev. James Hervey. This little work, by the author of the "Meditations among the Tombs," has been republished by Taylor of this city, in a neat and attractive form. It contains some dozen colored floral engravings, and is elegantly bound. It is always a favorite with juvenile readers, and, saying its meretricious style, deserves to be.

Memora, Carlton & Phillips have issued "The Pocket Diary for 1853." Besides the usual Calendar, it contains valuable tables of religious statistics, blank leaves for daily memoranda, "minister's memoranda" adapted for Church accounts, general memoranda, &c., constituting an exceedingly convenient manual.

The historical series of *Messrs. Abbott* has been enriched by another entertaining volume, "The History of Romulus." Nothing is added to the well-authenticated facts of history in these volumes, but the peculiar style of the author throws over them many of the charms of fiction. The plates are numerous and attractive. (*Harper & Brothers, New-York.*)

Redfield, New-York, has issued a most entertaining and valuable contribution to American historical literature, under the title of "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," &c., by John Gelmar Shea. Besides Mr. Shea's own articles—historical and bibliographical—the volume contains the original

Narratives of Marquette, Alouez, Membre, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay. We have had in our own language Marquette's Voyage and Map, but the narrative has been an imperfect transcript of the original, and the map is especially inaccurate. Mr. Shea gives us both with minute correctness. There is genuine romance about these canoe voyages of the early French missionaries, and their value as historical data is inestimable. The volume is got up in a style highly creditable to the publishers.

"Daughters of Zion" is the title of a new series of Biblical characters, from the pen of *Rev. Mr. Burchard*. Its plates, which are well executed, we have seen before. Such sketches of Scripture personages are not favorites with us; they are becoming superabundant, and they are generally rhetorical perversions of the simple, but incomparable, portraiture of the Bible. Mr. Burchard has produced a work which compares well with others of its class.

Memora, Harpers have issued "Cornelius Nepos," edited by Professor Anthon. We have several times given our opinion of Dr. Anthon's labors in classical literature, and need not repeat it here. The present volume will be valued by Latin teachers and students. Cornelius Nepos is an attractive text-book, but he was guilty of egregious blunders and some bad Latinity. Professor Anthon has critically rectified these defects. His notes are abundant, constituting more than half the volume.

A very interesting reprint, "Footsteps of our Fathers," has appeared from the press of *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*. It is a description of localities and events distinguished in English struggles for religious liberty, and gives a most impressive picture of "the phenomena of religious intolerance." Not only is the lesson of the book valuable, but its interest is profound. We can recommend it as one of the most entertaining books of the season. It contains some thirty-six engravings, the execution of which might be much improved.

Putnam has issued, as one of his Semi-monthly Series, "The Eagle Pass; or, Life on the Border," by Cora Montgomery—a work too hastily thrown off, but full of vigorous passages and entertaining incidents and descriptions of frontier life. The authoress lashes our national officials of the Texan frontier without mercy, and, indeed, deals out blows in all directions. She has some heretic doctrines on slavery, but her views of the Mexican peon system will be found of interest and value to the friends of humanity.

Professor Newman's "Regal Rome" has been published in very neat style by *Redfield, New-York*. It will be esteemed by students of Roman history an invaluable introduction to that study. Niebuhr has transformed the primeval aspects of the Roman history. Newman differs from him in many important respects, and should be read in connection with him. The present volume is short, but unusually comprehensive. It treats of Alban, Sabine, and Etrusco-Latin Rome, and especially attempts to assign to each people its relation to the great resultant whole.

Literary Record.

MR. BRYANT, of the *Post*, is now in Europe; he designs to make the usual tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. He still keeps up his connection with the *Post*, and his letters will be a treat to its readers.

The *Central Christian Advocate* (connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church) is about to be commenced at St. Louis under the editorial care of Rev. W. D. R. Trotter—a gentleman who wields a ready and spirited pen.

Rev. Dr. Clark, of Poughkeepsie, has been appointed editor of the *Ladies' Repository* of Cincinnati. Dr. Clark is a ripe thinker and able writer. The *Repository* has acquired a good reputation both for its literary and moral excellence. It is one of the very few periodicals for ladies in this country which really deserve their respect. The publishers announce that while they will maintain its literary merit, they will adapt it hereafter more particularly to its specific purpose as a publication for females. This is good policy, for by thus placing it on a special basis they will secure it against competition from more general works. There is, too, a large range of topics relating to the interests and duties of the sex—its peculiar literature, its fine biographies, the new questions of its "rights," &c., &c.—which cannot fail to afford abundant material.

The Rev. E. O. Haven, of this city, has been appointed to a professorial chair in the University of Michigan.

Rev. Dr. Robert Baird has been chosen President of Washington College, Pennsylvania. The Doctor has long been known as the zealous and able Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union.

We learn, says *Norton's Literary Gazette*, that a biography of Humboldt, written by Professor Klenke, is about to be translated for publication in England; that W. J. Boone, D. D., Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to China, is about to publish, in London, a treatise on the "Notions of the Chinese concerning God and Spirits;" that Mr. J. O. Halliwell proposes a new edition of Shakspeare, to be issued in twenty folio volumes, to be completed in six years, at a cost of forty guineas; only one hundred copies are to be printed; it will correspond in size to the first collected edition of 1623, and will contain numerous fac-similes from that imprint.

Mr. Finden, the great engraver, and the author of an illustrated work called "Finden's Byron Illustrations," and several others of a similar character, died September 20th.

Martin F. Tupper, Esq., has written a dirge on the death of the Duke of Wellington, of twenty-three stanzas in length. *Fraser's Magazine* slaughters poor Tupper without mercy.

Professor Ranke, author of the "Lives of the Popes," is at Brussels, engaged in writing a work on French History in the Seventeenth Century.

The *Boston Transcript* states that Mr. Bancroft has the fifth volume of his History of the United States in the hands of the stereotypers. Of the fourth volume, issued, the very large number of twenty thousand copies is said to have been already sold.

The report of Mr. Panizzi states that the *Library of the British Museum*, at the close of 1836, contained two hundred and thirty thousand volumes of printed books, and has since increased to four hundred and sixty-five thousand, showing an annual increase of sixteen thousand volumes. The amount of shelving at present provided is fifty-five thousand four hundred feet; and the trustees have now to provide room for the eighty thousand volumes which will be added to the library during the coming five years.

Joshua Bates, Esq., of the eminent house of Baring, Brothers & Co., has made the very liberal donation of fifty thousand dollars, for the purchase of books for the Boston Public Library.

Harvard College.—This ancient institution is at present in a flourishing condition. The catalogue shows the number of undergraduates to be three hundred and nineteen; professional students and resident graduates, three hundred and thirty; making a total of six hundred and forty-nine.

At a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society, a proposition was made to print the catalogues of printed books, manuscripts, maps and charts, portraits, prints, busts, coins, and medals, embracing the library and cabinet of the New-York Historical Society.

Genesee College, and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, which are associated in their operations, constitute the largest literary institution, of the higher grade, on this continent. The college has about eighty in its regular classes, while over five hundred a year are taking irregular instruction in it; and the seminary, now twenty years old, will report for the past year between twelve and thirteen hundred students.

The Methodists in France recently held their first Annual Conference at Nismes. An alteration was made in their Church government, so that "each district will name two representatives, who, with the president and secretary of the Conference, will form the stationing committee."

It is said that the remains of Thomas Hood lie in Kensal Green Cemetery without even an inscription. Several gentlemen, members of the Whittington Club, have recently been endeavoring, by subscription, to raise a memorial over his grave. Among those who have already contributed, we notice the names of the Duke of Devonshire, Samuel Rogers, the poet, the Earl of Carlisle, and Lord Dudley Stuart.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has received from Chapman & Hall, London, \$1,000, for the privilege of republishing in England his "Blithedale Romance."

A donation of \$7,000 has been given to Dartmouth College, by George C. Shattuck, M. D., for the erection of an Observatory, on condition that the trustees will raise the sum of \$3,000 for the purchase of instruments.

The *White Water Female College and Academy*, Centerville, Indiana, is prospering under the care of Rev. Cyrus Nutt and an effective faculty. The catalogue reports one hundred and ninety-one students for the last academic year.

One of the Paris journals has quoted largely from *Le Scabré d'Or*, a correct translation of Edgar A. Poe's *Gold Bug*. A note informs readers that it is part of a complete translation of Poe's Works. This writer is a favorite with the French. Most of his horrible tales, rendered with more or less faithfulness, have already appeared in the different periodicals of Paris.

It has been proposed to place a memorial to the poet, Wordsworth, in the church now rebuilding at Cockermouth, England. It is the place of his birth; he received the first elements of his education in the endowed school adjoining the church-yard. His father, also, was buried near the chancel; and here, in his gray hairs and honors, he often stood and communed in spirit with his departed parent; but as yet no public testimony has been raised in a locality so much associated with the poet's personal history. It is intended to take advantage of the present opportunity, and that the great five-light east window of the chancel should be a "memorial window," filled with Scriptural subjects, and inscribed to the memory of Wordsworth.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. announce that they have in preparation a new work, by the author of "Sunnyside," and the first of a new series of volumes on the plan of "Chambers's Miscellany."

The writings and speeches of Senator Seward, which are to be published during the winter, include his letters written during a tour in Europe, papers on imprisonment for debt, speeches in the senate, a number of literary essays, etc.

A writer from France, in the *New-York Observer*, says: "As to German Universities, which enjoyed before so much liberty, they are now subjected to an inquisitorial watch. The professors of law, of sciences, of philosophy, history, theology even, have received orders to be very circumspect, very reserved in their lectures; that is to say, in plain terms, they must avoid, under penalty of being deposed from office, impugning the political views of the governments. Literature has also experienced the effects of this sad reaction. Independent poets are silent, and Roman Catholic poetry (what a connection of words!) gleams over the German horizon. There is a school of young authors, who, seconded by artful Jesuits, try to revive the laws, the creeds, the superstitions of the middle ages, and to lead back their fellow-citizens to the times of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Luther's Reformation is cursed by these venal writers, as the source of pantheism, socialism, and demagoguism. Such is the position of Germany."

The *London Literary Gazette* says, that at the Asiatic Society, Mr. Norris read lately a paper on the so-called Median inscription of Behistun, which he trusted he could show to be in a Scythic dialect, analogous in many of its forms, and most of its grammatical structure, to the language called Ugrian, including the Magyar and Ostiak, and the several tongues still spoken on the banks of the Volga, more especially the Volga Finnish. In concluding the reading, he said that the only names of a people found on the rock, not immediately taken from the Persian original, was one that might be read Amardi or Avardi, and he thought that this was one of the tribes who spoke the language which he was engaged in investigating. He suggested also that the Avars, who were found upon the Volga, toward the decline of the Roman empire, might have been allied to the same race.

At a late meeting of the London Asiatic Society, there was a letter read from Dr. Royle, relative to internal evidence in the Vedas, derivable from natural history, which might bear on the locality of their origin. He stated that he had found none which was not Indian. The most curious of the substances he had looked at was the soma plant, which played so important a part in the religious ceremonies of the ancient Hindus.

A Paris bookseller advertises a production of the National printing office at Vienna, "The Antiquities of Peru," (in Spanish,) by de Rivero, and de Iscudi, directors of the National Museum of Lima. It is a quarto, with a folio atlas of fifty-eight colored plates. The work exhibits the archeological treasures of the ancient empire of the Incas. There is also advertised an "Essay on the Foundations of Human Knowledge, and the Characteristics of Critical Philosophy," by M. Cournot, an eminent geometrician and Inspector-General of Public Instruction; also a treatise "On the Faculties of the Soul," comprising a history of the principal psychological theories, by M. Adolphe Garnier, Professor of Philosophy in the Paris Faculty of Letters. Also a new edition of the translation of the Koran, from the Arab text, by Kasimetski, interpreter of the French Legation in Persia, and two volumes of the "History of Christian Theology in the Apostolical Age," by R. Reuss, Professor in the Faculty of Theology, and at the Protestant Seminary, in Strasburg.

Among new publications at Paris there is a translation of the tragedy of Gregory of Nazianzum "On the Passion and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ." It is in three acts. The first represents the Saviour's sufferings—the second, his burial—the third, his rising from the dead. The Virgin Mary figures in all three, and is made to bewail the woes of her blessed Son, in the most eloquent and affecting language. She and the other characters are responded to by choruses in the style of the ancient Greek dramas. We shall commence, in our next number, a series of papers on the Church Dramas of the Middle Ages, which will afford some entertaining illustrations of this section of Christian literature.

Religious Summary.

From the report of the visiting committee, we learn that one hundred and twenty ministers have already been regularly connected with the *Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H.* Four of this number are missionaries in distant fields of labor. It has a library of three thousand volumes, to which an addition of three hundred volumes was made by the late Bishop Hedding. The prospects of the Institution are highly encouraging, and the late anniversary was especially interesting. Addresses were delivered by Professor Dempster; the Rev. J. Cummings, of Boston; and the Rev. William Butler, of Shelburne Falls.

The Jesuits have again taken possession of Loyola, their ancient seat in Spain. Fifty to sixty fathers of the order will reside there in charge of the missions in the kingdom. The order has six houses in Spain, but no college for the instruction of youth.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently decided on the following appropriations for the current year:—*Foreign Missions:* Africa, (Liberia,) \$26,000; South America, \$4,000; China, \$10,000; Germany, \$10,000; total, \$50,000. *Domestic Missions:* Germans, \$43,300; foreigners, (other than Germans,) \$10,250; Indian Missions, \$13,500; native population, \$74,250; total, \$141,300. *New Missions:* France, \$2,500; Bulgaria, in Turkey, \$5,000; India, \$7,500; total, \$15,000. *Special Appropriations:* For Missions in Norway and Sweden, \$750; German Missions in California, \$2,000; Sundries, \$950. Total, \$210,000.

It is stated that the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, suffer not a little from the intolerance of the Danish Government; they are not permitted to receive into their communion any additional converts from heathenism, but are directed to send them to the Danish ministers, who are mere mercenaries, that for want of character and qualifications are not suffered to remain in Denmark, but who, by serving a certain term of years in Greenland, and producing a certain number of names in their adult baptism list, are allowed to return from their exile, and enjoy a respectable living in their native land.

The inhabitants of Kidderminster are about raising a monument to the memory of *Richard Baxter*. There is not to be anything sectarian in the movement; and as a proof that such is the case, we may mention that the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Manchester have expressed their approval of it, and promised their assistance. One gentleman in the neighborhood of Kidderminster will give \$500. The monument is to be placed in the parish church.

A meeting of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, was lately held in London, to hear from the Rev. Ben Orliel, a convert to Christianity, a statement of the condition of the Jewish population of Northern Africa. The Rev. Dr. Leifchild pre-

sided. The Rev. Ben Orliel, in describing his former brethren, assured the meeting that they were strict observers of the Talmud and all Rabbinical rites, and best described as Pharisees. They numbered nearly eight hundred thousand souls—a spacious field for missionary labors. They lived, however, in a district which had been sadly overlooked by Christendom; for, while the preachers of the gospel were busy on the other side of Africa in converting the savage population, no steps had been taken to place such a blessing within reach of the Jews of North Africa, through whom only the Mohammedans of that district could receive it. A tariff of fivepence per pound upon imported books was, he said, a great impediment to the progress of the gospel in Algiers, Fez, &c.; still his own experience in distributing copies of the Scriptures was full of lively hope. If he gave them away gratis, he might think that they would be cast aside unread; but, inasmuch as he sold them, he was sure that they were perused, and would, in time, bear fruit. The British Society had now nineteen agents employed in the district, and had seven under preparation for the same mission. He himself was about to proceed to Tunis, from whence he hoped to be able to send home favorable tidings.

One of the "Lectures to Young Men" to take place in London during the ensuing winter, is to be delivered by Sir David Brewster. The Church of England Young Men's Society have adopted a petition against legalizing Sabbath desecration by the proposed incorporation of the Crystal Palace, should the arrangement for its opening on the Lord's day be persevered in.

Accounts respecting British Wesleyan Methodism are highly flattering, and there is every prospect of permanent peace and prosperity. Ministers and members are closely united, and the congregations are serious, large and attentive.

Dr. E. P. Humphrey has declined the appointment of a professorship in Princeton Theological Seminary.

At the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the New-York Bible Society, the treasurer's report showed the total receipts for the year to be \$36,635 65. From the General Report we learn that eighty-three thousand and eight families have been visited during the year. Twelve thousand six hundred and twenty-one were found destitute of the Scriptures. The gratuitous distribution of Bibles and Testaments during the year amounts to fifty thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven volumes; which shows an increase over that of any other year of ten thousand five hundred volumes.

From the report of the General Committee of the fund for educating the sons of the English Wesleyan preachers, we learn that the attendance during the year past at the Kingswood and Woodhouse-Grove schools, has been two hundred and sixty-four. The pupils enter at the age of eight or nine years, and remain six

years, so as to leave the school at fourteen or fifteen respectively. The finances of the two schools named, we regret to state, are somewhat embarrassed.

The venerable pastor of the Argyle Church, Bath, England, *William Jay*, having been lately prevented from performing his ministerial duties by illness, has resigned his charge. Should Mr. Jay survive until the 30th of January, 1853, he will have been pastor over the Independent Church for sixty-three years.

We are indebted to an article in the *Watchman and Reflector* for the following facts, relative to the progress of the Baptists in the British empire. In the United Kingdom there are one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five churches, and one thousand three hundred and ninety-one of these churches embrace one hundred and forty thousand six hundred members. Three-fourths of them are in England, and one-fourth in Wales. Ireland has only thirty-one churches, fourteen of them having five hundred and twenty-one members. The Baptists have but few churches in Scotland. The one thousand three hundred and ninety-one churches from which returns were received, report a clear increase of four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five members; a great falling off from that of the preceding year—twelve thousand. The number of village stations reported, is one thousand four hundred and sixty-four, and of children in Sunday schools, one hundred and sixty-one thousand one hundred and ten.

In the reports of the *Boston Young Men's Methodist Missionary Society*, we find that the receipts for the year averaged one dollar for every Methodist in Boston.

The corps of instructors in the *Andover Theological Seminary* is again complete. Rev. Professor Barrows, lately of the theological department of Western Reserve College, is to be associated during the coming term with Rev. Dr. Stowe, who was recently inaugurated professor of Sacred Literature.

The foundation-stone of St. Andrew's, the first Presbyterian Church on the Rock of Gibraltar, was recently laid. Liberal donations have been made by his excellency the Governor, Lieutenant-General *Sir Robert Gardiner*.

There are twenty-five weekly Baptist papers in the United States; thirteen monthly publications, and the *Quarterly Review*. Of the twenty-five weekly papers only ten are in the Northern States; only two in Massachusetts. It is supposed that there are one hundred and fifty thousand copies of these publications circulated weekly.

In the town of Pembroke, England, stands a very fine elm-tree, beneath which, it is said, both John Wesley and Rowland Hill have preached. The tree is venerated by the inhabitants, and carefully preserved.

The late Miss Mary Saum, of Maryland, has left a legacy of about twenty thousand dollars to the Superannuated Fund Society of the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, in the diocese of Texas, numbers sixteen parishes and

nine clergymen. Baptisms, (within a year,) one hundred and seventy-nine; confirmed, fifty-two; communicants added, seventy-eight; whole number, two hundred and sixty-one.

The St. Louis Christian Advocate says, there are four Churches of German Methodists in St. Louis, and one in St. Charles, Mo., all doing well and flourishing.

The German Catholics of Bromberg recently formed a procession, with their spiritual advisers at their head, and declared themselves converts to Protestantism.

In Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick the Baptists, in 1800, numbered nine hundred and twenty-four. At the present time they number over sixteen thousand.

At the Holston Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which was recently held, sixteen preachers were admitted on trial. The conference is composed of between eighty and ninety effective men, and has within its bounds a white membership of twenty thousand two hundred and thirty-four, and a colored, of two thousand nine hundred and forty-two.

Dr. Clarke, of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, in an able article on the Reformation in Ireland, says that "Irish Romanism is not only perishing in its native soil, but, transplanted to American soil, it seems to succeed no better. In sixteen years—that is, from 1828 to 1844—according to their own showing, the Catholic Church lost, from her Irish emigration in this country, about two millions! Though Romanists may affect to charge ignorance upon the abettors of Protestantism, it is quite clear that Popery cannot long exist where free inquiry is tolerated."

We learn through the editor of the *South-Western Baptist*, that about five thousand persons have been baptized and received into the Baptist Church, in Alabama, during the past twelve months.

There are nine regular missionaries, and from four to seven colporteurs supported by the American Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews, at an annual expense of \$12,000.

It is said that there are about twenty presses and two hundred and fifty operatives employed in the manufacturing department of the American Tract Society. Gratuitous distributions of tracts and books are made annually, to the amount of \$45,000. Besides this sum, \$20,000 are appropriated, yearly, to the distribution of religious publications in foreign and heathen lands.

There are three hundred and ninety-four Sabbath schools within the bounds of the Cincinnati Conference, in which there have been four hundred and ninety-five conversions during the past conference year.

The Synod of the Associate Reformed Church of the West have received a donation of \$500 from Mr. Samuel Barnett. It is to be expended in erecting suitable dwellings for the missionaries of that Church in Damascus, Palestine.

Art Intelligence.

WE have heretofore recommended our readers to visit *Bryan's Gallery* of Christian Art. It is unquestionably one of the most valuable collections ever opened to the American public. The pretended examples of the old masters, with which our community have been too often "gulled," have excited no little suspiciousness, if not wariness, among our amateurs. We cannot vouch, of course, for every individual specimen in Mr. Bryan's collection, but we can assure the reader that he will find in it a larger number of genuine examples than he has ever before seen in this country. He will find among them the productions of Perugino, Correggio, Vandyke, Rubens, Giotto, Tieners, Sir Peter Lely, one by Hobberno, and two which Mr. Bryan attributes to the youth of Raphael, besides an unusual number of others. There are in this gallery a score at least of specimens of the old Italian artists, composing a series from Guido di Sienna to Perugino. We shall have more to say of this noble collection hereafter.

It has been decided by the Court of Errors, in the State of New-York, that, according to the law which forbids "every lottery, game, or device of chance in the nature of a lottery," the Art Union cannot distribute its pictures by lot.

A Roman journal announces that the Pope has given orders for the continuation of the excavations commenced in the Roman forum,—among others, in the ruins of the Temple of Castor, and on the Capitoline Hill,—in order to ascertain if these remains are not those of the Basilica erected by Julius Caesar under the name of *Julia*.

Besides a large addition of statues, bas-reliefs in marble, pottery, and articles of jewelry, the French explorers have been able to examine the whole of the palace of *Khorsabad* and its dependencies. They are said to have obtained proof that the Assyrians were not ignorant of any of the resources of architecture. M. Place has discovered a large gate, twelve feet high, which appears to have been one of the entrances to the city; several constructions in marble; two rows of columns apparently extending a considerable distance; and the cellar of the palace, still containing regular rows of wine jars. He has found monuments, tombs, jewelry, and some articles of gold and other metal, and in stone.

One of the greatest Russian painters, *Boroff*, who painted the "Last Days of Pompeii," which was so admired at the Paris Exhibition of Paintings, died a short time ago, in the small town of Manciana, thirty miles from Rome, where he was buried, followed to the grave by all the artists then in that capital.

An English correspondent of the *Tribune* writes, that the *Crystal Palace* at Sydenham promises to be one of the greatest wonders of the age—not only for the sumptuousness, but also for the taste with which it is to be arranged.

"For the first time, we shall get a complete series of plaster casts, illustrating the history of art from the Egyptians and Assyrians down to our days. Such a collection can easily be formed, at the cost of about \$50,000; and yet no capital of Europe has such a museum, though it would be equally instructive for artists as for philosophers, for historians, and for all those who feel an interest in the development of taste. For the first time, we shall see in the Crystal Palace the casts arranged in chronological order, and as complete a series of them as it is possible to get."

At a meeting of the *Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, a communication was read by Alexander Christie, entitled "Remarks on the occurrence of ornamentation of a Byzantine character on weapons and carved wooden instruments, made by the natives of an African tribe on the coast of the Red Sea." Various specimens of native workmanship, including weapons and domestic implements recently brought from Aden, were exhibited. The most beautiful were a set of large wooden spoons, decorated with the same interlaced ornaments as are familiar to us on the sculptured Scottish standing stones, and on ecclesiastical relics of native workmanship, both in Scotland and Ireland, previous to the twelfth century. Mr. Christie also read an account of this African tribe from notices of a recent traveler, showing that they still retain among them the traces of a corrupt Christian creed, and expressed his belief that in the remarkable correspondence of the style of art still preserved and practiced among them, we have evidence of their descent from a branch of the ancient African Church planted by some of the early Christian fathers in Abyssinia, and along the coast of the Red Sea.

It appears from a paper recently read in the *Academy of Archaeology*, at Rome, that father Secchi has found a new interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which enables him to declare that most of them are not mere tomb-stone inscriptions, as is generally assumed, but poems. He has given several of his readings, which display great ingenuity, and he professes to be able to decipher the inscriptions on the obelisks of Luxor, at Paris.

At the London *Royal Society of Literature*, there was a letter read lately from Charles Newton, Esq., giving an account of the objects which he saw still preserved in Athens, and chiefly of the numerous fragments of the ancient Greek art cotemporary with and posterior to the time of Phidias, with lists of these fragments, and notices of the places in which they are at present preserved. Mr. Newton remarked that it would be difficult, without actually visiting the Acropolis, to form any idea of the interest and value of these fragments as a further illustration of the sculptures in the Elgin room, to which they are as essential as leaves torn out of a MS. are to the book itself.

Scientific Items.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has existed for some time past in the scientific world, in reference to certain experiments in chemistry, by which a *Mr. Crosse of Somersetshire*, in the West of England, was said to have produced a *new species of Insect*, which has been named the *Acarus Crossei*. A letter in the *National Intelligencer* from Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool, gives an account of this curious development, for Mr. Crosse distinctly disclaims the idea of a "creation of animal life." We quote from Mr. Ogden's letter as follows:—

"Pure black flints and caustic soda, after being subjected to a white heat, are pulverized and melted into a glass, which is soluble in distilled water. In this solution no animal life can possibly exist, nor can there be any mercury. The whole was then placed upon a shelf for constant inspection. A gelatinous substance was first observed to have formed around the bottom of the positive wire. Then No. 1 made its appearance, gradually expanding into Nos. 2 and 3, when flexible filaments were observed. No. 4 began to show animal life, and after one hundred and forty days' watching through all its changes, the perfect living insect crawled up the wire!—not singly, but in sufficient numbers to dispel all doubt, if any could have existed—and prepared for another stage of life. Like our mosquitoes, that emerge from the element in which they are produced, and are drowned in it if they return, any unfortunate straggler that missed his hold immediately perished. The *Acarus Crossei* is now known as a distinct species."

M. Place, French Consul at Mosul, among his discoveries at Nineveh, found in the cellar of the palace at Khorsabad, rows of jars which had evidently been filled with wine—and at the bottom of which jars there is still a sort of deposit of violet color, and at Mattai and at a place called Barrian, bas-reliefs cut in solid rock, consisting of a number of colossal figures, and of a series of full-length portraits of the Kings of Assyria. M. Place has taken copies of his discoveries, by means of the photographic process. Colonel Rawlinson has authorized him to make diggings near the places which the English are engaged in examining.

A valuable paper furnished to the Horticulturist, by Dr. A. G. Hull, of Newburgh, states that the organic analysis of the strawberry, as given by a late German work, shows this fruit to be composed of citric and malic acid, and a large portion of mucous sugar, (*schleiszucker*). It appears from experiments by Professor Mapes and others, that the plants experimentally treated with *tonic acid* preparation exceeded in quantity; those plants subject to absorption of the *citric acid* preparation, exceed in size; but that the *malic acid* treatment produced strawberries of the sweetest and highest flavor!

Crystal Palace.—The grounds surrounding the new erection of the Crystal Palace, at Syden-

ham, (England,) exceeding two hundred and fifty acres, a proposal has been suggested to appropriate a portion of this space for the purpose of a zoological garden. Another proposition is to have a marine bathing establishment attached, the supply for which is to be brought in pipes from the sea at Brighton. By a simple extension of this plan, the water, once at Sydenham, could be distributed throughout the metropolis as a remedial agent and luxury in the principal residences, hospitals, &c. See our "Art Intelligencer" for a notice of the Art provisions of the edifice.

A singular discovery was lately made by Mr. Herapath, of Bristol, (Eng.,) which proves that three thousand years ago the ladies of Egypt were in the habit of employing a marking ink of the same composition as that used by the ladies of the present day. In examining some of the linen wrappers of a mummy recently unrolled, Mr. Herapath observed a name written in metallic ink which, on analyzation, proved to be silver, and from the action on the flax fibre, there is very little doubt but *nitric acid* was used as the solvent.

The completion of the *Subterranean Telegraph* between Naples and Gaeta, may be regarded as a rare mark of progress in that part of Italy. The distance is about forty miles. The connection of the Switzerland lines with those of Sardinia, will afford uninterrupted communication between those countries and Germany, France and England.

The second part of Biela's comet, which separated under the eyes of the astronomers, in 1846, into two distinct bodies, has been discovered by Professor Secchi, of Rome, not far (apparently) from the larger comet; a fact which will, doubtless, be regarded as one of extraordinary astronomical interest.

Colored impressions by the *photographic process*, have been successfully accomplished by M. Niepce, of St. Victor's (Paris). By a simple but ingenious method M. Niepce is able to reproduce living models as well as the more fixed objects, in all their reliefs, proportions and hues.

Mr. Stokes, of Cambridge, is stated in the *Art Journal* to have been engaged in the investigation of a new light, which he terms "epipolized." It is of a blue color, and the formula for producing it simple but very interesting.

Some idea of that stupendous and massive edifice, the new *Palace of Westminster*, (England,) may be formed from the fact, that the dial of the clock lately erected is *thirty feet in diameter*.

The *chlorid of zinc* is now used in Paris for the preservation of anatomical specimens; a prize of 2,000 francs has been awarded to M. Sucquet, the inventor.

Pearls have been found in the Guadalquivir, and a company formed for the promotion of the fishery.

Notices of the Press.

This is just the kind of magazine we have long wished to see issued from the American press, bearing the stamp of literary excellence, free from morbid excitement, and not only respecting, but asserting the claims of religion. It contains ninety-six pages of the size of Harpers' Magazine, and its style and execution are quite equal to that journal.—*Montreal Witness*.

It is beautifully printed, and the contents are such as to render it a welcome visitor to every fire-side where sound sense and pure literature is preferred to mere amusement and fustian declamation.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

In the appearance and quality of its contents it compares favorably even with Harpers' Magazine.—*Norfolk (Va.) Daily News*.

The National Magazine for October is really a superb number. The genius and taste of the editor shine forth in the high character of the selections, and in his original contributions. The illustrations are also in advance of previous numbers, and we are mistaken if our readers do not pronounce it the magazine of the month—equal to any other, excelled by none.—*Zion's Herald*.

It has a very judicious selection from foreign periodicals, with several valuable summaries and notices. The editorial department is conducted with evident industry and skill, and the whole number well sustains the elevated moral and religious tone with which the work commenced.—*Tribune*.

The September number of this new claimant for public favor, presents an appearance even more favorable to its success than that of its predecessors. It is ably edited, and embellished with many good engravings.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The September number, indeed, is by far the best number yet issued. The improvement in each successive number is very manifest.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

This magazine, consisting largely of choice selections from the periodical literature of Europe, is American in spirit and sentiment. Its literary and moral tone are elevated. Its design is to give the reader such essays, sketches, poetry, literary news, religious information, and general intelligence, with pictorial illustrations, as will render it acceptable everywhere.—*Phila. Christian Observer*.

The National Magazine for October is by far the best number that has yet been published.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

This magazine gives evidence of good judgment, correct taste, and a proper tone of moral and religious feeling. It bids fair to be one of the best periodicals of its kind issued in this country.—*Presbyterian*.

This magazine, unlike many of its contemporaries, exhibits a lofty tone of literature, and is full of bold and vigorous thought. As regards its illustrations, beautiful scenery and architecture will always find a place; while we see abundant evidences that the "Devoted One," the "Lone One," the "Wife," the "Betrothed," the "Intercepted Letter," and indeed all that old familiar set of worn-out steel plates, will, at least, have rest from their labors. This fact alone should recommend it to public favor.—*Albany Express*.

We hope that this truly valuable periodical will supplant those magazines of light reading which unhappily find too much favor in almost every place.—*Toronto Christian Guardian*.

It presents a neat and handsome appearance, and is filled with good matter.—*Phila. (Penn.) Inquirer*.

It must soon grow into general favor, and have a wide circulation. It is filled with choice reading matter, and is certainly the cheapest publication of the kind in the country. Each number is to contain ninety-six pages, and is sold at 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents.—*Philadelphia Daily News*.

Free from the sickly sentimentalism which disgraces some of its cotemporary monthlies, it is nevertheless racy and popular in its tone. Embellished with numerous engravings, and containing about one hundred pages of good reading matter monthly, it is decidedly the cheapest magazine of the day.—*Miss. Cataract*.

We predict for it an extended reputation and popularity. It will occupy a space in the current religious literature of the day which no other magazine has yet attempted to fill, as it is to be free from all sectarianism.—*Danville (N. Y.) Herald*.

It contains instruction, variety, interest, beauty, criticism, intelligence; is illustrated in the best style of wood engraving, and printed on fine paper in a beautiful type. It is a gem, and will succeed beyond question.—*Boston Zion's Herald*.

The largest monthly for its price in the United States. We have particularly examined the articles in this number, and find them of a high order, elegant, genial, and vivacious. If succeeding numbers retain the same tone, we predict a wide circulation. The mechanical execution, too, is all that can be desired.—*Albany Express*.

The examination we have given this first number, warrants the expectation of something more than ephemeral celebrity. It promises to be a standard of various and instructive literature, adapted to all classes, but especially worthy of admission into religious families of all denominations. It is not sectarian, but evinces a Christian catholicity, which must meet with favor from all who make the Bible their standard. The table of contents includes many amusing articles; but the generality of them are of sterling worth.—*Montreal Herald*.

It is edited with more than usual ability, worthy of, and we trust will receive, an extended patronage.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

It comes recommended by its beauty, its cheapness, and the excellence and variety of its contents. It has all the attributes of a popular work, which are consistent with sound principles and good morals, while it is free from such as minister to a sickly and vitiated taste.—*Portland (Me.) Christian Mirror*.

When we noticed the first number of this beautiful and cheap monthly, we had given it, for want of time, but a cursory examination. Since then the second number (for August) has reached us, and we now take pleasure in recording our decided approbation of its design, general character, and mechanical as well as editorial execution. We are particularly gratified to find, as we might indeed have expected, that in a moral and literary point of view it has taken high ground, and that its selections, from the best periodical literature of Europe, are made with a judgment and refined taste that plainly bespeak uncommon ability on the part of the editor.—*Lutheran*.

There is nothing sectarian about it. This is the magazine for Christian families, and is the only monthly we can unreservedly commend.—*Central Christian Herald*.

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Notices of the Press.

This most excellent publication we are pleased to learn is rapidly increasing in circulation. It deserves all the patronage that can be given to it.—*Daily Pennsylvanian*.

The National Magazine shows a good selection of articles. It may be recommended as an excellent family magazine.—*Literary World*.

It is well printed on handsome type and fine paper, and is profusely illustrated with engravings. The work will be acceptable alike to the lovers of elegant and healthful literature, to the domestic circle, and to the literary man in his study.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

It is the most beautiful, the cheapest, and one of the choicest periodicals of this prolific age, if the present number be a fair specimen. It contains a vast amount of reading matter, sufficiently various to gratify every worthy taste, upon the best paper and the fairest type. It is deserving of all the patronage which the public may bestow upon it.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

These numbers give cheering augury of the future character of the work, and, in our judgment, combine the *utile cum dulci* in a very happy manner. We think it will be not only popular, but useful.—*Puritan Recorder*.

Three numbers have appeared. They present the realization of the degrees of comparison—good—BETTER—BEST. The September number is replete with good things.—*Methodist Protestant*.

The second number makes good the promise of the first. The foreign periodicals are brought under contribution, furnishing a large variety of well-selected articles; and the intelligence relating to literature, art, and the religious movements of the age, is compiled with an appearance of much diligence and care.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

It bids fair to become a favorite with the public.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

It is liberally embellished with wood-cuts. The tone of the articles is of a high order, and it appeals powerfully to the religious, philosophical, and literary tastes of the country, without sectarian tendencies. The editor is Abel Stevens, a writer of fine abilities, and every way competent to preside over a first-rate magazine, which this is and promises to continue.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

The number for September is truly excellent. If the future issues are equally excellent, it cannot fail to take rank among the best magazines of the day.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

A first-class publication in the magazine line.—*Livingston (Mt. Morris) Union*.

The September number of this magazine is superior to its predecessors. It is filled with choice and instructive reading matter—just such matter as the times require. It is beautifully printed on satin paper, contains nearly one hundred pages, and is unquestionably the cheapest and best periodical in America. It is being extensively circulated in the United States and Canada.—*Canada Christian Advo-*

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